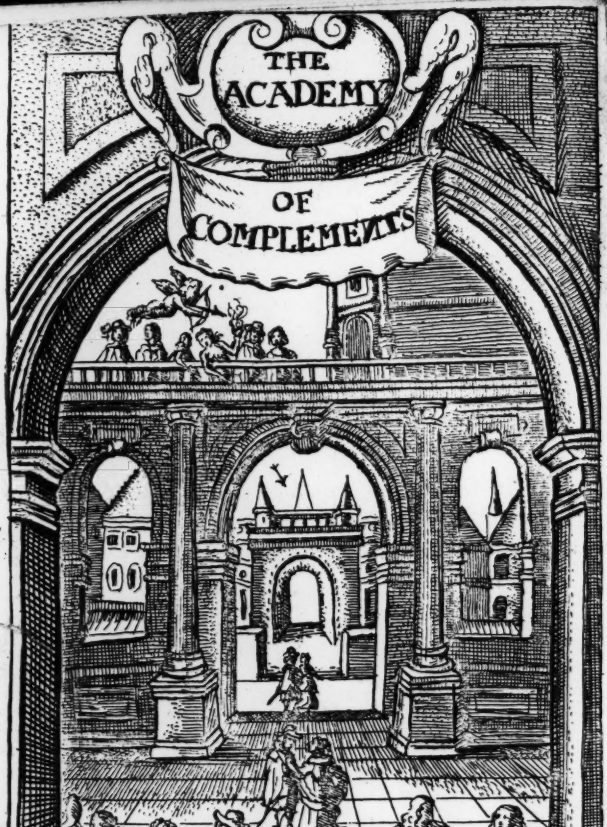

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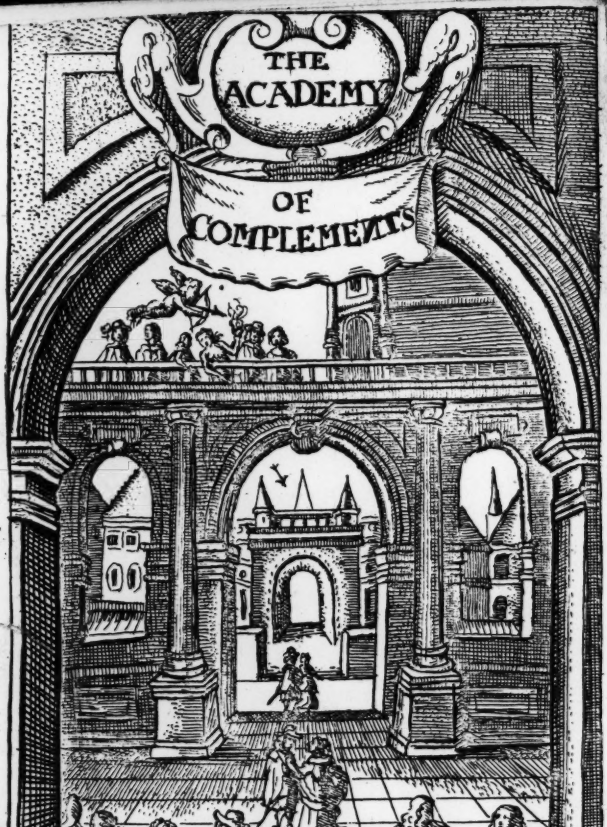

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THE

ACADEMY

OF

COMPLEMENTS.

WHEREIN

Ladies, Gentlewomen, Schollars, and Strangers, may accommodate their Courtly practice with gentile Ceremonies, Complemental Amorous high expreſſions, and Forms of ſpeaking or writing of Letters moſt in Faſhion.

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London, Printed for *A. Moſely*, at the Princes Arms in St. *Pauls* Church-yard. 1664.

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TO THE *Ladies and Gentlewomen.* OF ENGLAND.

IF *Custome did not force a Complement of Dedication; yet this Book would desire to insinuate into the affection of Ladies and Gentlewomen, since it can arrive at no greater perfection of happiness than your favor, which is most earnestly desir'd. Let other works covet their patrons & Mecænases, to derive from them a golden sprinkling of their bounty, whilst this shall express an ingenuity beyond such vulgar intents, and in a brave and free manner sacrifice it self to your acceptance & service, desiring only that you would grace it with the influence of your propitious smiles, which carry in them a secret power, not only to cherish and advance the object whereon they reflect, but also to endear it to others opinions, & make it precious in their estimations. In requital of this your favor, it shall be always ready to furnish you with the best expressions of choice and Complemental language; for though by nature and custom, you can deliver your minds in a smooth and gracefull manner; yet from hence, without study, or premeditation, you may command necessary Ceremonies. Besides, your Ladyships Chamber-maids & waiting Gentlewomen are to be pittied; who, having by their good carriage compassed Suitors, are often constrained to blush in ignorance, for want of Complement, wherewith to answer them. Let therefore this one instance, instead of more which might be inserted, perswade your intelligible generous dispositions, to receive this book now exactly perfected, as your devoted servant, and to honor it with your favor; which I shall esteem as an exaltation to the supremest sublunary felicity, and the highest Terrestrial happiness.*

The

The Authors preface to the Reader.

THere is no queſtion but Eloquence is a principal part in a well qualified man; for to ſee a ſubtile and quick wit foyled in this which is the only quality that is eminent, and adorns a man as uſefull in all occaſions, it were to be juſt like *Prometheus* ſtatue, fair in appearance, but without motion, wanting true Celeſtial fire: It is Eloquence which adorns our diſcourſe, gives a grace and life to our actions, opens us the gates and door to the beſt company, and puts us in ſuch eſteem as well-born ſpirits ought to arrive to; without this we reſemble walking Rocks, all our actions being dull and heavy, our words without affect, our conceits without fruit, and our lives diſguſted with thoſe, with whom we ordinarily aſſociate our ſelves: To this purpoſe, in this little volume, feaſt thy fancy with variety of moſt eloquent expreſſions, and forms of deliver ing thy mind to all, from the King to perſons of the moſt inferior rank and quality; for in this laſt Edition let me tell thee, that thou haſt a Cabinet, wherein the richeſt Jewels of our language are lockt up. Firſt, thou haſt choice and ſelect complements ſet thee down in a form, which upon any occaſion offered, thou maiſt imitate, or with a little alteration make uſe of: or thou haſt in the next place variety of ſubjects, with expreſſion to the height of eloquence, pen'd to quicken thy mind upon the like objects, preſented to view or fancy; thou haſt witty diſputes, amorous diſcourſes, with an addition of moſt excellent loves Poems, Songs complemental and moſt ſweetly harmonious, with a new School of love, and other fancies, fitted to the taſts of *Cupids Gueſts*: thou haſt exquiſite letters, ſuch as contain the Quinteſſence of that ſweetneſs our *Engliſh* tongue affords at this day, as it is now refined: Then thou haſt Dedications, Superſcriptions fitted to thy own deſires, for thy uſe upon any ſudden occaſion: Laſtly, thou haſt a Table of the hardeſt Engliſh words, with the derivation of the hardeſt words moſt requiſite, with a

Key to the Poetical Fictions: In ſome, both Eloquence and Love, with their ſecrets and myſteries, are made naked; and manifeſtly revealed to the weakeſt Judgement; All theſe benefits are heaped upon thee by one who is zealous for the honour of our Language; by one who bewails thoſe weak Eſſays that have been made by others to this purpoſe, and with grief viewed the former haſty and ſurreptitious editions of this Book, which now is purged and perfected to the Bookſellers own content: Read it therefore with diſcretion, and deliberative obſervation, and endeavor to attain to the quality of ſuch worth, that thou maiſt learn from it to cure thy dumbneſs, to diſcourſe confidently with thy friends, and aſſuredly to tender thy wit and ſervice, to thoſe thou ſhalt have occaſion to acknowledge, eſpecially in the Court, where neatneſs and curioſities of all ſorts, and principally of ſpeech, is to a ſyllable exactly ſtudied: I will reſolve thee (good reader) but a doubt or two, and detain thee no longer from thy pleaſure; Firſt, thou ſeeſt not the name of the Author; if thou knew'ſt the gravity of his perſon, thou migh:'ſt well have him excuſed. Next for my Country objection; That downright dealing is beſt. I anſwer, thou maiſt ſometimes be too plain in the way of thy preferment; if thou nameſt the word diſſimulation, thou erreſt the whole heaven: This work reliſhes in reſpect of the ſubject, more of courteſie, unleſs it be abuſed by craft: Accept it then as beneficial to thee, and take my wiſh with thee, that thou mayſt enjoy as much pleaſure in the peruſing of it, as I had to pen, perfect, and finiſh the ſtructure of this beautifull and rarely built *Academy*. Adieu.

Thine, Philomuſus.

The Authors Epistle to this new Edition.

Courteous Reader,

HAving added so much, and altered so many notions in this small Volume, (now so well filled) it cannot seem strange to thee, for to view another Epistle before such a labyrinth of new matter; wherein, at the first sight, without such a Clew of Thred to direct thee by, I might very well suppose that thou shouldest not only be amaz'd but transported (if not lost) with wonder so unexpectedly to these angry times to meet with such Novellaes from the Academy, or the Court. But recollect thy mind, and then smile upon my Charity, which hath endeavored the more to enlighten thy Genius, and shew my selfe to thee in consideration of our late losses, which these sullen distasteating times have occasioned, by bereaving us of so many excellent Poets; our Sandys, Davenant, his Suckling, Carew, and our late Quarles: Lest the Garland of the Muses should altogether wither, I could not but present thee againe with this sprig, or rather more aptly composed Iliad of choicest Recreations, to imploy thy wit and behaviour in: Receive it with washed hands, and without a prejudicate opinion: for whatsoever thy censure was of it before, it was then well approved of, as this 13th Edition declares, which now carries so much state with it, as not to stoope to thy Censure, except it be for some incident Errata's: my occasions having made me a stranger to the City, all the time it was a Printing: but if thou wilt still be Critical, be withall so serious, as to consider of the evill fate of those that have slighted this peece, which (when most imperfect) deserved better from their judgements: they have given themselves up to traditions, or to deal more plainely with thee, have been but the Apes of Balzac; of whose letters, one in a Manuscript de Monbo Gallico writes, that they are not to be toucht for feare of infection, no not with a paire of white gloves.

The other Idoll of these Gentlemen, which hath so transformed and made them strangers to themselves, is one de la Serre, the Secretary now out of fashion, a contemner of our tongue and English method, one that hath writ little to the purpose: his Translator grew so arrogant, and was so swelled with such a Lullian expectation, that he thought surely that he could give his Reader the Philosophers stone; for he talkes of an Ars magna imò & ultima; yet must take notice, that it is but only of inditing Letters. But to pass by these Pictures in the Gallery, to draw a curtain between them and their superstitious adorers, we have other Tracts and Pamphlets more alienate even in our English Commonwealth, to all Eloquence and Rhetorick, viz. our other Secretary of Tropes and Figures a Packet that hath as much wit as the Post: Cupid with his blinder Messenger, and many other simpli-

chies of our owne tongue, strangely humorous and phantasticall, so that we need not to travell for any.

But to be brief in my discovery, generous Reader, besides these collaterall opposers of my endeavors, I have met with other down right Delinquents; the first of them is bashfull, he is ashamed forsooth to step into the quaint edifice of our Academy; he will not buy it himself, but sends another to procure it for him, and playes least in sight: like a Wench that spreads her fingers wide before her face, that she may see, if it were possible, the object more modestly, which otherwise she must flee from. So this new eclips'd Gentleman that sees and will not seeme to see, reads this volume in his study more privately then his prayer book, and perhaps with more devotion, though he will not let the world know so much, for fear his phrases should grow common: it is his Diary, he looks oftner in it than on his watch: in a word, accounts of it as the Iewell of his practice, & the summ of his most refined conversation: This, Reader, is my publik Enemy, but my secret Friend.

A second, but of another form, that will be displeased, is a pretender to Wit and Language, but that's all can be said of him; To him the fancies seem flat, the lines are not sublime enough, the work throughout not well disposed; he would have Chimeras in the expressions, Rodomontados in the stile: Tragical plots in the discourses, and such lofty things as he speakes when he frights Children. But, Reader, this man will not understand what he sates himself, much lesse suffer others to speak or write to be understood. Away with this Gregory Nonsense to the Colledg of fools.

My third and last opposer is one that takes very unkindly at my hands, that I should rob him of his Common prayer Book: hee hangs down his head, and bites his lip for indignation; and to write seriously, tis a plaine case, this Gallant is utterly undone, and sequestred of all, he persued his Mistresse with such Language, writ thus, sung the same songs, used the same fancies, and was so happy as to win admiration from such set forms. Alas poore Gentleman! so Bates first learnt his Majesties Hocus Pocus tricks, and after printed them, and the man of Feats never appearing in his calling againe, there the Common wealth lost a good subject.

So be it known to thee, intelligent Reader, those of this silken Tribe must now of necessity be silent: For if any of their Marmalet Mistresses should catch them at their repetitions again, they may now take this book, and turn them to the very page and leafe. For my part, I tooke this task in hand, not onely to benefit the lay people, that never met with these collections, but as my revenge ever looke a squint upon these ingrossers of wit, that would cringe, talk, and sing for the whole company a weak together, without any digested Method;

yet

yet ever still in their old Bias, troublesom and impertinent: whereas now there may be good use made of what they cast away upon every sleight occasion: howsoever, let them now look quickly to it, for they are to begin the World again, and in these times Wit is a rare commodity; If I had not conceived these Gallants to be more then angry, desperate too, I had set my name, and fixed my Picture to this new edition of Additions, it being so near finisht, that it wanted little more than rolling off from the Presse: but I conceived they would quarrel with my shaddow: 'Tis honour enough for me to hold this book in defiance of such undeservers. And, gentle Reader, since through the pikes of all these oppositions, I have got into a clear field where I have found thee, give me leave to court thee to a studious perusall; more variety Fancy never dwelt upon, or art ever spread before thee. Open the leaves therefore, so as to cast a serious eye upon them, and then delibe rate of what thou readest in thy mind; for I tell thee, thou mayest else soone surfit with delight. Be advisid. Farewell.

Yours, *Philomusus.*

Courteous Reader, these Books following are Printed for. *A. Mosely*, at the *Prince's Arms* in St. *Pauls* Churchyard.

Various Histories with curious Discourses in Humane Learning, &c.

THe History of the Warrs of the Emperour *Justinian*, with the *Persians*, *Goths*, and *Vandals*, written in Greek by *Procopius* of *Cæsarea*, in eight books, translated into English by Sir *Henry Holcraft*, Knight. Fol.

De Bello Belgico, the History of the Low-Country Wars, written in Latine by *Famianus Strada*, in English by Sir *Robert Stapylton*, Illustrated with divers figures Fol.

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The History of the *Inquisition*, composed by *F. Servita*,

vita, the compiler of the Hiſtory of the Council of *Trent*, in 8. tranſlated out of *Italian.*

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Le chemin abrege, or a compendious Method for the ar-

taining of Sciences in a ſhort time, with the ſtatutes of the Academy of Cardinal *Richelieu*, Engliſhed by R. G. Gent.

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Viz. The { Breeder / Feeder } { Ambler / Rider } { Keeper / Buyer } Farrier.

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The

The Hiſtory of the Kingdom of *Naples*, with the lives of all their Kings, written by that famous Antiquary, *Scipio Mazzella*, with an addition of what happened during the Rebellion of *Maſſaniello*; and continued to this preſent year, by *J. H.* Eſq.

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A Sermon againſt Murder, occaſion'd by the Maſſacre of the Proteſtants in the Dukedome of *Savoy*, by *William Towres*, B. D.

THE
Academy of Complements.
OR,
Pearls of Eloquence.

SIR, Your conceptions are ſo ſtrong, that they tranſcend my ordinary imaginations.

Sir, You honour me, as if you did erect me a thouſand Statues.

Sir, You are above Fortune, which muſt ſtoop to your honours.

Sir, Your deſerts draw admiration from your very enemies.

Sir, I ſhall ever, as really as at this hour, remain your creature.

You honour me ſo far, that I imagine my ſelf to be ſome other thing than I have been, which can be nothing elſe but your ſervant.

I do repute my ſelf happy to be valued by a perſon who is able to give a true eſtimate of me.

Sir, Your judgement doth amaze vulgar wits, ſince in you alone all thoſe perfections are found, which can be fought for on earth.

Lady, Your form doth ſo raviſh beholders, that you ſeem a heavenly creature, ſuch divine gems ſparkle about you.

Sir, If you proceed to be ſo profuſe of your treaſures, mines of Gold will not maintain your prodigal expences.

Good

Good Sir, give me leave to fear leaſt ſome ſiniſter ſtorms of fortune, ſtifle the early bloomings of my felicities.

Sir, the toyiſh conceits of your youth are unfit for the teſty cogitations of my age.

Sir, There is a confuſed Chaos of contrary conceits that whirls in my brains; and I am loſt in ſuch an endleſs Labyrinth, that neither choice nor chance can draw me out of it.

Give me leave, Sir, to gain that from your experience, that otherwiſe all the treaſures of the earth cannot purchaſe.

Sir, Should you continue to be thus exceſſive in your actions, the whole world would take notice of you as the mirrour of an immoderate life.

Be not ſo inconſtant in your affections, leſt in the concluſion you prove like the Marigold, to open at the Sunſhine of proſperity, and to ſhut at the leaſt appearance of the clouds of adverſity.

Leave me Sir, whileſt I learn to deſpiſe ſuch *Gnathoes*, and beat off ſuch flattering Curs with the whip of my defyance.

Theſeus, fair one, did never more triumph at his deliverance from the perillous Labyrinth, than I from the pernicious bondage of ſuch cruel beauty.

Fortune and fate place thee in palaces of their earthly felicities.

So rarely accompliſht, that it was hard to know, whether vertue or beauty held ſupremacy in ſo rare a ſtructure.

Sir, being inflamed by your ſingular commendations, I am perſwaded, to her only to commit the chiefeſt treaſures of my life and fortunes.

Pardon my rudeneſs, fair creature, ſince neither love nor fortune delighteth, nor careth for them that are daſtards.

Madam,

Madam, You are the Saint, to whose shrine I daily offer up my scalding sighs.

For your beauty, Mistriss, I may name you *Venus*, for your comliness, *Pallas*, for your Port and honour, *Juno*.

If I want an Apology, fair creature, let love and necessity plead for me, since they are tyed within no bounds.

Madam, You are an object beautified with the richest gifts of nature, polish'd with more than terrene perfections.

'Tis you alone, fair one, that have made a breach into the Bulwark of my breast, where, like a gorgeous goddess, you command all my powers.

Fear not, Sir, love and fortune favour those that are bold.

Sir, To grant you this one Position, is to admit of innumerable absurdities.

Madam, It is the perfection of your exquisite person, Majestick features, and rare beauty, that kindles my desires.

Mistriss, Deceive me not, lest while I think to embrace you for *Juno*, I catch a cloud.

Madam, Take heed of using *Cupid* so crabbedly; for though he forgive and forget, *Venus* is a woman, and will seek revenge.

Sir, It is impossible that her heavenly beauty should be eclipsed with such cruelty.

Madam, Though I have fought never so valiantly under the flag of affections, yet, except you crown my endeavours with a voluntary yielding, I can never prevail.

Mistriss, If you take me for frantick, blame love, which as it comes from you as the cause, so it consumes without reason.

Who

Who can degenerate, faireſt of women, or dare to entertain baſe thoughts, when he views ſo glorious an object ?

Sir, I am deſirous to be ſuſpitious of thoſe felicities, I fear I ſhall no longer enjoy.

I am out of love with my ſelf, that I may admire your vertues.

The charms of Magitians are frivolous to me in reſpect of the power of your preſence.

I cannot look upon your face but I am perſwaded to reſign my ſelf up to you, as a wreath of Victory.

That which blacks the *Moor*, and burns *Libya*, hath not ſo powerful a luſtre as the beams of your beauty, which gives a brightneſs to deſire, and raiſes flames of love, pure, and chaſt.

Half the Court is engaged to your expreſſions; and thoſe whom you beſiege with your Language, muſt needs acknowledge you for victorious, and yield up the Fort.

Miſtriſs, your breath is as ſweet, as if you fed only on Pinks and perfumes.

Sir, I cannot degenerate ſo far from mine own happineſs, as to forget you, to whoſe deſire alone the event of all things are ſutable.

Let me beg of you to take notice of thoſe advantages are beſtowed upon you above the reſt of men, which intitle you to that you ſo much ſeem to honour.

Sir, If in your imagination I am worthy to be eſteemed of, it muſt be your wiſdom only which can ſet a value upon my defects.

Sir, your favour is the foundation of all my fortunes, on which I hope to rear a building ſhall magnifie the founders bounty.

Sir, It is your preſence can onely diſſipate the clouds of my blackeſt melancholy.

Sir, In the midſt of all my felicities, I ſhall have need of

of you to make me happy, for without you, I ſhall ever eſteem my ſelf abſolutely miſerable.

Sir, I will rather put my reputation to the adventure, than refuſe to act any thing you ſhall command me.

Sir, I have ever reflected on you, as an extraordinary perſon, and have ever paſſionately remain'd yours.

Sir, I am ſo taken with you, that I am even ſick at the relation of your indiſpoſition.

Sir, I ſhall not be backwards in the expreſſion of your merits, ſince they do ſo exact an acknowledgement of all.

Sir, You ſhall never be able to accuſe this Tenent as erroneous, ſince I have never falſified my ſelf to you; but have ever thought my ſelf perfectly happy to be reputed yours.

Be careful, fair one, leſt being led Captive by ſecurity, your mind float in the ſurging ſeas of idle conceits, whileſt the gales of voluptuous pleaſures, or the ſtifling ſtorms of unbridled fancy, with raging blaſts, make a ſhipwrack of your beauty.

Sir, I will endeavour hereafter to encounter your graces and courteſies with an unwearied conſtancy in the wayes of vertue.

Sir, I will endeavour to countervail much pains with a princely liberty.

Sir, The trumpet of your royal fame hath moved us, who are but ſubjects of your generous liberality, with all humility to entertain ſuch noble and heroick favours caſt upon us, poor creatures, moſt unworthy of the leaſt of ſuch benefits.

Madam, there is no object can ſo allure my wavering eyes, as your *Venus*-like beauty.

Madam, The force of your beauty hath overpowred the weakneſs of my fancy, ſince the exquiſite perfection of your vertues are charactered in my breaſt.

Madam,

Madam, Were you as wiſe as *Minerva*, or as gorgeous as *Juno*, yet the accounts of your beauty being caſt up, the gains of his affection might be put in the eyes of your lover.

Coy one, what happineſs inſued the chaſtity of *Penelope*, nay rather what miſeries purſued not the vertues of a *Lucretia*? how wretched are they then that deal with *Venus* or *Diana*, that can ſo eaſily transform men into beaſts?

Blame me not, fair one, though my fixed fancies, once abuſed, turn into a fury.

By thoſe ſmiles of your beauty, your creature, that before was plunged into perplexity, is now placed in the heighth of earthly felicities.

Miſtriſs, Pardon my rudeneſs for troubling thus raſhly, your muſing meditations.

Certainly, Madam, if the gods, as Poets ſay, made beauty, they skipt beyond their skill, ſince they framed it of greater force than they themſelves were able to reſiſt.

Fair one, let the ſhowers of your mercy mitigate the fires of my fancy.

Cruel one, if love be only remedied by love, if fancy, by mutual affection, give me leave at leaſt to appeal to your grace and favour, and at the bar of your beauty, ſuffer your ſervant to lift up his hands in an expectation of mercy, though his life by your rigor be ſentenced to death.

Faireſt, it is impoſſible to perſwade me to break the league I made with my fancies.

Sir, I am a mortal foe to affection, and now to vow my ſervice to *Venus*, is impoſſible, ſince I have already addicted my ſelf to *Diana*.

Sir, whoſoever readeth the records of the faithleſs proteſtations of men, their perjured promiſes, and feigned loves, cannot but view a poor *Ariadne* abuſed, a

Medea

Medea mockt, and a *Dido* deceived.

Fair one, your vertue and beauty by a ſtronger power than that of Fate or Fortune, is deeply ſhrined in my heart.

Be pleaſed at laſt, fair beauty, to accept me for your ſlave and ſervant; and to admit me into your favour, and that I may freely enjoy the ſight of your ſweet face, and feed my fancy in the contemplation of your perfections.

Faireſt, if my deep deſire merit no more from you, then I have no other choice but to die deſperately, or live miſerably.

Madam, There is a civil aſſault within me, by which I feel a certain reſtraint of my own liberty and affections.

It is impoſſible, faireſt of women, for any one to view your features, and not be fettered with the power of your vertuous qualities.

Miſtriſs, I feel ſuch an alienation of my ſenſes, ſuch a metamorphoſis of my mind; that it is impoſſible for me to become any other, than a ſervile ſlave to fancy.

How can I fear to enter into parley with *Cupids* faireſt creature, ſince there is ſuch hopes left of victory, by the happy preſage of your auſpicious ſmiles, at the beginning of our loves conflict?

Sir, If I may continue to ſhare in your favours, there ſhall not any under the Canopy of Heaven, be more proud of their fortunes than my ſelf, who really am your moſt affectionate ſervant.

Sir, It is for the good of the world, that you enjoy your vigorous health, ſince you are ordained for the ſervice of Kings, and conduct of People.

Sir, I will reſerve to ſpeak of virtue, till your great works come to light.

Sir, That which others call vertue, is the natural habitude of your worthy perſon.

Sup-

Suppoſe not, I uſe the Court language, when I aſſure you I am more than any man living, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant.

Sir, when I forget to confeſs my ſelf yours, you may juſtly ſuppoſe I ſuffer a perpetual ſilence, ſince whil'ſt I have a tongue, I proteſt my ſelf to be your affectionate ſervant.

Sir, I will make uſe of all occaſions, to teſtifie how paſſionately I am yours.

Sir, There is no other thing remaining for me, but only the glory of humility and obedience.

I ſhould ſhew my ſelf inſenſible of rarities, were I not amazed with the curioſity of your beauty.

Sir, Your Heroical qualities ſhine forth in you, as bright as day.

Madam, They that do undervalue the comlineſs of your perſon, dare rob Nature, and bereave Lillies of their beauty, as the Chryſtal of his clearneſs.

Sir, The vertues of our fore-fathers are to be eſteemed as vices in compariſon of yours.

Extremities are in other things reprovable, in this laudable, ſince they force me to confeſs my ſelf yours.

Sir, You are never ſo excellent a Poet, as when you ſpeak of me, ſince you have art to invent new fables.

Sir, Thoſe fine words, and quaint Diſcourſes, with which your Ladies are delighted, iſſue from their mouthes, as a pure and innocent breath perfumed with kiſſes.

Sir, You go through all employments with as good fortune, as noble reſolutions; neither can there be anything above your ſpirit, ſince all things ſtoop to do you honour.

Who can diſtill ſleep in the eyes of Lovers, whoſe cares break forth with the morning light?

Love, art thou but a vain name, and no eſſential thing, that haſt thus left thy profeſſed ſervant, when he

hat

hath moſt need of thy reviving preſence: what is Muſick to me, but a dolefull voice, accompanied with the various diſcord of my ſighs?

O Love, wilt thou now at laſt, offer me Phyſick, which art my only poyſon? wilt thou do me ſervice, which long ſince haſt brought me into eternall ſlavery?

How long ſhall my languiſhing ſickneſs wait upon the triumphs of my paſſions?

At laſt, O fair one, caſt the eyes of thy reſplendent preſence on thy abject creature, that, by the brightneſs of thoſe rays, his baſeneſs may be turned into a moſt high, and, through thy perfections, a moſt happy preferment; for being thus diſconſolate, by the frowns of thy rigour, how ſoon maiſt thou raze down that Temple, which at firſt was built by the refulgent ſmiles of thy beauty?

From whence can theſe neceſſities proceed, that love hath laid upon me, moſt incomparable *Lady*? are they by your commandement? or is it by a power from your excellency, that *Cupid* hath ſuch a command over mortals? of a certain it is from you, whoſe fair aſpect, accompanied with ſo imperious a Majeſty, vanquiſhed me, by him, ſo far to reſign the happineſs of my former liberty, as that I muſt now confeſs my ſelf to be your ſlave, if you think me unworthy of the name of your priſoner.

Cruell one, how long can I make an oſtentation of my felicity, when the concluſion, even the laſt Scene of my Tragedy, with horror preſents it ſelf to thine eyes? Can death and diſſimulation meet at the inſtant when I leave the world, and my dying proteſtations with thee; that for thee alone I forſook this earth, to be more kindly uſed there, where I ſhall be certainly eaſed of theſe ſorrows; If there be a *Leander*, a *Pyramus*, or a ſociety of abuſed Lovers.

If thou art fair, is it to present thee too cruell? If thou canst command affections, wilt thou therefore captivate them? To be beautifull and yet terrible, are things incompatible, things that imply contradiction; yet even against the Laws of Nature thou destroyest Nature; and where thou maist raise the structures to thy perpetual honours, thou ruin'st them.

Most certain it is, fair Creature, thy love may make me sacrifice my life at thy feet, and I may punish that body which hath so unjustly wounded my once free and serene mind: But alas, wherein canst thou glory? Not in thy beauty, for that will vail it self at so black an act: Not in my ruines, for they will pursue thee with some direfull revenge. Blush then, thou fair one, since to be coy is to be cruell; to be cruell, is to alter the property of what thou art, beaut full.

Faireſt, be no longer so great an enemy to my desires, as to imprison them in silence.

I cannot express the least disobedience to your commands, but rather hope my past displeasures may deserve pitty, if not my future services a reward.

Ponder my merits in the balance of your mercy, that the unworthiness of my deserts, by the fair sufferance of your goodness, may procure your gracious respects in my behalf.

It is a sin to suspect such vertue which glories to arm it self against all deceits.

Fair one, you have a wit which delights not to judg it self, and a beauty that glories to condemn others: reconcile your beauty to your wit, that the use of the one may restrain the abuse of the other, whilst we your servants live to admire your perfections, and you your self survive to perfect your vertues.

Fair one, what unremovable suiter eclipses your affection, from shining on your devoted, and most constant servant.

Per-

Perfection of my desires, with one determinate answer, bless me with happiness; or silence my so long continued suit.

That my desires to enjoy you, are more than to live, proceeds from the effects of my affection, the efficient cause being your excessive beauty.

Madam, The eyes of a ravished Love, cannot but have vertues aid so ready in himself, as alwayes to bewail the loss of a vertuous constancy in others, since such a loss by his own affections, is ever placed in the very face of his memory.

By the memory of our fore-past affections, by the oaths of our yet continued love, by whatsoever is vertuous, credit me.

Can you, Sir, wear a *Mars's* heart in a *Cupid's* body, since the eyes of all spectators, judge you fitter for the pleasures of the Court, than the tents of war?

In him, it seems, Nature was not mistaken, since whatsoever was in mankind, was in him to the uttermost.

Sir, it is a degree above humanity, and therefore requires the admiration of your friends, that your wit should so far out-go your age.

Is it not strange, O thou cruellest of women, that those eyes of thine should strike him with terrour, who stands unmoved with the sight of the most horrible countenance of death?

Sir, I am most infinitely bound to you, for this so rare and noble a courtesie.

It is you, and none but you, which I am bound to love: and therefore, though I am presented with a likeness of your beauty, yet likeness of another, cannot make the same essence of your person: much less can dissolve your commandments of my service.

The very image of your countenance, and outward expressions of your behaviour, are suitable to the ver-

tuous resolutions of your mind.

Faireſt, Grant me this happineſs, to have my poor affections raiſed to the honour of waiting upon your commands.

Violence of Love leads me into this diſcourſe, in which I am not ſo unfortunate as full of deſires to be more happy.

Armies of objections riſe up againſt my accepted opinion.

Sir, Though I were to paſs through all the ſplendors of the world, and frame them all to blazon forth your worth, my pen could never reach you.

Sir, Nature in you hath laid deep foundations, in reſpect of your qualities, both of mind and body, in both which ſhe hath made no promiſe of mediocrity; by the diſtribution of which rare perfections, ſhe hath rendred you lovely to the world, and fit for the ſervice of the greateſt Monarch.

Sir, your imagination, which you ſpeak in ſuch high terms, cannot but move me to believe great improbabilities.

Sir, How happy ſhould I count my ſelf, were the Characters of your vertues imprinted in my breaſt, by a more continued acquaintance.

Sir, no imaginary jealouſies ſhall deliver me from mine inclination to that goodneſs, to which I have alwayes had an extraordinary propenſion, by your royal Example.

Sir, I have an intereſt in your proſperity, ſo far that I will not complain of Fortune, ſo you have an occaſion to commend her.

Worthy Sir, you know your ſelf too well, to ſuſpect me of flattery.

Vertue and eloquence are beſtowed upon you, to make you be amongſt men as immortal.

Sir, I could not have the ambition to ſuppoſe that there

there could be any room left for you to entertain a man of so many imperfections as my self.

The contemplation of your vertues amazeth me.

Sir, I find in you whatsoever may give reputation to the Courts of Princes.

Sir, I am reserved for your sake, that nothing might be wanting to your glory.

Sir, you are the man whom the necessities of the State require.

Opportunities would wax old, should I neglect this present to serve you.

All spirits will prove favourable unto you, since you have convinced them by your merits.

Your generous disposition hath permitted me a longer audience than your affairs could well permit.

Worthy Sir, Reflect upon your creature with the bright beams of your generous disposition.

I cannot allot more moderate limits to my ambition, or to wish my self a greater happiness than to do you service.

Your heroick acts, succeeding Historians shall crown with Lawrels.

Sir, For your sake I will undergo the infelicities of cruel Fortune.

Sir, there is no happiness on earth, but is included in your self, or in what concerns you.

Sir, your goodness doth bereave me of a voyce to express your vertues.

You cannot blame me, though I hate ingratitude, since even beasts are capable of acknowledgment.

Sir, if you withdraw from me your presence, you overthrow all the honour you have hitherto acquired for me.

Sir, I shall fall sick, for want of a capacity to digest your favours.

Sir, whatsoever you undertake, permit nothing to

your ſpirit which may wound your reputation.

Sir, of all men I dare free you from this crime, of violating the chaſtity of language.

Sir, I ow too much honour, to the memory of our forepaſt acquaintance, to diſpleaſe you.

Sir, for your ſake, at the ſame time, I both enjoy pleaſure, and endure pain.

Sir, I muſt beg of you hereafter, to have a greater care of my modeſty, ſince you enforce me, either to loſe it, or not to beleeve you.

Sir, the whole Court is ſenſible of ſuffering your name to fall to the ground.

Sir, I am ſo far from hiding my own defects, that I acknowledge there is none ſo imperfect as my ſelf: Neither can any man arrive to perfection, except he be adorned with thoſe abilities, whereof I am utterly ignorant.

Sir, I have neither power nor ability left me, but onely to expreſs, I am yours.

Sir, you have anticipated me of all Rhetorick, either of being complemental, or returning you commendation for your worthy favours.

Sir, inſtead of requital of thoſe vows you offer me, I am put to a ſtand what to anſwer you.

Miſtriſs, I deſire to paſs my life in the pleaſing dreams of your perfections.

Your Courtly voice is like an Oracle, either to approve or condemn me.

Sir, I am none of thoſe who ſlight the benefits are ſhowred upon them.

Sir, I cannot light upon that accent, wherewith I might authorize my own follies.

All my thoughts are your real inſpirations.

I have no ſervile dependency, but upon your conceptions, I move by your directions.

In matters of Eloquence you ſeek out ſingularities, hitherto unknown to any.

From

From the first minute of my acquaintance, I made haſt, as I ſhall ever, to acknowledge my ſelf your moſt humble ſervant.

Sir, I entertain theſe paſſions, to the end that you may appeaſe them.

Madam, If you ſtill perſevere thus to dote on your Beauty, the time will come when your face will ſcare you more than a Judge doth a Felon.

Sir, I have quitted all complacency, and there is no means ſhall make me ſilent.

Faireſt, There is no part of the world ſo remote, whither my curioſity in your ſearch ſhall not carry me.

Lady, the moral of my affection is to inſtruct you, to make uſe of your youth; and to gather Noſe-gays before the Roſes wither: For, be confident, when you have no further attractions than an eloquent tongue, no man will ſeek for them in the furrows of your face; and you ſhall onely be left to bewail the ruines of your Beautie.

Sir, ſuffer your ſelf to be convinced by reaſon, ſince you cannot reſiſt the ſame, but to your diſadvantage.

Sir, You muſt excuſe me, ſince I know not in what manner to ſuffer ſo wounding a diſpleaſure.

Sir, All the water in the Sea can never purifie me from this offence.

Lady, You have no more beauty than will ſerve to excuſe you from being extreme ugly.

Sir, If you grant me this favour; you ſhall elevate me to a more ſovereign Fortune than the eſtate of Kings.

Sir, It were as great a crime to be ignorant of the diverſions that attend you; as not to be acquainted with the great affluence of Noble company dayly repairing to viſit you.

Miſtreſs, In my moſt ſolitary walks, it ſhall be my

Ambition to presume onely to revolve you in my most secret cogitations.

Sir, In you alone I must commend the commencements of all vertue.

In all shapes, and under the most dreadfull aspects that can appear, I am yours.

To return you Complements for such excellent favours, were to undervalue their worth, since my Language is too poor, and unable to lend me wherewith to pay you.

I fear I shall be indebted to you all my life, for the favours I have received of you.

It is the height of my desires to be passionately, as I am, your most faithfull servant.

My passions cannot so far transport me, but that I shall remain, as I have ever been, yours.

Sir, I intend not to commence any reall War against you, for I acknowledge my choler to be artificial, which I am ready to lay down at your pleasure.

Fair Creature, Painters and Stage-players are not guilty of these murthers which the darts of your eyes do most cruelly commit.

I am not so curious as to condemn the whole multitude, which have lost themselves in the admiration of your vertues.

I will dilate my self no further in my expressions, lest I dishonour your goodness, with my undervaluing praises.

Sir, Mine eloquence will come too late, since there is no precept in humane wisdom, which hath not presented it self to your view.

Sir, The consolation I have, next to the assurance I have of my Innocency, is, the liberty I enjoy to profess my self yours.

The principal object of my intentions, hath ever been the glory of your name.

Sir

Sir, I do profeſs my ſelf yours, with all thoſe proteſtations which are able to make the truth appear inviolable.

Sir, I proſtrate all my preſumption at your feet, and ſhall deſpair of being happy, if not reputed yours.

Sir, I can no longer conceal my thoughts, ſince you have an intereſt both in me and them.

I never gave you viſit which cured me not of ſome paſſion.

How often with your golden Eloquence have you taken me out of my ſelf?

You alone conduct me to the higheſt pitch of accidental perfection.

The beams of your eminent vertues have diſcovered to me mine own imperfections.

Inſtead of all thoſe high expreſſions you have beſtowed upon me, I muſt only anſwer you,

That I am your humble ſervant.

Sir, There can be no acknowledgement that I can make, can be anſwerable to the obligations I owe to your honour.

Sir, You miſtake my diſpoſition, if you ſuppoſe I affect praiſes, with the like intemperance, as I do perfumes.

Sir, Should I forfeit ſuch occaſions, my friendſhip would never appear, but remain as a Recluſe.

Sir, The world would end, and Nature prove imperfect, if there were no ſuch men to maintain her honours.

Continue to expreſs your ſelf what you are, that your vertue may be its own recorder.

Faireſt, My thoughts are not ſo often here, as where you are.

Time, which preſcribes limits to all things, pre

ſerve your beauty to the worlds end.

The Phyſitians have not ſo far exhauſted me, but that there are ſome drops of blood left to beſtow in part of your honors ſervice.

Madam, put on thoſe rayes of your beauty, that it may bud again with the next Roſes.

I confeſs I was never more aſtoniſhed than to find ſuch an equipage of ſorrow about you.

Sir, you are adorned with all excellent qualities that Art and Nature can beſtow for the commanding of men.

Sir, There is not one part of your body, whereof another is not maſter.

Sir, It is not in my power to diſpoſe of one ſingle hair, ſince I am all yours.

Madam, you draw the eyes of all to admire you, ſince you are as fair a proſpect, adorned with all pleaſures to allure the beholders.

You are the Cabinet in which nature hath lock'd all her miracles.

Though I receive injuries from you, it ſhall be my humility not to take notice of them.

Sir, I would viſit thoſe parts of the world which avarice it ſelf hath not yet found out, rather than leſe your ſociety.

Sir, It is impoſſible for me to conceal my ſenſibilities.

Sir, What violence ſoever I offer to my anger, I can no longer contain it.

Sir, You do ſo heap your favours on me, that you will not ſo much as ſuffer me to ſee me miſerable.

Sir, Your innocent actions carry their warrant with them.

Sir, You do not ſo much expreſs your wit as your tyranny, in inflicting ſuch torments on me.

Sir, Be not confident, leſt he whom you have ſo often

ten injured, do at last grow weary of his sufferings.

You are the man, with whom alone I desire to pass the most pleasant hours of my life.

Sir, If you pretend excuses for so poor a trifle; know, I am no longer your affectionate servant.

Sir, I shall hold my eloquence as pernicious as the perfections of a Curtezan, should it prove any cause of your quarrels.

You usurp a more absolute authority over wits, than is lawfull or reasonable.

You smell too much of your Musk and Ambor, to express your self serious in the weight of affairs.

Sir, My conceptions are popular, and to be intelligible among women.

Your conceits are too far fetch'd, and they transcend the subject on which you bestow them.

Fairest, let me ravish a kiss from your hand.

Sir, My affections spring not from the diseases and distempers of my soul; since my inclinations to serve you, have their original from immortall reason.

Mistris, You have a power to infuse love and fidelity into the hearts of Barbarians.

You cannot bestow favours amiss on him, who hath search'd the secrets of Nature, and the depth of Philosophy, that he might not appear to be ungratefull.

Sir, you must give me leave to admire your Judgment, which appears to be far more excellent than your Fortunes.

Sir, Let me not seem to incurre a crime, since I am forced to extoll your generous liberality.

Sir, you vary your shape, and change your perfumes according to the diversity of the seasons.

Let it please you out of your nobleness, to afford me to be your Grace's most obedient and faithfull Servant.

Sir,

Sir, You have all those excellent qualities that are necessary in a Prince.

Sir, I measure the necessities and fatalities of this world by your contentments or discomforts.

Sir, in this exigence of my fortunes, I am forc'd to admire your Vertues; since you still set so high a value on your creature, who is lost to all men but your self.

Sir, your goodness is as unlimitable, as the desire I have to serve you.

Sir, in you are comprehended all the riches that Nature bestows on her most glorious Creatures.

Sir, I speak this seriously with my best sence; you may reduce me to any form.

All, who have either eyes, or spirits, must place them on so deserving an object.

Fairest, cast one glance of pitty on me, lest you deprive me of all conceits of mercy, with the terrible aspect of your eyes; which are to me the Ambassadors of life or death.

Sir, you are the emblem of terror, and your furious looks are able to consume a woman.

Lift me not so high with your favours, lest you do but fit me for a percipice, and I behold my descent with a greater terrour.

Fairest, Let not your heavenly beauty, seated in it's royal Majesty, draw forth the sword of disdain to the ruine of your creature.

Fairest Creature, Since I am the pattern of all ill fortunes by the force of your affection, free me from all the miseries that oppress me.

You hit my inclinations, since to recompence such Vertues, were a work most worthy of all generous spir. s.

Sir, Your refusal to the title of Eloquent, proves your modesty to be most unjust; since your tongue long

long ſince did bereave you of all excuſes.

Sir, I dare not enter the liſt with you, in reſpect of your elegancies of ſpeech; for when I would become moſt perſwaſive in my language, I appear more barbarous in my expreſſions.

All your Rhetorical arguments, are but like blew flowers amongſt the corn; which though they may ſeem pleaſant to the eye, prove moſt unwholſom to the body.

Sir, I ſhall alwayes acknowledge the artificial language to be like a Gentlewoman adorned with Rubies and Diamonds, which gliſter upon her Garments, whilſt ſhe her ſelf wants the eyes of her body, and of her mind.

Fair one, can I prevent the Powers of the Planets, or reſiſt the force of the ſtarrs? you may then conclude, I can then repell theſe actions.

I am yours, Sir, and I will be yours in deſpight of Fates and Fortunes.

Madam, Your excellent qualities, and exquiſite vertues, have ſo aſſaulted the Fort of my Fancy, that I muſt of a neceſſity reſign my ſelf up to you, as a trophy of your victories.

Miſtriſs, ſince Cupid doth ſo fitly favour the cauſe of his Clients, let us not ſlip ſo happy an opportunity.

Madam, If the wiſhes of a poor mortal may be heard above, I queſtion not but heaven with felicities will crown your royal deſerts.

Madam, Though I have not hitherto by dutifull ſervices made manifeſt the loyalty of my heart, yet ſince I firſt framed in my fancy, as in a mirror, the ſhape of your ſurpaſſing beauty, with all humility, I have caſt my ſelf and fortunes at your Royall feet.

Faireſt,

Faireſt, there is none upon earth doth with a more loving duty reverence your perſon and vertues, than I do.

Madam, In conſideration of my poor Fortunes, let my affection appear ſo much the more excuſable, ſince I ſo far eſteem of your divine beauty and exquiſite vertue, as I would think my ſelf moſt unworthy, though I were Prince of the World, to poſſeſs your heavenly perfection, in reſpect of any of my own native honours.

Sir, I have learn'd to know, that it is the religion of Lovers to ſwear and forſwear.

Madam, The parching heat of Summer makes the cool ſhades more pleaſant; and the frowns of Lovers make their ſmiles more delightful and chearful.

Miſtriſs, I muſt never hope ſo entirely to love, as with my affections to requite your loyalty.

Sir, She which builds her fancy upon fading ſubjects, ties her honour to the unconſtant wheel of Fortune.

Faireſt, as a pledge of my proteſtations, you ſhall have both my heart and hand to be yours in duſt and aſhes.

Sir, You have a heart as large as the Sea, which contains in it a capacity of all the ornaments that uſe to dignifie Princes.

Strive not, *Sir*, to bereave me of the reputation of my honour, leſt thoſe that ſhall ſucceed me hereafter, read my infamy upon my Tomb.

Madam, The beams of your Sun-like beauty, with their lively luſtre, and ſparkling flames, dazle the eyes of your amazed Lovers.

Madam, In the ſhady darkneſs of this Arbour, you ſeem like a Heaven, enamelled with an infinite number of Stars.

Having diſpoſed ſo many affections to do you ſervice,

vice, fear it not, faireſt, your ſervant muſt of neceſſity viſit you.

Fair one, whilſt mortals enjoy your heavenly beauty, the luſtre of your reſplendent eyes ſhall as the day light ſerve them for the diſpatch of their affairs.

Sir, I cannot be inſenſible of your miſeries, ſince the web of your deſtinies hath paſſed us both through the like misfortunes.

Sir, I am real, and uſe not to entertain my friends with dreams and illuſions.

Sir, This your inhumane uſage of your creature, ſhall never ſeem ſtrange to me, ſince the moſt fervent affections of the world oftentimes degenerate into the vehementeſt enmities.

Sir, We equally ſhare of one anothers diſcontents, and diſſolve our hearts together, as one would melt one piece of wax into another.

Faireſt, thoſe eminent qualities, which nature, as a dowry, hath beſtowed upon you, like flowers, ſpread themſelves forth by the rayes of your bright beauty, cauſing thoſe courtſhips, ſervices, and admirations which ſo ſweetly adorn you.

Miſtriſs, Ladies of honour, to expreſs the ſincerity of their affections, have breathed forth their lives on the Tombs of their deceaſed Lovers.

Madam, If I am conſumed by the fires of *Cupid*, blame me not, ſince your eyes enkindled the flames of my affections.

Madam, Exerciſe not the extremity of your rigour upon him that ſuffers ſuch miſeries, under the falſe title and quality of an offender.

Know, fair creature, that ſuch a bright day may at laſt enlighten my innocence, when revengeful lovers ſhall ſearch into my aſhes, to find out truth there buried.

Sir,

Sir, Theſe glorious progreſſions of your vertue will at laſt mount you to the higheſt pitch of admiration.

Madam, ſhut not up theſe eyes from the light of your beauty, leſt they be perpetually open'd to tears.

Madam, It is impoſſible you ſhould ever draw to you a reputation of honour, ſigned with the effuſion of my blood.

Madam, There are thoſe will deplore my aſhes, and ſtrew ſome ſilly flowers on the place impreſſed with the prints of your puniſhments.

Fair one, When my ſoul ſhall be ſeparated from my body, it ſhall every where wait on your purified ſpirit, as the ſhadow of it.

Madam, If you ſhould pleaſe to condemn me to darkneſs, by the eclipſing of the divine light of your beauty, yet I deſpair not; but that at laſt from the ſphere of your ſplendours due to my merits, you will vouchſafe the rayes of your clemency, to inlighten the duskie nights of my miſeries and misfortunes.

Fair one, Though death may ſeparate our lives, yet love ſhall unite our aſhes, and we ſhall preſerve the immortality of our affections, by the immortality of our ſouls.

Madam, Seated thus on your fair pavilion, you appeared like reſplendent day, in the attires of a Majeſty abſolutely royal.

Madam, Your goodly nature, well proportioned body, the bright colour of your face, the lively port and grave carriage of your perſon, all theſe ſpeak you to be a real branch, ſprung from ſome royal ſtemme.

Fair one, Your hair negligently diſhevel'd, and careleſs attire, grace forth your beauty, which ſhines in the midſt of ſo many obſtacles, as the Sun in a winters day.

Faireſt creature, Caſt not theſe eyes down, neither colour

colour your face with thoſe modeſt blaſhes, ſince it would appear moſt admirable, that your vertues ſhould find fetters in a place where they expect Crowns.

Sir, I deſire to end my dayes on the Theatre of Kings, in their glorious ſervices.

Madam, Heaven hath created me ſuch a one, as you ſee, full of good will, though of ſlender fortunes and means.

Sir, We have continually lived together as one ſoul divided into two bodies, and ſince our amities have taken root in a mutual temperance, and correſpondency of humours, we have maintained in us a continual familiarity, which neither death nor hell can ever have power to ſeperate.

Faireſt, Our breaſts ſhall be ever interchangably tranſparent.

Fair one, Diſſimulation or contradiction cannot approach the ſincerity of our loves.

Faireſt, let me imbrace you with the openneſs of my heart, and the profuſion of my love, that our ſouls may evaporate themſelves into one another.

Sir, your favours create me again, and give me a new being.

Sir, I ſhall never pretend any right to any honour in the world, but onely to obey your commands.

Miſtriſs, The grace of ſpeech dwelleth on your fair lips.

Sir, hereafter ages ſhall take Palms and Lawrels, to crown the reliques of your honor'd aſhes.

Faireſt, Theſe eyes of mine, are but emblems of tears mixt with love.

Madam, Spread not that Cypreſs vail o're your face, leſt you benight your beauty, and darken the bright rays of that which makes our day.

Madam, Your beauty is a divinity left on earth, to be known and beloved of mortalls.

Deſcription

Deſcription of Beauty.

BEauty is Natures Ivy-buſh.

It is her beauty onely creates her Queen ; 'tis which adds a commanding power to every ſyllable.

Glory not too much in the prerogative of Nature ; ſeeing ſhe hath made thee man, make not thy ſelf a woman.

Your beauty is a Tyrant of a ſhort reign, you cannot call it your own ; for you can neither give it, nor preſerve it long.

Beauty is the conquereſs of man, never to be ſatisfied with the rays of her chryſtal-painted eyes.

A Feature that excells all mortal ſenſe.

Such a one, that when ſhe lay naked, his eyes did carve him out a Feaſt of love.

Her body doth preſent thoſe Fields of peace that Poets ſing of in *Elizium*.

She lay like eclipſed *Cynthia*, ſweetly canopied with darkneſs, till he drew the curtains of Love.

Had *Paris* ſeen her naked, he had ſlighted his *Nell* of *Greece* for her.

Trimming her beauty forth with bluſhing bravery, with the wonders of her Beauty, mortal eyes are never to be ſatisfied, as if ſhe were made only for admiration, to be adored of men, or win grace from Heaven.

A complexion as clear as the Sky.

Beauty is the Image of the Creator, and the Rhetorick of Heaven.

THE
Academy of Complements.

Choice and fair Flowers, ſelected out of the Garden of Eloquence, to adorn our Language with variety of expreſſions, upon ſeveral occaſions.

upon his Abſence.

I Shall no longer eſteem my ſelf abſent from you, whilſt I hold any room in your heart and memorie.

Let thoſe dull clods of earth, not yet informed with true Promethean-fire, meaſure affections by their Miles of Acres; We, whoſe ſouls are caſt in a more pure mould, by a moſt ſubtile penetration and transfuſion of hearts, enjoy a ſecure freedome in one anothers wiſhes; and in the greateſt diſtance, are cheriſhed with a virtual contiguitie.

It is the brutiſh love, and wants the quickening fire of reaſon, that can by circumſtances be intermitted; the more extracted flames of our affections ſhall, like more glorious Pyramides, burn bright and clear, and light our ſouls, though thus ſeemingly dis-joynted, to our daily mutual imbraccements.

Let not my remoteneſs change your purpoſes, more than it ſhakes the reſolution I have made, to live yours.

Proteſtations of Love.

IT is as impoſſible for me not to love you, as it is for the Sun to forget his ordinary courſe.

So am I raviſhed with your beauty, that it will prove harder for me to forget you, than it would

prove

prove difficult to resolve for death: and know for a certain that I shall still be rather content and disposed to consent to the hatred of my self, than to the love of any other object but you.

Your sight may be forbidden me, and you may hinder me from speaking to you, but not to have the effigies of your divine beauty imprinted in my heart; and not to love and serve you, it is a thing not only out of your power, but mine also: for I am to you as an accident, so inseparable, that you cannot be without me.

Upon her Beauty.

I Should have thought I had too much failed in so much duty, had I not directed it to so fair a mark, but the favour of your affections, is that to which I sacrifice my best endeavors.

Vanquished by your beauty, I have yeelded up the arms of my liberty and freedome, under your obedience.

Nothing shall take from my heart but death it self, the fair image of your divine beauty.

Death it self shall here stand vassal, and homage pay, to your more powerfull darts; when every quickening glance from you, shall add new life, as he destroys the old.

In Admiration of her goodness.

IT is your goodness that hath supplyed my small merit; which could not have dared to promise me the favours you can afford me.

The goodness of your soul is so clear and bright, that sinn dares not approach too neer, for fear of discovering its own deformity.

You need not seek for your inheritance, when the rich evidence of your vertue intitles you to heaven.

I wonder not to see so many bankrupts in goodness, when I find the stock of vertue rests alone in you.

These

These Noble favours may quicken my endeavours, but never create a desert in me; they are so much beyond my All.

On her leaving him.

LOvers in despite of absence, lose not the remembrance of their Lovers: they are as the Flowers, which, though trod on, do resume their lustre at the Suns approach.

Although thou goest away, yet we cannot part.

Here in my heart thou still remainest, yet I must shed some tears, which like the morning dew, or as April showres, shall make the spring tide of our love (though by this winter covered) grow fresh and green again.

To forsake me, when your company is dearest to me, is no sign of true friendship, which parts not at death it self, since love remains for ever.

Take pitty on all these bloody sorrows, which the Apprehension of your absence makes me already so miserably to feel.

To accuse in a Letter.

IT is better to love with severity, than to deceive with sweetness.

I expected a Cordial, but I received a Corrosive; your bitter-sweet was unequally tempered; and in your Pills, though sugar'd over, I found an unwelcome operation. I received thy letter, but I must chide thee (sweet) another close from thy fair hand, will make me surfeit; you frown'd when last we parted, and by that cloud you bid me expect a storm; it is a double bliss, thus sweetly to be deceived: you frown in deed, but a thousand *Cupids* lodge themselves in every wrinckle of your brow.

I would forbear to write to you in this manner, were it not that the affection I bear to you, doth force, and by it's authority, draw all these words from my heart and mouth.

Mistris,

Miſtreſs, The Bees are not hated for their ſtings, n more ſhould you hate me for the ſharpneſs of my circum ſtances.

We muſt not praiſe our ſelves for being better than th worſt, but rather blame our ſelves for being worſe than th beſt; ſince th en I fail in my merits, give me leave to mou for my imperfections.

A Farewell.

I Muſt depart from you, yet ſhall not your ſervice be de prived of mine obedience.

Adiew, fair Sun of my life, I leave you for this preſen but be alwayes aſſured, that my mind, and my deſires ſha never depart from you.

Dear Love, I know not which way to begin to bid yo farewell, nor to finiſh this diſcourſe; which once ended our diſconſolate departure follows.

Wo is me, muſt I needs wander away from all my felici ties at once, loſing with the happineſs of your ſight, th moſt perfect object of beatitude!

Farewell, *Madam*, be always fortunate, whilſt I ſha languiſh unhappy, though moſt conſtant.

Expreſſions of Affections.

YOu can never do ſo much for me, but that the affectio wherewith I adore you, and the faith I have repoſed i you, will prove far greater.

Miſtreſs, you are the firſt, to whom my affectionate hea hath been offered; and ſhall (if you pleaſe) be the laſt th ſhall have the poſſeſſion of it.

Do but let me once diſcover my affections to you, and then command me to perpetual ſilence, if yo pleaſe.

You are the eye of mine eyes, & thought of my thought the perfecter of my defaults, the life of my love, the ſcop and end of all my deſires and hopes.

Bear well in mind mine affection, that though I be r moved from your fair eyes, I may not be ſo far from yo favours.

The Lovers expreſſion of Conſtancy.

I Shall in loving you, manifeſt ſuch an affectionate ſtability and ſtedfaſtneſs, that my loyalty and my love ſhall inſeperably wait on you.

My conſtancy may eaſily ſhew you, that I have as good an heart to dye for you, as I have a mind and deſire to live and love you.

I ſhall make it appear to after times, that I am the man, who for your ſake have made my ſelf an invincible Rock of ſtedfaſtneſs: for I ſhall ſtill hug my conſtancy, and never let it ſtir from me, till my laſt gaſp.

Upon her Affability and Courteſie.

IT is your courteſie that lends me the favour which Heaven and Nature have denyed me.

Your courteſie will force the moſt rigid *Cáto* to turn your Proſelyte, and make the *Cynick* leave his Tub; enamoured with your urbanity.

Each part above you ſhines with a peculiar grace, but in your mild behaviour they all concenterate.

Upon your brow, Beauty and Honor ſit enthron'd, whence in your ſtately carriage they diſpence their powerfull Lawes.

It is out of your generous diſpoſition you wiſh me well, as it is out of duty that I honour you.

Upon a Lovers fear.

LOvers live alwayes in more fear than hope, and will ſooner conceive of their ſorrows, than credit their joyes.

Lady, I have juſt cauſe to fear, leſt by placing my love upon an object either too violent, or too much diſtant, my ſenſe may be deceived; you far tranſcend my deſerts, but my deſires lye captive at your feet: one beam from your bright eye will kindle them anew, and adde a new vigour to me your languiſhing proſtrate

The fear I have, leſt my ſlender merit ſhould take away

away your good mind to wish me well, doth in a sort make all those joyes imperfect, which my sweetest thoughts make me judge so full and entire.

On her desires.

FAIREST, Be but as desirous of my content, as I am of your service.

My desires make me as carefull to please you, as I am bound by duty, and compelled by inclination to serve you.

I wish, Heaven that gave me the boldness of desire, had likewise graced me with desert.

To give or present.

THis I dedicate, consecrate, and offer up unto you with the same heart, wherewith I vowed you my service.

Your bounty hath furnished me with power, and your example with will; accept therefore this small present, gleaned from your plenteous Harvest; which shall ever testifie to the ungratefull world, how much I glory to proclaim aloud my wealths chief founder.

I should be ignorant and ungratefull too, should I presume to think it worthy your acceptance; when every Jewel receives its Character of value from your esteem.

The mass of all my wealth made up together, disclaims the name of merit, and therefore here I freely give it all, and in the strong Indentures of Loyalty, I bind my self your Prentice.

I had rather present you with some small thing, and so be reputed ignorant, than ungratefull.

Regard more the affection, than the merit of the gift; and so accept it, not as a thing of desert, but as a testimony of my good will.

On

On the Effects if their Love.

YOu ſhall know one day in effect, what you now have but in imagination.

The conſtancy of my affection hath been ſuch, that it hath overcome the worſt of difficulties: and the expectation of the harbour hath made the danger eaſie.

When amidſt the waves of your diſdain, my half-ſhipwrack'd veſſel began to ſink; each ſigh I fetch'd (I ſee at length) found a courteous gale, to bring me home to you, my bleſſed harbour.

One day you will come to know the concluſion of the irreproachable teſtimonies of my true and faithfull promiſes.

Upon her Eloquence.

YOur Eloquence is able to ſteal the ſoul out of ones heart, and carry it whither it would not go.

O ſpeak again! 'twill make the Spheres lay by their warbling Lutes, and liſten to your tongue.

Each articalated ſyllable doth lay a powerfull charm upon my ſoul, and captivates my ſenſes.

One day is no more able to overcome you with good words, than with good actions.

The eloquence of your moſt ſweet words cloſes my lips, and binds them to a perpetual ſilence.

Excuſes.

IN excuſing your unjuſt fear, you ſeem to accuſe my boldneſs.

It is a mercy that you yet afford me, to let me plead mine own excuſe.

I preſume upon your pardon for my former ſuſpitious fears; and the rather, becauſe the goodneſs of your nature ſtiles them, The individual concomitants of Love.

I pray you hear my reasons patiently, and judge without passion of my Justication.

It is for great minds to excuse great faults; upon the acknowledgment therefore of my late transgression, you cannot find a fitter subject for your mercy.

Experience of a Lover, and of a Friend.

I Have so much experience of your good will, that it only remains that you make triall of my desire of acknowledgment.

I have had such triall of your friendship and fidelity, that I hope you will not fail me in time of need.

Each messenger affords fresh Characters of your friendship, and every day I see the spring of your love breaking through new Channels.

upon his Face.

THe wonders of your Face made me their captive as soon as I saw them; and that rare grace of yours which makes you excell all others, retained me your prisoner.

As she appears, so day breaks, and with her beams disperses all my clouds and mists of discontent.

The Epitome of Nature is compriſed in her face, where she hath freely given a taste of all her pride and glory.

upon his Favours.

IF you judge or deem me worthy to favour you, hold that your merits are much more than my deserts.

I am ignorant what service might satisfie for the favours

vours I have received of you: if you please to increase my knowledge, in telling me how I may serve you again, I shall be doubly oblig'd.

I want opportunity dutifully to acknowledge this favourable proof of your condition and honesty.

upon his Fortunes.

FOrtune strives now, to make me pay the interest of those pleasures she formerly lent me.

Dame fortune is too covetous and usurious, in taking from me the interests of my prosperity.

I appear to you just like an empty Vessel that wants his lading, with full blown sails of Love: indeed 'tis true, I am bound for the *Indies*, and if my Compass fail me not, my Genius tells me, I shall soon arrive.

O! Withdraw not those two Stars: by their blest light I steer my crazy Bark, and hope to enjoy the wished-for shore of happiness.

upon her hatred.

I Do not think (though I should give you occasion to hate me) that your good nature can wish me an injury, since you are not compos'd of any thing but love.

Courtesie dwelt on your forehead, but malice resided in your soul, and lay concealed in your mind.

On her Inconstancy.

YOu use your friends as one doth flowers, which please only when they are fresh and new.

I perceive that ardent affection which was wont to keep me so alive in your thoughts, doth now no more reign in you.

In praiſe of her.

I Could not, without making my ſelf guilty of irreverence, ſpeak otherwiſe to you, than in a way of praiſe.

I value love in all, but, Madam, moſt in you, when I find it richly ſitting on the neck of Honour.

Such is the galled condition of the age, that ſhould my feeble Encomiums preſume to touch a little at what your beauty in the largeſt manner merits, the faireſt title I ſhould gain for my true meaning would be *Paraſite.*

Madam, Let others daub and flatter, I'le not give over to draw true lines; but mauger all their painting, will proclaim you aloud, *Vertuous* and *fair.*

Madam, To live with you, is to live with all the Graces; For Nature hath made you the example of her liberalities.

For her retention of him in her memory.

DO not that wrong to your true love, to let him ſlide out of your memory, the only monument where his felicity deſires to be inſhrined.

Keep me alive in your thoughts, as I hold you in the moſt ſenſible parts of my ſoul.

Of his merits.

I Could never do ſo great a thing, but would be too ſmall for your merits and my deſires.

Your merits drive me to love you, my humour permits it, and my content will needs have me imploy my endeavours to ſerve you.

The praiſes you attribute unto me, proceed from your will, and not from any merit of mine.

The neceſſity of his Affections.

THe neceſſity of love is moſt mighty in the world, for it overcomes all.

O how happy a thing is that neceſſity, that inforceth us to embrace ſuch a deſired bleſſing as your ſelf.

I was all frozen, untill the Sun-ſhine of your favour thawed my benummed ſpirits; but when you darted your quickning beams, the ſpring of my affections budded forth in the moſt pleaſant blooms of love.

The Magnetick ſtone ſtarts not with ſuch natural activity to the North-ſtars ſummons, as I, when you command.

Proteſtations of obedience.

I Shall not, all the dayes of my life, have a will which ſhall not obey yours.

You know the power you have over me, and that I am ſo much yours, as you can wiſh me.

To offer, and preſent ſervice.

ALL the honour and ambition I aſpire at, is, to ſee my ſelf employed in your ſervice.

Let all men judge whether your beauty alone is not ſufficient to command the affections I bear you.

All that is mine is no leſs yours, than are your thoughts and words.

The moſt favourable gift you can offer me, is, your friendſhip, a Jewel I prefer before all other treaſures.

Wiſhes.

HEaven, which hears the vows of the faithful, bleſs and content your deſires.

I need not wiſh you more, but a continuance of thoſe graces you moſt eminently poſſeſs already.

May you meet with ſuch a Paramour, as may equal (for ſure out-go he cannot) your holier flames; may

the ſame ſhaft, with an undivided haſt, pierce both your hearts together; may both your loves bear the ſame date. And when we have made our ſelves unworthy of enjoying any longer ſuch a worthy pattern, and rich example of pure affection; after you have ſeen a ſecond Generation, may death gently tranſport you to that place of bliſs, where he himſelf can never come.

God make you the happieſt woman that lives; even as he hath made you the faireſt, and moſt accompliſhed.

Heaven grant, that you may be faithful, as you are dear to me.

Bewailing of a Lover.

I Do ſo bewail our ſeparation, that nothing can ever touch my ſoul like the grief I endure by it.

The greateſt grief I carry along with me when I part from this place, is, to ſee how I am for ever deprived of your fair preſence.

To give Thanks.

IF I have done you any acceptable ſervice, think it was but the ſhadow of what I deſire to ſhew you, by real effects.

To tickle your ears with the breath of Complement, or the air of ſome preſently contradicted news, would be to imitate the *What lack you?* To give you good words, and to make your better deeds pay too dear for them.

I take this benefit from you but as borrowed; I will pay you rent for it.

Though the ſervice I have done you be but ſmall, yet, the deſires I had to acknowledge the honours I have received from you, are exceeding great.

On the deceits of Love.

YOur fair eyes have too much Majeſty to ſerve for baits, or allurements, of a diſſembling lover.

Do

Do not deceive him that will out-brave Death it self to insure your life; and withstand the frowns of Fortune, to protect your Honour.

On his Life.

MY life is a Comedy, and therefore no matter how long it be, so that it be well acted: Sweetest! if the last Scene be Tragick, your cruelty must be the *Nemesis*.

Our life without some pleasantness, is like a long journey without an Inne; or like a bed of Roses, where flowers are mixed with prickles. Lady, if you please, from your hospitable bounty, to refresh my over wearied and solitary progress, I shall conclude my time richly spent, having attained the end at which always I aim'd, but you have hitherto clos'd up your fragrant sweet, and amidst the sternest briers of discontent, have left me miserably intangled.

On the lustre of her eyes.

YOur eyes flash so much lightning, that, like the Sun they dazle the sight of all such as dare behold them.

Your souls bright lustre sparkles in your eye; and, like the Persian, that only Sun I adore.

You have so established your soveraignty over my soul, that the least twinkle of your eyes, dispossess me of the state of my life.

Amorous Expressions.

THis kiss and thy white hand.

Her spring of beauty raised in him noble desires, which soon broke forth in liberal streams.

Let me rule, Lady, like a Planet, in the Orbe of your favour.

You have a most imperious beauty, I must obey it.

Delight shall stream into our bosome.

A faint Lovers wishes cannot recall the hours.

I will imbrace thee as all wealth or honour.

Though ſhe were divided from me by armies, I would make way through death to gain her.

O let me dwell an age upon thoſe lips.

She is a ſparkling delightfull piece of Nature.

She is the Queen and Goddeſs of Beauty.

She is a Mine of pleaſing joys and ſweetneſs.

The great commandreſs of all hearts.

I cannot ſpeak to thee, go thy wayes.

We'l ſtrive to make the example of Love an eaſie Law.

As white as truth, as innocent as Vertue.

Take all your vow, again, you are as free as the Ayr.

The Cyprian Queen compared to thee, was but a Negro.

Whoſe love is the Exchequer of wealth.

A Spring of Love iſſues from thy ſoul.

I muſt awake in the dark, and be benighted to all the world but thee.

Madam, I am a poor flye, burnt in the candle of your beauty.

A woman worthy of ſo compoſed a man.

Crown your ſervant, Miſtriſs, with this favour.

A Miſcellaneous Preſent of Similitudes, Compariſons, and Examples, ſelected for the Reader's diſcreeter application.

Like to *Diana* in her Summer weed, girt with a Crimſon Robe of brighteſt Dye.

The rivolets of tears hang on her cheeks like drops of pearled dew upon the riches of *Flora*.

Her

Her Treſſes are like the coloured Hyacinth of *Arcadia.*

Her brows are like the mountain Snows, that ly on the hills.

Her eyes are like gliſtrings of *Titans* gorgeous mantle.

Her Al baſter neck like the purer whiteneſs of the flocks, and her face like a border of Lillies, interwoven with Roſes.

Her bluſhing cheeks look like the ruddy gates of the morning.

Like fair *Aurora*, in the morning gray, deck'd with the ruddy gliſter of her love.

Like *Thetis* in a calm day, when, as her brightneſs, *Neptunes* fancy moves.

Like herbs in *Syria*, that flouriſh in the morning, and fade before night.

As the Sea doth draw ebbs and tides from the Moon.

She ſits like *Juno*, when ſhe firſt watch'd the fair Heifer on the Lincean downs.

Like *Narciſſus*, wrap not your face in a cloud of diſdain.

Her form, like the Sphere whence ſome bright *Venus* vaunts her ſilver ſhrine.

As bright as ſilver *Phœbe*, mounted on the top of the ruddy Element, painting the amorous affections of the Sun to his Hyacinth, and the relation of love between him and the Marigold.

Like one of *Æſop's* Apes, that finding a Gloworm, took it for the fire.

Her eyes are thoſe that did reform the Chaos.

Her breath is like the ſteam of Apple-pyes, her teeth like the tuſks of the fatteſt ſwine, her ſpeech is like the thunder of the air.

As the fineſt Gold hath its droſs, pureſt Wine

its lees; the fineſt Roſe its prickles; each ſweet, its ſowre.

He that will hear ſuch *Syrens* ſing, muſt with *Ulyſſes* tye himſelf to the Maſt of the Ship.

Who means to be a Suitor to *Circes*, muſt take a preſervative, unleſs he mean to be inchanted.

Like the moiſtned Torpedoes, that do not only charm the hand, but the heart.

As the ſweeteſt Muſk is ſoure to be taſted, gilded Pills moſt bitter to be chewed.

As the fineſt flower ſeldome hath the beſt ſmell; as the glittering ſtone hath oftentimes the leaſt vertue.

As the Marigold, which, as long as the Sun ſhines, opens its leaves, but with the leaſt Cloud begins to cloſe.

Like certain Trees in the Deſarts of *Africa*, that flouriſh but whilſt the South-wind blows.

As the Elephant delights at the ſight of a Roſe.

As the *Cockatrice* dieth with beholding the *Chryſolite*.

Tarquin, and all his poſterity, were robbed of their regal dignity for the Rape of *Lucretia*.

As he that is hurt by the Scorpion, ſeeks a ſalve from him that gave him the ſore.

As it is impoſſible for Iron to reſiſt the power of the Adamant, or the Straw the vertue of the ſucking Jeat.

Johnſon was never ſo trothleſs, as *Troilus* truſty; *Paris* was never ſo fickle, as *Pyramus* fruitful; *Æneas* was never ſo light to *Dido*, as *Leander* was true to *Hero*.

As a Hound, which at the firſt default, giveth off the Chace, is called but a Cur.

As firm as the betrothed faith of *Enaſta* to his *Perfida*. As is madneſs to hop againſt a Hill, or ſtrive againſt a Stream.

Like the greedy Kite, that leaveth the ſweet Fleſh, to prey upon the ſtinking Carrion.

As

As it is impoſſible for a man to ſleep by the Viper, and not be undaunted; to gaze on the Cockatrice, and not to be infected; to view *Meduſa's* head, and not to be transformed.

As the Baſiliſk loſeth his ſenſes at the ſight of a naked man.

As the Porcupine ſtaring againſt the glimmering light, is taken by the Dogs.

Whilſt the Deer gazeth at the Bow, he is ſtricken with the Bolt.

Whilſt the Leopard, looking on the Panthers painted skin, he is taken for a prey.

As the moſt precious ſtone is choſen by the glittering hue, and perfect colour, the beſt fruits by the braveſt leaves.

He that is ſtricken by a Scorpion, if his wounds take wind, can never be healed.

To ſtop the ſtream, is to make the flood flow more fiercely; to repreſs the fire, to make it flame the more furiouſly.

If the proud Centaur *Ixion* be bidden to the Feaſt of the Gods, no leſs than *Juno* will ſerve his turn.

The love of a woman is like the oyl of a flint, which being once congealed, will never be diſſolved again.

Will the ſilly Dove lay her Egges in the Faulcons Neſt, or the Mouſe march under the Enſign of the Cat?

As it is impoſſible to hatch a Swan in an Eagles Neſt, or temper oyl and pitch together in one veſſel, to mix the bloud of a Lyon, and of a Wolf together in one bowl.

The Dutcheſs of *Malfy* choſe for her husband her ſervant, but you are ſo addicted to the opinion of *Danae*, that unleſs you turn *Jupiter* into your lap, with a golden ſhower, he ſhall have the repulſe.

As the Bull by browſing on the back of a Juniper-Tree, falls aſleep.

With *Venus* you let *Vulcan* enjoy the tree, and poſſeſs the fruit.

The Eagle is ſo carefull of her young, that if by her fault any of them periſh, ſhe woundeth herſelf with her beak.

The Lyon ſo loveth her Whelps, that ſhe never taſteth of the prey, till they are fully ſatisfied.

Like the Apples of *Arabia*, which begin to rot before they are half ripe.

As the wounds of the body, by often rubbing, are ſometimes made incurable.

As the ſavour of the Panther ſeemeth ſweet to none but bruit beaſts.

As continued rain moiſtneth the earth, ſo that it cannot be tilled to bring forth fruit.

As a ſhip in the ſea without a guide, leaning now on one ſide, then on another, is often in great danger.

As Bees, when they ſtrive together, or ſtirred up by ſome violent motion, with ſtrowing of duſt are brought into order and appeaſed.

As Apothecaries do cover their pills with ſome ſweet ſubſtance, to make them go down the pleaſanter.

As the ſucking of a child brings milk into the mothers breaſts.

As there is no ſhelter, where there is no Sun.

As a Gardiner mingleth divers ſeeds together, and caſts them into the ground, yet will not they be confounded together one with another, but every ſeed will have its proper herb.

As Swallows and flies are dead in the Winter, but by vertue of the Sun, revive again in Summer.

As the Goldſmith by his art, can ſever divers Metals one from another, and ſome men out of one Metall can draw another.

As

As the Sun and the Moon being of one ſubſtance, differ in dignity and excellency.

As *Prometheus* did make miraculous images, ſuch as none ever could make but himſelf.

As continuall drops of water hollow the hard ſtone.

As thoſe men that live by River *Nilus*, are made deaf by the continual noiſe of the waters.

As the diſeaſe of a Canker, always infects the next part that is nigh it.

As the Sea when it rageth, the waters thereof caſt up dirt and mire.

As in fining, the droſs is ſeperate from the Metals.

As there is a certain weakneſs in the ſight, which cauſeth a party to think he ſees ſtraws, whereas he ſees men.

As a thunderbolt caſt out of the clouds, ſpareth the matter that ſubmitteth it ſelf to the force thereof, but breaketh to powder whatſoevet reſiſteth.

As the morning Dew, ſoon after the riſing of the Sun languiſheth away.

As the Medicinal plaiſter cannot heal a wound, if there be any Iron ſticking in it.

As the Roſe, the moſt pleaſant of all Flowers, is gathered upon rough briers.

Like the Ape, which with imbracings, doth well nigh kill her young one.

As the Moon hath ſo much the leſs light, by how much the nearer it is to the Sun.

As the firſt ſtep to health, is to know the diſeaſe.

As by great ſhowers and ſtorms of rain, the air is cleanſed.

As in a Garland, the beauty of the flowers, except they be orderly compoſed, are not half ſo glorious.

As the Moon is not eclipſed, nor loſeth her light till ſhe is at the full.

As they that dwell in low vallies are ſeldome hurt with lightning.

As the pure Corall will not alter the colour.

Like as the ſilk-worm keepeth her body ſpare and empty, uſing to faſt two or three dayes together, that ſhe may ſtretch out her ſelf, and ſpin her thread the finer.

As a little ſpark many times ſetteth a whole houſe on fire.

As Owls and Night-crows ſee better in the night than in the day.

Like as out of a River or Fountain troubled, there can be no water drawn but what is muddy.

As a ſtrong Corroſive laid to a ſore, eats out all the dead fleſh.

Like as when the body is diſtempered, and ſome members putrified, it is then beſt for the Patient to have his blood taken away from him.

As fire is never ſufficed with wood, and earth with water.

As they that are ſick of the Dropſie, increaſe their thirſt by drinking.

As children are like to their natural parents in favour, ſpeech, and laughter.

As the Libard, with a ſtrange kind of policy, to kill the Apes, lies down as if he were ſtark dead; which the Apes ſeeing, come altogether, and in delight skip upon him: That the Libard bears patiently, untill he thinks they have all wearied themſelves with ſporting; then ſuddenly he leapeth up, and catcheth one of them in his mouth.

As the Lamb is the more nimble and lively for ſhearing.

Like as the Pelican, which having brought forth her young ones dead, being ſtung or killed by Ser-

Serpents, ſhe picketh out her heart bloud to revive them.

Like the undiſtinct ſound of Muſick, which delighteth not.

As the rain maketh the new-mown graſs freſhly to ſpring again, and comforts the earth, that it yields forth fruit.

As the Eſtridge hath wings, yet flyeth not.

As ſweet ſcents and perfumes comfort the brain and heart.

As the Sun in Winter, when it is fartheſt off from the Pole, is neareſt the Earth.

As Lightning blaſts all it meets with, but the Lawrel Tree.

As the Chyrurgion cuts and ſearches, before he heals the wound.

As in Muſick, if the Harmony of ſtrings be not conſonant, the ſound is not ſweet, nor acceptable to the tunable ears.

As no man can behold the Sun, unleſs it be covered with a little Cloud.

As the head gives ſenſe and motion to the members.

As from the Stock ſap is derived to the Graft, that it may live and grow.

As a Glaſs filled with an extream ſtrong Liquor, cannot but burſt in ſander, not becauſe of any antipathy that is between them, but becauſe the Glaſs is not of ſufficient ſtrength to contain the Liquor.

As a Whore hath no more to do with her husband, nor any thing of his, becauſe of her breach of Wedlock.

As they that come out of the clear Sun into the ſhadow, have their ſight darkned.

Like as when one looks on any thing in the air, they appear in their proper forms and Colours, as

as they are, but if they be look'd upon through a green glaſs, they all appear green.

As the ſoul doth ſo quicken the body, that notwithſtanding the members of the ſame, in themſelves, are but weak, yet they fall not quite to decay, as long as they have any participation with the ſoul.

As the light of the Sun yields him no pleaſure that is in a dark Dungeon.

As a woman brings forth children in ſorrow.

As the Ocean, which is but one, is divided into parts, according to Regions and Countries, againſt which it lyeth.

As the ſuperfluous humours in the veins, are no parts of the body.

As the Moon is not alwayes viſible, being in her change.

As the hand, cut from the body, dyeth, and wanteth life.

As the vine or Garden decayeth, with overmuch heat or drought, except after the planting thereof, it be watered with ſhowrs.

As men diſcern the weather by the wind.

As *Apelles* the painter much lamented, if he miſt one day without ſome line or Picture.

As vines, without lopping, grow wild and fruitleſs.

As a Tree bringeth forth, firſt leaves, then bloſſoms, then Fruit.

As water moderateth wine.

As fire is an inſtrument of Medicinal Arts.

As the Body without the Soul enjoyeth no life.

As Roſes and Lillies grow among Thorns.

As a Phyſitian cures a man, by taking away his blood and ill humours, by cutting and ſearching the fleſh.

As the fire is known too wayes, by the heat, and the flame.

As the ſoul of man united to the body, mounteth upwards becauſe it is a Spirit.

As the Sun and the light are conjoyned together, that they cannot be dis-joyned.

As the clock muſt ſtill run, ſo long as the pieces or plummets hang thereat.

As a Looking-glaſs, though it be moſt clear and bright, by the foul breath of thoſe that look therein, is obſcured and dim.

As Corn, though never ſo clean winnowed from Chaff; when it is ſown, the ſame ſeed will be full of Chaff again.

As the plant thrives beſt in the ſoyle where it firſt grew.

As the little Bee gathers Honey out of the moſt bitter blooms and flowers.

Venus is painted in ſilk, not rags; and *Cupid* treadeth on diſdain, when he reacheth at Crowns.

Precious Diamonds are cut with the File, when deſpiſed pebles lye ſafe in the ſand.

Cedars are cruſhed with tempeſts, whereas low ſhrubs are not touched with the wind.

Will Eagles catch at Flyes, or Cedars bow to Brambles?

As *Nilus* flowing more than twelve Cubits, procureth a dearth.

Cupid is a child, and *Venus* though old, is painted with freſh colours:

Starrs are to be look'd at with the eye, not reach'd at with the hand.

So the Eagle, the nearer he ſoareth to the Sun, the further he hovereth from his prey.

As the Salamander is moſt warm, when he lyeth fartheſt from the fire.

So

So Birds ſing early when there hath been ſweet dew, and their morning Anthems ſhew their nights content.

So the ſtrongeſt Oak hath his ſap, and his worms, and Ravens will breed in the faireſt Aſh.

As the Adamant is made ſoft with the fire.

Womens tongues are like cries of Lap-wings, furtheſt from their thoughts.

Rhodope ſeemed coy to *Phaetias*, elſe had a Concubine never conquered a King.

Juno never frowned when *Jupiter* made his eſcape in a cloud; private pleaſures have never any pennances enjoyned them.

Like *Janus* bearing two Faces under one hood; wearing a Lawrel in her hand as deſirous of peace, and a ſword in her heart, as wiſhing revenge.

As Poets uſed to decipher *Pallas* with a Helmet on her head, and a book in her hand, and drew her ſpears always wreathed with Lawrell, ſignifying by that Emblem, that *Mars* and *Mercury* are of one brood.

As the wild bore not chafed, thou maiſt chaſten him with a wand, but being once endamaged by Dogs, he is diſmall.

A Gentlewoman is no longer than her honour; but that loſt, ſhe is like a Diamond with a cloud, which is caſt into the Goldſmiths duſt.

As the Phœnix never ſpreads her wings, but when the Sun-beams ſhine on her Neſt.

Her colour, though pale, could be compared to no worſe than the glittering of the moon in a ſilent night.

As he that playes with a Bee, may ſooner feel her ſting than taſte of her honey.

For what, but for the love of *Admetus* did *Alceſte* dye? *Portia* eat hot burning coles for the love of *Brutus*.

As Hemlock, whereſoever it be planted, will prove peſtilent.

As

As the Serpent with the brighteſt ſcales, ſhrowds the moſt fatal venome.

As the Ruby, whatſoever foil it hath, it will ſhew red.

Leſs is the Margarite accounted of in the Weſtern world, than the ſeed-Pearl in a ſtrange Country.

The ancients have drawn Vertue, figuring her bare, counterfeit, placed by equal proportions, betwixt two vices, expreſſing thereby, that a mean is to be kept.

The feet of Princes have *Ceres* and *Bacchus* for their foot-ſtool; ſo that it cannot be but *Venus* muſt play the wanton in their Palaces.

Like the Sugred Hony-combe, which whilſt a man touches, he is ſtung with a Bee.

With Satyrs kiſs the fire, though they burn themſelves; or with *Pigmalion*, not view a Picture without being paſſionate.

To fancy ones foe, is with the Cockatrice to kick againſt the ſteel.

Not ſo fond, as with *Xerxes*, to bind the Ocean with Fetters.

Reſembling *Timanthus* the Painter, who ſhrouded the worſt Pictures with the beſt Colours.

Andromache would never truſt the fair promiſes of *Pyrrhus*; and *Dido* laught when ſhe ſaw *Hiarbus* ſmile.

'Tis as if *Venus* ſhould wear the Target, and *Mars* the Diſtaff; that *Omphale* ſhould handle the Club, and *Hercules* the Shovel; that *Alexander* ſhould couch, and *Compeſtae* be coy.

The pureſt Emerauld ſhineth brighteſt when it is without Oyl.

As the Load-ſtone, what wind ſoever doth blow, driveth alwayes to the North.

As the Panther, having firſt aſtoniſh'd one with his fair ſight, then ſeeks to devour.

Like *Ariſtotles* Quadratus, which, how ſoever turned, alwayes ſtands ſtedfaſt.

As

As the pureſt Diamond is to be cut before it be worn and frankincenſe to be burnt before it be ſmelt.

Thy eyes are like Salamander ſtones, that fire at every flame.

So the Eagle ſoars not ſo high in the air, but that he can eſpy a fiſh in the Sea.

As the fire is hot in the coldeſt part of the earth, aſwell as in the Southern parallel.

Women ſet out their faces, as Fowlers do their darings Glaſſes, that the Larks that ſoar higheſt, may be caught ſooneſt.

Some have as many Lovers, as their hearts have entrances; for love, like a Punice-ſtone, is light and full of holes.

No ſooner hatcht with the Lapwing, but they run away with the ſhell on their heads.

Soon pricks the tree that will prove a thorn.

Her eyes like Diamonds ſo pointed, that they pierce to the quick.

As the Cedar is fair, but unfruitfull.

Like the Shrubs of *India*, parched with every ſtorm.

As the moſt glorious ſhells have not the pureſt margrites; the pureſt flowers have not the perfecteſt ſavours.

Having their hearts like Salt-peeter, that fireth at the firſt, yet proveth but a flaſh.

As when the Tyger hunts for his prey, he then hides his claws.

Their looks are like *Circes* apparitions, that can preſent them in all forms.

As *Chremes* in *Terence*, ſome meaſure the flames of youth by their own dead cindars.

As buſie as Bees, and as true as Turtles.

As the Chryſolite is proved by the Fire, and the Diamond by the Anvil.

He ſtarted up, as when Love-ſick *Mars* ſaw *Venus* enter his Pavilion in triumph.

Trembling as *Acteon* did, that he had doated too far, in gazing on ſo gorgeous a goddeſs.

As the brighteſt bloſſoms are peſtered with moſt Catterpillers.

His thoughts as high as Cedars, but as brittle as rods that break at every blaſt.

Her face like ſilver *Luna* in her ſhine.

As clear as Chryſtal; but, bruiſed, as infectious as a Diamond.

As the crooked Cyen may prove a ſtrait Tree.

Reſembling *Caliſto*, who hid her vanities with *Diana's* veil.

Like Swallows, that think every Sun-ſhine a Summers day.

Her mind is like the Tapers in *Janus* Temple, which once ſet on fire, burn till they conſume themſelves.

Tenders of Service to ones Soveraign.

SIR, IT may appear great boldneſs in me altogether unknown unto your Majeſty, to hope that any beam of favour ſhould reflect on my unworthineſs, to cheriſh my cheerfull willingneſs, though with hazard of my life to do you any loyal ſervice; yet encouraged by your Royal goodneſs, that can let fall unequall yet ſufficient bleſſings on all: I beſeech you to permit me, out of the valley of humility, to look up unto the ſacred Hill of your Highneſſes Majeſty, and at the foot thereof kneeling, to offer up my devotions, and my moſt humble ſervice; which if you graciouſly deign to accept, as I do humbly proſtrate them, I ſhall account your favour the ſupremeſt felicity, whereof I can be capable in this world; And I bleſſe the hour that gave me opportunity to preſent my ſelf and ſervice to

your

your employment; than which, ambition can have no higher object.

Another.

THat which hath been imagined of a golden age, as an *Idea* of all perfect happineſs, was but a prophecy of your gracious reign, ſhowring down felicity in ſuch a plenteous manner, that all your Subjects are thereby invited to offer up unto you ſacrifices of thanks and obedience; while I ſhall account it the chiefeſt honour that my birth and ſtars could bequeath me, if I may approve my loyalty, in expoſing my life to any danger in your ſervice.

Another.

Sir, THough I cannot worthily deſire, nor deſerve your gracious favour; yet, it will ſhew you ſome neareſt Heaven, and that you reſemble the King of Kings, in accepting my weak and humble devotion with the tender of my loyal ſervice. Let not the poorneſs of my merit, or the obligation, make them contemptible in your ſight; for I have long had an earneſt zeal, to expreſs with what integrity I adore the vertues wherewith you are repleniſhed, far above all flattery; ſo that your gracious reign is but the *Galaxia*, or milk-white path, through which you travel in your happy Government, and by examples lead your ſubjects to Heaven.

Another.

Sir, IF vertue and loyalty were not to be found in ſome of ordinary quality, I ſhould bluſh and tremble at my own forward deſires to do you ſervice; But ſince it is a ſign of ſome eminent worth, not to carry poor and narrow thoughts, but ſuch as may be high as Heaven, whereunto the ſoul is allyed, which dedicates its ſervice only to God and the King: I therefore ever accounted it a nobleneſs of mind to raiſe and advance my thoughts, to deſire that I might ſhew my willing-

ne

nes to do you service in some imployment, whereby I might express and approve my self, yourfaithfull, humble servant.

A tender of service to the Queen.

MAdam, the same service and obedience which I offered unto the King, I do now with as great strength of passion and affection, tender unto your Majesty; and as I am his loyal subject, so to be your faithfull servant, shall be the height of my glory.

Another.

Madam, My Allegiance and service is so divided between the King and your Majesty, that I shall esteem it my highest contentment, and chiefest advancement, to be counted your humble servant; a Title, which will satisfie all my desires, and re-inforce all my indeavours.

Another.

Madam, there are no words significant enough to express how much I honour your Royal perfections, which render you beloved and respected of all the world; while I make it the chief imployment of my life, to attend upon your Commands; which to obey, is perfect happiness.

An humble Address to a great Lord.

MY Lord, in regard of those many favours which your Honour hath heaped on me; I am bound, not only to acknowledge my happiness therein, but also to desire, that you would always reckon me in the number of your most oblieged servants.

Otherwise.

My Lord, As it is a great happiness for me to come into your presence, and to offer my devotions to your excellency, from the altar of an humble heart; So it will be an addition unto my felicity, if I may improve this present opportunity, to make tender of my service.

Otherwise

Otherwiſe.

My Lord, it will become me, amongſt others, to acknowledge your many excellent vertues: amongſt which, your Noble Clemency and Humility are the chiefeſt; whereof, as others have had experience, ſo I doubt not but you will favourably accept the obligation and preſentment of my humble ſervice.

Another to ſome great Lord.

MOſt noble Lord, as I hold it for a principal favour, in admitting me to kiſs your Honours hand, ſo ſhall I eſteem my ſelf moſt happy for ever, in that your Honour will be pleaſed to accept me henceforth, as ranked in the number and Catalogue of your moſt humble and obſequious ſervants.

Another.

My Lord, the rank you hold with great and ſingular ornaments of Vertues in you, do obliege me to offer unto your Lordſhip all that little that is in me, and to tender unto you upon all occaſions, my ſervice in obſequious humility.

Another.

Moſt honoured Lord, may your Excellencies will be pleaſed to permit me to exerciſe any ſmall indeavours of tendring my duty to your Honour, in expectation that Heaven will favour me ſo far, as to grant me opportunities, whereby I may make appear in effect, the deſires I have to preſent you with my beſt ſervice and endeavours.

To tender ones Service.

Cleodus.

Sir, I Muſt intreat you to pardon my boldneſs, in that I, who am a ſtranger, have preſumed to come to viſit you, being invited thereunto by the fame and report of your noble Vertues, which have made me ſo ambitious of your acquaintance, and earneſtly deſirous

desirous, that you would impose on me some command, whereby I may express my self, your humble servant.

Beaumont.

Sir, *You have much honoured me by your coming; and by your words, as through a prospective, I clearly discern the power of your affections, which brought you hither, where your welcome cannot be equal to my desires or your deserts.*

Cleodus.

Sir, the occasion of my coming, was for no other respects but those due unto your merit; and by an humble address of service, to bring my self acquainted with you, whom I honour and am ready to serve.

Beaumont.

Sir, *You ow me no service; but I am ready to imbrace your friendship, evidently discovered by your kind visit, which is a favour far above my desert; but let not your affections break off for want of any mutual respects, wherein I may strive to equal you, and ever remain in all ties of love, your most constant friend.*

Cleodus.

Then I shall acknowledge my self most happy in this tender of my service; for to gain your amity, is to me the chiefest felicity, not only in regard of your natural worth, flowing from your birth and education; but also your sweet company and conversation, with which I hope you will hereafter be pleased to honour me.

Beaumont.

Sir, *I dare not acknowledge that which you ascribe unto me; your praises are but the effects of your love; but if my company or friendship, may be any wayes pleasing unto you, command them both, for I will be ready to wait upon you: and therefore be assured of me, as of one that hath devoted*

himself wholly to your imployment; for your love and kind visits have gained me to be your true and constant friend.

To thank a Friend for a Courtesie.

Cleodus

SIR, I cannot give you thanks enough for your great love, expreſt in that kindneſs you did me late; but I hope, though I expect a while, yet at laſt I ſhall ſnatch an opportunity to make requital, and ſhew you how much I abhor the vice of ingratitude; eſpecially to you, unto whom I am ſo much oblieged.

Beaumont.

Sir, *What I did was even wrung from me by the extraordinary quality of your merit, engaging me to ſhew my utmoſt power, and moſt cheerfull willingneſs, to undergo any ſervice that might concern you.*

Cleodus.

Sir, It is your worthineſs, that you will not acknowledge your noble and vertuous actions.

Beaumont.

Sir, *Thoſe words would better become me, in acknowledgment of your worth; wherein you far exceed me: yet in reſpect of Amity, I will not yield, but ever maintain a conſtant affection towards you.*

Cleodus.

Sir, I will alwayes retain in memory your good deſerts in my behalf, and you ſhall know, that you have not ſowed your benefits upon a barren ground, that will yield you nothing; for your love ſhall always reap the firſt fruits of my ſervice.

Beaumont.

Thereby you will obliege me, for I muſt acknowledge, the number of your benefits do bind me to ſerve you; but I never did you any kindneſs deſerving your acceptance, much leſs meriting to be remembred by you; yet hereafter I will extend my power to the uttermoſt, to ſhew a mind free from ingratitude.

Cleodus

Cleodus.

Sir, That you have done already; and I doubt not but you will persevere in your affection: my care is only, how I may requite your former courtesies.

Beaumont.

It is I that am troubled, to imagine how I may acquit my self for your former courtesies: for if you still proceed to be your self in such noble actions towards me, I must acknowledge my self overcome in the contention of love.

Cleodus.

You shall not need to contend, since the former courtesies you have done do require that I should yield my self to be your more humble servant.

To entertain a Gentlewoman at your Chamber.

Aym. I *Have brought you to a rude Chamber, but I am much beholding to you, for taking pains to grace me and my lodging; and am only sorry I shall not give you such entertainment as you deserve: let me bid you welcome with a kind salutation.*

Gent. Indeed Sir, you have a handsome Chamber, fit to entertain one of greater credit than my self; I hope you will pardon my boldness for accompanying you thus far: if I did not know you, I should be suspitious of bad dealing; and some jealous brains would not stick to censure me of too much familiarity.

Aym. *I hope you are confident in me, that my intents are fair and noble; for I will not offend you with moving any thing that may tend to your disgrace, since my chiefest desire is to enjoy your company, and to discourse a while with you: here we have place and opportunity.*

Gent. But although there are enemies to our Sex; yet I hope you will be right and square in all your actions.

Aym. *May I never prosper, if I seek any thing but your*

own contentment; for, if I ſhould make any baſe motion, you may with a frown command me to ſilence, and your diſpleaſure would be to me above all torments.

Gent. I do not ſuſpect your honeſt intent; but theſe wanton pictures are emblems of your roving affection, yet one of them I like very well, and would requeſt it of you, if modeſty would permit.

Aym. *Alas! theſe are but ſhadows wherein the painter hath expreſs'd ſome skill; but, if you pleaſe to make choice of the beſt in my Chamber, they ſhall be at your command.*

Gent. I dare not preſume ſo much; and though I ſhould embrace your offer, it would grieve me, that I could not make you ſome requital in part; it does not become me to be too much beholding, by treſpaſſing on your free bounty.

Aym. *Alas! what is it that I can deny you? Pray eſteem all I have at your command, and you ſhall favour me, if you make that picture worthy of your acceptance.*

Gent. I return you thanks; it may be I will be ſo bold as to ſend for it. Now it remains, that I muſt thank you for your kind entertainment and banquet, and ſo leave you, deſiring pardon for my boldneſs.

Aym. *Since you will not be detained, I will wait upon you to your Coach, and acknowledge my ſelf infinitely obliged for your favour, in vouchſafing this kind viſit.*

To preſent a Ring to a Gentlewoman.

Aym. PArdon me, if I (moved thereunto by the zealous affection which I bear you) do here expreſs it in the dumb language of a ſmall preſent, unworthy your acceptance; yet, I pray you, wear it for my ſake, it may draw down your eye to think on me, who am now wounded by the powerful beams of your beauty.

Gent. *Sir, Though it would ſhew a ſcornful mind in me, not to accept your love, tendred unto me in ſuch a viſible manner:*

manner; Yet I am ſorry you ſhould be at ſo great and needleſs charges, for wherein can I ſerve you to make requital?

Aym. It is you that make this unworthy preſent pretious; for, if you pleaſe to let it circle your white finger, it being a Diamond Ring, will ſparkle moſt in the dark, ſhewing, that love, like a clouded ſtar, ſhines lighteſt in the night of miſ-fortune.

Gent. *Well ſir, I am obliged to your courteſie, to receive it; and ſince you pleaſe to confer ſo rich a gift on my unworthineſs, I will wear it for your ſake.*

Aym. Then you honour me above my deſert; for your acceptance of this ſacrifice of my love, is to me above all rewards. The Ring is inſcribed with *Amor circulus*, Love is a circle without end.

Gent. I *muſt acknowledge your bounty, and my ſelf your ſervant, in beſtowing on me ſo rich a gift.*

Aym. The ſparkling luſtre thereof, cannot compare with the light beams of your eyes; but honour me ſo much to wear it upon your finger.

Gent. I *promiſe that; and more, I acknowledge my ſelf infinitely beholding to you.*

Aym. You have ſaid too much concerning ſo poor a preſent; yet, in your acceptance of this trifle, I ſhall ever bleſs my own happineſs.

To woo a coy ſcornfull maid.

Aym. *LEt not my love be miſconſtrued for preſumption, if I once again ſtrive to warm your affection, by declaring unto you, how much I honour your perfection; pray at laſt be merciſull, and do not ſtill reward my love with cold diſdain.*

Maid. Sir, I know that men have powerfull language; but I am none of thoſe young ones, you are deceived; if you think that fine musk words can ſweeten me up, to betray my ſelf; and for my beauty, I would not have you dote on that; it ſuffices me without commendation.

Aym. *Should I not commend what all admire, I were much to blame.*

Maid. Sir, Wiſe men admire nothing: for if I were beautiful, what is beauty, but a fading flower, blaſted often with too much breathing on, and cannot grow ſafely upon the ſtalk of Virginity, becauſe every one will be reaching forth to gather it? Pray excuſe me, if I prevent ſuch a danger; for love and I are quite faln out.

Aym. *Let me reconcile you to a good opinion of a chaſte love; there is no greater happineſs than the ſacred union of hearts, eſpecially, when long and humble ſuits conquer diſdain; and ſo I hope, perſeverance will at laſt crown me with your love, and bring you to entertain my deſire with a mutual affection.*

Maid. Sir, if you would be more thrifty of your breath, you may ſpend it to better purpoſe; for you may intimate your deſires, and make tedious diſcourſes. But, in a word, I ſhall never love you.

Aym. *O ſay not ſo; you know not how much miſery thoſe few words would bring upon me; for hope, grounded on your gentle diſpoſition, hath hitherto kept me alive, and made me walk like a faint ſhadow, whilſt in my chamber I am like a mourner with a taper by me, watching my own funeral, and I will dwell there in a miſt of ſighs, and all this for your ſake.*

Maid. Sir, I hope you will not accuſe me of your death; pray ſhake off this love, and I will then acknowledge your kindneſs, in ceaſing to trouble me with complaints. Learn wiſdome: that will cure all diſtempers.

Aym. *Yet, while I live I will attend upon you, and when I am dead, I will viſit you in a dream, and tell you, you were a cruel Maid. To conclude, let one parting kiſs ſeal my tranſport to* Elizium, *and I am gone.*

Maid. Sir, ſince you are ſo reſolute, I will ſtrive to give you a better anſwer at your next return.

Aym.

Aym. *In confidence of that happineſs, I will preſume to viſit you again, and live to be your ſervant.*

A jeſting diſcourſe with a Maid.

Aym. COme, why will you be an enemy to your ſelf, and let modeſty keep you ſtill in the ſtate of virginity? I came to offer my ſervice, to help you out of this trouble.

Maid. *You are very kind; but I like my preſent eſtate. Maids are happy.*

Aym. Alas! poor ignorance, doſt thou talk of happineſs? I tell thee, untill thou be married, thou art but a Cypher of no account.

Maid. *O Sir, you are deceived: our hearts free from the paſſion of Love, retain a world of happineſs, being exempted from any wanton knowledge: for Maids, dying in their preſent condition, do all go to heaven.*

Aym. You are deceived, their puniſhment is to lead Apes in hell; and therefore to avoid this, be kind while you may, and accept of a friendly offer.

Maid. *What offer?*

Aym. Leſt it ſhould raiſe a bluſh upon your cheek, I will whiſper it into your ear ---- you underſtand.

Maid. *Take heed ſir, leſt while you counterfeit flame, you kindle a real fire, I hear too much, thy infectious words have betraid a baſe ignoble mind.*

Aym. Why? I did but tell you a truth; I had thought you had been more intelligent, and would not have ſtarted at a bold word.

Maid. Nay, farewell.

Aym. Pardon me, all I have ſpoken was to try your temper; and having found you both wiſe and witty, I will deſire you in a fair manner to grant me your love, which I only deſire, and though I did appear raſh and wanton, you ſhall find me worthy of your affections.

To Contract privately ones self, and tie the knot of Marriage.

Aym. *NOw our love hath arrived to a happy conclusion, the storm raised by our disdain being blown over, the union of our affections making a soft and gentle harmony, which the soul can only discern: therefore, that our new begun love may never expire, I do here in the sight of heaven and all good Angels, marry and contract my soul to yours, and give away my self wholly to be at your disposing, till the ceremonies of the Church confirm my promise.*

Maid. With as true an affection, I do give my self over unto your possession, and freely bestow on you my love, which shall never know alteration, but remain ever firm and constant to you; It is therefore expedient that you obtain my friends good will, according to your promise, and till then we must remain only contracted in our affections.

Aym. *Heaven, I beseech thee bear witness to our private agreement; and may I never know one day of comfort, when I break my promised vow: let me now imbrace you with the arms of affection, and thus with a soft kiss, seal the obligation of our loves.*

To salute a friend newly arrived from a journey.

Alex. *SIR, when first the news of your return had arrived to my knowledge, I was heightned with an earnest desire to behold you, and prevent others of your friends by the first tender of my service; that as my love towards you, doth exceed theirs in true perfect sincerity, so it might in place obtain priority, and shew how ambitious I am of your favour.*

Aym. Sir, you still continue your former nobleness, making it your chief aim, to exceed others in perfection of mind, otherwise I had an intention to visit you, but it is your desire and happiness, to overcome others in kindness, for which I can but return you thanks, and acknowledg you a worthy friend.

Alex.

Alex. *Sir, you make too good an interpretation of my raſh preſumption; but it is held, that friends have but one ſoul in two bodies; therefore when I behold you, I enjoy the other half of my ſelf; beſides, after long abſence, your company muſt needs be more pretious, ſo that I had both love and reaſon on my ſide, to perſwade me to come and viſit you.*

Aym. Sir, I want words to expreſs my mind, or to argue a caſe in love; but in my opinion, I ought to have viſited you firſt, in regard I am very much obliged unto you. But to proceed no farther in ceremony, let us diſcourſe of ſome other affairs: I will be bold to enquire how all our friends do?

Alex. *Sir, ſome of them have undergon change of fortune, and therein declared an invincible ſtrength of mind; but, Heaven be thanked, all that honour and reſpect you, are living, and in health.*

Aym. Sir, I am wonderful glad to hear of it, and I ſhall rejoyce exceedingly when I meet any of my old acquaintance, I hope I am not altogether loſt to their remembrance, they will know me certainly.

Alex. *Sir, Travel hath not wrought much change in you: but I detain you too long, I fear, from your reſt.*

Aym. Sir, were I tired with travel, as I am not; yet your company would very much refreſh me.

Alex. *Sir, I will crave your pardon at this time, I know to tarry longer would be troubleſome unto you; but to morrow I will wait on you again.*

To entertain a friend who is come to viſit one.

Alex. SIR, I am moſt glad to ſee you, though I have no other entertainment for you, but a kind welcome.

Aym. *Sir, I expect no more, I come to give you a viſit, and to be happy in your ſociety; for in the general, I do find none that can ſuit my diſpoſition ſo well as your ſelf.*

Alex. Sir, ſay what you pleaſe of me, I am vowed to your ſervice; and your loving viſitation is an

addition to your many other kindneſſes.

Aym. *Sir, all that I acknowledge, is a will to do you ſervice; but I have been ſlow in producing the effects, hereafter I will ſtudy to deſerve.*

Alex. Sir, it is your ingenious goodneſs to decline the acknowledgement of your own virtue and deſerts, far ſurpaſſing my merits; for 'tis I am bound to be your ſervant.

Ay. *Sir, It is I that am obliged to you by many ſtrong tyes of affection, from which the ſervice of my life cannot diſ-engage me. But I have treſpaſs'd againſt manners, Pray take the chair.*

Alex. Sir, will you pleaſe to ſit firſt; for it is an honour for me to wait your pleaſure.

Aym. *Sir, I am provided; but if it may not appear too much boldneſs, what was the adamant that drew you, or occaſion that made you ſo kind to viſit my lodging?*

Alex. Sir, I ſhall tell you. I came not to borrow money, or to force your good nature to any thing beyond civility; but onely to keep our love and amity freſh, and in perfect ſtrength, by a viſit and ſome conference.

Aym. *Sir, you have choſen a bad opportunity, my affairs carry me away from my friends; beſides the obligation of my word to a Lady, to attend upon her this day.*

Alex. Sir, I will chuſe ſome other time to wait upon you.

Aym. *Sir, I will attend upon you, if I might know the place, and hour where to meet you.*

Alex. Sir, I will not put you to that trouble, it will become me rather to wait on you.

Aym. *Pardon me, Sir, I am much obliged to you.*

Alex. Sir, I am your ſervant.

Aym. *Sir, I am the ſervant of your ſervants: pray remember my reſpects to all my friends.*

A. Sir, I will be yours, in that, and in all other ſervices.

To

To woo a fair young Gentlewoman.

Aym. PArdon me, Lady, *if* I *presume to speak what* I *have hitherto with much affliction concealed from your knowledge.*

There is a Gentleman that hath beheld your heavenly beauty, and with his judgment clearly discerned your vertues, the ornaments of your mind; these have produced in him strange effects, so that in spight of his own reason, or dissuasion of friends, he is violently compel'd to speak truth.

Pen. Sir, call you this an affliction? 'tis a happiness to speak and hear truth.

Aym. *Do you hold that opinion? Then* I *will convince you by your own expression. For if it be a happiness to hear truth, then* I *hope you will pardon me, if being compelled by the strength of my passion,* I *do truly tell you, that* I *have placed my affection wholly upon you; or as they commonly say,* I *do love you.*

Pen. I am sorry that you have made me the Object of your love; I know your birth and person may deserve one of a greater account; and therefore I am amazed at the unexpected novelty of your motion, not imagining, but your bosome had been free from any flame; let your wisdome then suppress it, lest your love become fruitless in the event.

Aym. I *will not be discouraged by your first answer, for neither are you beneath me in quality, who am your servant, neither can it appear to you so strange a matter, that* I *be taken with your beauty, which others admire, though it be my fortune only to be bolder than the rest, and* I *hope not unwelcome.*

Pen. Sir, I would not have you cherish any uncertain hope, nor build any assurance, where you have but a sandy foundation; Love cannot be compelled, but must flow from the spring of a naturall desire: but I find in my self no inclination to entertain your affection; therefore you must pardon me, If I deny

your

your ſuit which is not in my power to grant.

Aym. *Nothing is impoſſible to Love; for if you would believe that I bear a noble and conſtant affection towards you, you would ſoon overcome this difficulty, and incline your mind to reward my affection with your favour.*

Pen. Sir, I am confident that your affection is right and perfect, not ſeeking under a fair and colourable pretence to betray me; I cannot force my ſelf to conſent to your motion, being utterly ignorant in love matters; therefore excuſe me till time and conſideration ſhall inforce me to anſwer your deſire.

Aym. *I am comforted, that you have not utterly denyed my ſuit: I hope at my next viſit, to receive more incouragment, till then I take my leave, and preſume only to breathe my heart upon your hand, or if you pleaſe, your lip, deſiring you to remember me in your abſence.*

When one meeteth a friend in the ſtreet.

Alex. GOD ſave you Sir, you are moſt happily met. How fare you?

Clor. Sir, I *am the better to ſee you well and luſty: why will not you do me the honour to viſit me at my chamber?*

Alex. Sir, I muſt confeſs, I have often broken promiſe therein, but my buſineſs would not permit me; otherwiſe I had long ſince waited on you.

Clor. I *ſhould rather account my ſelf obliged to wait on you; for I am bound unto you for many favours, eſpecially for the laſt courteſie you did me, in matters which concerned me much. Will you now do me the kindneſs, to preſent my reſpects to a Gentlewoman?*

Alex. Sir, if ſhe be honeſt, I am ready to go on your errand; I hope you will not put me upon a diſgracefull piece of ſervice.

Clor. I *hope you have no ſuch bad ſuſpition of me, for ſhe is both fair and a vertuous Gentlewoman, and hath a nimble wit: but I know you can deliver your mind in an excellent way.*

Alex.

Alex. Sir, it is you whom Mercury, the God of wit, hath adorned with a gentle amorous ſpeech; but I will ſpeak in your behalf, in as good moving effectual terms as I can remember.

Clor. Sir, *you ſhall do me a moſt perfect favour. Tell her, I am her ready and willing ſervant, and that the power of love hath given her my heart, which I will come to fetch in hope ſhe ſhall give it me back, and till then keep it warm in her own boſome: But what need I inſtruct you, who are all love and courtſhip?*

Alex. Sir, I will perform your command, though not in ſuch words as you would deſire, yet ſo as my ſudden *Genius* ſhall prompt me; but I have heard it ſaid, that

In the way of Love and Glory,
Lovers beſt tell their own ſtory.

Clor. Sir, *Pardon me, I know whom I do entruſt with this buſineſs; I am aſſured of your fidelity, and that you can deliver your mind in a powerfull manner, eſpecially to Gentlewomen.*

Alex. Sir, it muſt be my love to you that will inſpire me; for I promiſe you, I will ſtrive to ſpeak my beſt.

Clor. *Sir, I am confident in you, and at your return from my Miſtriſs, I will prepare thanks for this great piece of ſervice, and reſt, yours obliged.*

Alex. Sir, it is but my duty; I am happy to be imployed in any ſervice that concerns you. Suppoſe this one.

To Court a Gentlewoman in the way of marriage.

Eugenius. MIſtriſs, I doubt not but that you will judge me as raſh as bold; but I beſeech you, by your divine beauty which gliſtreth in

in your fair eyes to excuſe my audacity, and to pardon my temerity, which have emboldned me to come and preſent unto you, my moſt humble, and moſt affectionate ſervice.

Calia. *Sir, I am very ſorry that I have not had the honor to know you; and I marvell that you will offer ſervice to me, that of all am moſt unworthy.*

Eugen. Miſtriſs, It is the ſweetneſs of your natural goodneſſe, that cauſeth you to ſpeak ſo humbly of your ſelf.

Calia. *Pardon me Sir, I ſpeak nothing but what I know to be a moſt clear truth.*

Eugen. Lady, the ſingular modeſty which I have heard you expreſs in your language, gives me a hope, that you will entertain my intentions, not as harſh and diſconſonant, but agreeable and conſonant, and that in time I ſhall obtain your grace and favour.

Calia. *Sir, if there were any graces in me, they proceed from you, and with ſuch expreſſions you honour your ſelf.*

Eugen. Miſtriſs, you are pleaſed thus to oblige me to a greater eſtimation of you, which makes you more amiable, and me more affectionate towards you: I therefore beſeech you to believe, that my intentions were never otherwiſe than chaſte and vertuous, and that I had never any other end than honeſty. Did you think me to have framed ſome deſign prejudicial to your Honour? I had rather loſe my being, than entertain any ſuch thought; ſo firm is my reſolution for ever, to continue your faithfull and moſt obedient ſervant, as the effects ſhall make evident, whenſoever your commands ſhall call upon me.

Calia. *I humbly thank you, Sir, with my beſt affection, as alſo for the pains you have taken for one that no way merits ſuch favours, I being your very humble ſervant.*

Eugen. Lady, it is I that am ſo deeply engaged to you,

you, that I am dis-enabled to quit my self of the obligation; and therefore (most fair Mistress) I beseech and conjure you, to make use of my service and me, in whatsoever you shall judge me capable to serve you: And in the mean time, after a million of recommendations, I will be bold to take my leave of you, and will leave my heart with you, as an hostage, and pledge of fidelity and constancy.

Calia. *Farewell, sir, and I give you humble thanks for this your loving visit.*

Eug. I hope to see you again, and very speedily, whereas for the present I must leave you.

Calia. *Sir, so far as your intentions shall continue good, and your suits lawful, you shall always find the doors open; and also to Gentlemen like your self, who shall not want the best entertainment, according to my ability; and in that regard you shall not oftner come than be welcome.*

Eugen. Lady, I do assure you, that I now go to elongate my self from the bright day, and confine my self into an abyss of melancholick darkness: for I dare be bold to protest unto you, that without you, I enjoy not the light; and therefore all the time of this sad absence will be so tedious to me, that moments will be hours, the hours dayes, and the dayes will be ages; unless it be so, that the experience of being in your favour be my sole consolation, which will arm me with a resolute patience.

Calia. *You speak strong lines, Sir, but it may be you are not so passionate as your words pretend. Farewell, sir, till our next meeting.*

Eugen. Mistress, You do wrong to your beauty, and to my love, which is faithful and loyal; but I hope that time will make me appear to be more largely what I am; and seeing necessity constrains me to retire from you, I will never retreat from that affection which your fair eyes have darted into my soul. And

so

ſo Lady adieu, till my next review, which I aſſure you ſhall be as ſoon as poſſible I can.

To preſent ſomething to a friend.

Alex. SIR, I have alwayes had an earneſt deſire to make my ſervice viſible unto you; and therefore I am bold to preſent unto you this ſmall teſtimony of my love, deſiring you, not to value the gift, but the affection of the giver, who doth ſacrifice this unto you, from the Altar of an humble heart.

A. Sir, this is an addition to your other many favours; you are mindful of me above my merit, how ſhall I make you requitall?

A. Sir, Your Acceptance is the chief aim of my deſires; but be pleaſed to conceive, that true love uſes not by dumb ſigns and tokens to expreſs it ſelf.

A. Sir, believe me, ſo rich a gift as this is, hath a moſt powerful language; if it had been meaner, it would have ſufficed, and have been above my merit; I muſt reſt beholding unto you, till I have opportunity to declare my ſelf farther.

A. Sir, It is your worthineſs that makes it appear ſo worthy; but I know no gift can be above your merit, nor ſufficient to declare, in what ties of obſervance I am bound unto you; your acceptation gives it more luſtre and richneſs, than the gift doth deſerve, being but a mean token of my affection.

A. Sir, I beſeech you, do not extenuate your own goodneſs, nor this benefit.

A. Sir, This is but the emblem of my ſervice, which, ſince you are pleaſed to receive, I return you many thanks for your kind acceptance.

A. Sir, it is eaſie to perſwade to the receipt of a thing of ſuch a value; but I will embrace it as the oblation of your love.

A. For

A. For that high eſtimate of yours, I muſt remain eternally your conſtant faithfull friend.

A. *Sir, I am yours, in all reſpectfull ſervices, to be commanded.*

A. Sir, you oblige me too much both in words and deeds. I am all yours.

To entreat a courteſie of a friend.

A. SIR, as neceſſity hath no Law, ſo it hath no ſhame; for contrary to my diſpoſition, I muſt become an importunate ſuiter unto you.

A. *Sir, Name it, it muſt be ſomething more than I know of, which I can deny you, who are alwayes modeſt in your requeſts.*

A. Sir, I fear I ſhall give you occaſion to report the contrary; I will deſire you to lend me your horſe, to carry away a little treaſure by Moon-ſhine.

A. I *do not well underſtand you, pray interpret your ſelf and diſguiſe not your meaning.*

A. Sir, I would deſire you to diſpence mith me, in a matter that concerns me neer; I am to bear away the Uſurers Daughter, and carry her where ſhe ſhall remain private, till ſtorms be blown over: Pardon me, that I have no ſooner made you acquainted with my purpoſe.

A. I *will be ready to aſſiſt you; And ſince your fortune may receive addition from any ſervice of mine, my horſe, were he the Muſes* Pegaſus, *he ſhould be your ſervant: it is but to carry away a piece of live Veniſon, that's a mean treſpaſs,* Cupid *hath enough in his Park.*

A. Sir, I am glad you are ſo pleaſant, and do ſo well apprehend my intents. I was afraid, leſt my purpoſe being known, which was manifeſt in me to deliver, I ſhould have ſuffered repulſe, and have been blamed by you for my bold attempts.

A. No,

No Sir, I do account it in you, a bravery of mind that you dare aspire to reach a fortune, and pluck the golden Apples of Hesperides, *watcht by the old Dragon, the usurer; But I would not have you lose time in talk; I will bid the Groom get my horse ready for your imployment.*

A. Sir, the whole service of my life cannot requite your kindness; for since you have granted this request so willingly, I shall ow my good fortune to your favourable assistance.

A. *Sir, I shall pray that your attempt may be prosperous, for I shall rejoyce in your happiness, as much as in mine own, Therefore my best wishes shall be, your good* Genius *to wait on you, while my prayers sollicite Heaven for your happy success.*

A Sir, you have expresst your self a noble friend; and when this business is past; all the study of my life shall be, to shew my thankfulness to you.

A. *Sir, I wish nothing, but that you may obtain your desires.*

A. Sir, Next my intended purpose, my chiefest glory and ambition is, to thrive in your favour.

Upon his absence.

Eugenius. *I protest to you, my fairest, that I could never have believed that the torments of true affection could have been so miserable; for I dare swear to thee, by those fair eyes, the stars of my fortunes, that I dwelt with impaciency and sorrows, till I saw you.*

C. It is impossible, Sir, surely I can hardly believe it.

Eugenius. *Mistriss, I beseech you to believe it, if you please; for I assure you, that I could no longer endure, nor support the violence and troublesome tediousness, which I endured in the time of your long absence; the object of my good, and so content, being removed.*

C. Sir, it may very well be, for you seem very passionate in your expression.

Eug.

Eugen. *I proteſt that it is impoſſible for me to take any complacency in the world, but in that onely that flatters my affection, and in the aſpect of your rare form, and moſt excellent beauty.*

C. It pleaſeth you to terme it ſo; you are delighted in laughing at me, as you may at one that enjoyeth not the leaſt glimpſe of beauty in her ſelf.

Eug. *Wherein, my deareſt, ſhould you conceive ſo of me? I do aſſure you with the better part of my ſoul, that I ſhould be miſerable, did I not really ſpeak what my affections ſuggeſt as truth: Know, Lady, that you ſee a man that is wholly yours, and deſires not to live, but for you, and to do you ſervice: But that which troubleth me moſt, is, That of neceſſity, I muſt abſent my ſelf from you, upon a very urgent occaſion; but I beſeech you to believe and conceive ſo of me, that whitherſoever I go, I ſhall carry with me the lively delineaments of your perfections, and that I ſhall not live, but by the* Idea *of your beauty, with perfect reſolution of obeying you; and therefore, my ſweeteſt, adieu for a while, and for the preſent have me excuſed, that I cannot enjoy the felicity of your moſt deſired company; but muſt take my leave abruptly.*

C. Sir, I infinitely thank you, and bid you alſo farewel, wiſhing you a ſafe return.

A merry, but evil diſcourſe, betwixt Rowland, *and* Suſan, *ſitting up late together.*

Row. IT is time, *Suſan*, that I ſhould now diſcover my mind unto you; we have long been ſervants together, and ever ſince my firſt coming, I have born you good will, which I would deſire you to accept, and grant me your love.

Suſan. *For that you muſt pardon me; for I do not intend to marry, and therefore let that ſerve for an excuſe, ſince I would be loath to diſcourage you, and ſay, I cannot love you.*

Row-

Row. I hope you will not; for since I first beheld you I have admited your perfections.

Sus. *You know affection cannot be compel'd; therefore, I thank you for the good will which you have hitherto born, but, as for your love, I cannot accept of it.*

Row. Then I perceive you love some other.

Sus. I *desire you to excuse me, I cannot frame my mind to fancy you, though I know you deserve my betters; but for me to settle affection where I cannot live, would be an endless misery: The Bryar and Honisuckle cannot well agree.*

Row. Then you compare me to a Bryar; but I will with all humility put up your disdain, hoping that the continuance of my love shall soften your mind, to receive me into some degree or favour; For I protest, I love you intirely.

Sus. *The utmost I can do for you in requital of your love, is to give you thanks, and counsel to suppress your desire, and not to proceed any further in this suit, which at last, will become fruitless.*

R. I shall be sorry then; by this kiss which I presume to take, none hath power over me, but your self; I love you all over, and if you would licence my hand to stray about, how happy shall I be?

Sus. *Fay, then I perceive your love is but a rash and wanton desire, neither can I stay with you any longer, lest my absence out of my Mistress Chamber, may breed some suspicion.*

R. Stay, I will hold you in the prison of my arms, and if you will get your freedome, you shall yield me some of yous sweetest kisses, which are but shadows of that substantial happiness which you could afford me.

Sus. *Nay, I pray be not rude, nor give me cause to suspect that your love is dishoneſt; I had formerly a better opinion of you; but now I am jealous of your good intent.*

R. Par-

R. Pardon me, if love hath made me to offend in ſome boyſterous actions.

Suſan. *Come, pray let me be gone, I ſhall be angry if you hinder me.*

R. Sweet Rogue, I obey thy deſire, but let me prevail farther with you at our next meeting.

An enterchange of Ceremonies at parting with a friend taking a long journey.

SIR, I am very ſorry that my affairs do compell me to take my leave of you, from whom I have received ſo many benefits, which have bound me in many ties ever to ſerve you; neither have I any way left to ſatisfie my ſelf, in requiting your former kindneſſes, but to acknowledge them far above my requital, and to deſire you, that you would both receive the tender of my humble ſervice, and command me in ſomething whereby I might expreſs how much I honour your deſert.

Sir, *I cannot chuſe but grieve, that you muſt now be divided from us by a tedious journey; yet, ſince he loves himſelf better than his friend, that will not yield to any thing for his good, I am content in that reſpect to loſe your company a while, wiſhing you a proſperous journey, and that in your abſence you would remember me, who will alwayes, in my daily prayers, ſolicite heaven for your ſafe return, deſiring to be excuſed for your poor entertainment, which perhaps makes you deſirous to be gone.*

Sir, Pardon me, the entertainment I have found, was far above my deſert, for which I render you a million of thanks. There remains nothing now, but that you honour me with your commands.

Sir, *I intreat you, make not ſo great haſte to be gone.*

Sir, I could willingly defer my journey, to enjoy your company; but the Wind ſtands fair for *France*,

France, therefore let us conclude all Ceremonies.

Sir, *Since we muſt diſpence with your departure, do us the courteſie to revive our drooping minds, with the good tidings of your ſafe arrival in* France.

Sir, Be aſſur'd, I cannot be unmindful of you, nor of my other Friends, to whom I entreat you to commend me, ſince I cannot take my leave of them in particular.

Sir, *I am glad you will do me that favour, to give me any imployment in your abſence, I will perform your deſire.*

Sir, I can but thank you for your love, in bringing me to my ſhip, which is a trouble that you would take upon you, though on my part undeſerved.

Sir, *I am happy to ſerve you in any thing. God ſend you a proſperous voyage.*

Sir, I doubt not but I ſhall arrive in ſafety; trouble your ſelf no farther, ſince I cannot remain with you to requite your kindneſs.

Sir, *Since you will needs have it ſo, I will bid you farewell, with all the affection of a conſtant mind.*

To invite one to dinner.

Alex. *PRay let me prevail ſo far with you to intreat your company to dinner.*

Clorin. Sir, I humbly thank you for your courteſie, but my buſineſs will not permit me; therefore I deſire to be excuſed.

Alex. *Nay, good ſir, let me not be denyed: I muſt confeſs indeed, your chear will not be worthy of your ſtay, but you ſhall be heartily welcome.*

Clorin. Sir, I ſhould willingly obey your deſire, but I fear to be too bold.

Alex. *Sir, You ſhall be moſt welcome, you ſhall command in my houſe, as in your own.*

Clor. Your offer is ſo large and courteous, that I muſt yield to wait on you, for you have overcome me in

in ceremony, but you will draw upon your ſelf many inconveniences.

Alex. *Sir, you ſhall find but courſe fare; but ſuch as it is, pray eſteem your ſelf moſt heartily welcome to, in a reall manner without complement.*

Clorin. Sir, Here is much plenty, and you wrong your ſelf to excuſe your chear, whereof there is ſo great abundance, that, unleſs you would have provided all the variety that was in *Noah's* Ark, I know not how it could be exceeded.

Alex. *It is your favour to commend and except of any thing, but pray excuſe me, once more I deſire it; If I had been certain of your honouring my houſe with your preſence, I would have made better preparation for your entertainment.*

Clorin. Sir, I deſire you rather to excuſe my boldneſs, in putting you to ſo much trouble; you may perceive that I think my ſelf welcome by my liberal feeding; I am no mincing Bride, whoſe thoughts of eating are took away with the conceit of the night following.

Alex. *I beſeech you ſpare not; I am glad to ſee you ſo pleaſant; and to increaſe your mirth, I will drink to you a health in wine, in hopes you will pledge me.*

Clorin. Sir, they ſay there is truth in wine; and if there be truth in wine, I will find it out, let the health be never ſo deep.

Alex. *I thank you for doing me this piece of Juſtice; I pray ſee if you can make up a dinner; otherwiſe I know not how to be excuſed for inviting you.*

Cl. Sir, to decline ceremony, you have moſt worthily feaſted me, and honoured me ſo much, that I muſt ever acknowledge your exceeding bounty and courteſie.

Ceremonies at the ſitting down at the Table.

Alex. GEntlemen, Pray ye take your places, I know not how to direct you. But firſt let us waſh.

Gent.

Gent. *Be pleased to begin, for it is fit that we should follow you.*

Alex. In this matter, ceremonies are needless; but you will do nothing without an example, and therefore I will begin.

Gen. *Then, in obedience to your desire, we will wash with you.*

Alex. I beseech you, Gentlemen, to save me a labour, and take your places.

Gent. *Sir, we expect your sitting down, and afterwards we will not contend much for priority of place.*

Alex. Come, Master *Getting*, you are my old acquaintance, you shall favour me to sit here by me.

Gent. *By no means, that is not my place, here's a Gentleman deserves to be seated there.*

Alex. Sir, I have designed you this place, pray let me rule you so far.

Gent. *Sir, I should be loath to be too troublesome, and yet I would not presume before my betters.*

Alex. Sir, you are too full of excuse; you may yield to take your due place, otherwise I should wrong you.

Gent. *Sir, I beseech you then to excuse me, and account it your fault, if I transgress the bounds of manners, in assuming a place far above my desert, and which is of right belonging to these other Gentlemen.*

Alex. We might have spar'd this ceremony; for the appetite loves good dainties better than complements. Now pray carve for your selves, you are kindly welcome.

Gent. *Sir, we will not put you to any trouble in helping us; we know that manners will allow us to make a dinner, we come to trespass on you.*

The Feasters excuse after dinner.

Alex. SIR, I desire you to excuse your mean fare, and slender entertainment; whereunto I have pre-

presumed much to invite you; but I hope our ancient acquaintance, and your own good nature, will procure me a pardon, in that I have done this only to enjoy your company and society; for your good discourse is to me a feast, far exceeding any dainties that I could provide for you.

Friend. *Your real kindness hath been such, and so unexpected, that I cannot give you sufficient thanks for your courtesie and kind entertainment: all that I can retribute, is to promise, that I will snatch an opportunity to express my gratitude.*

Alex. You have honoured me enough, in your acceptance of my good will. But it is not wholsom to stir suddenly after dinner. Let's discourse: You are conversant abroad, What news do you hear?

Fr. *Pardon me, Sir, the world runs round about me, whilst I stand unmov'd, never marking the motions thereof, and therefore I am altogether ignorant in novelties; it may be, you hear more.*

A. Indeed Sir, I have so many affairs, that I can enquire after none; I thought you could have given us some good intelligence.

Friend. *Sir, I desire you to excuse me, for I hold it fruitless imployment; but to satisfie your request, if I knew any fresh news, that were not yet in print, I should be bold to acquaint you with it, since you desire me.*

A. I will not importune you any further, but desire your pardon, that I should impose on you the office of an intelligencer; excuse my intent therein, since what I desired, was to pass away the time while we sit, but now, if you please, we will rise.

Friend. *Sir, Then I must really thank you, you have made me bold with you, I will accompany you awhile to the fire, and then take my leave.*

To offer service to a young Maid.

Aym. Seeing you are alone, I would willingly attend on you, if you please to accept of my service.

Maid. *It is more than I desire or deserve; and it would appear boldness in me, to accept of a strangers company; For it is not for me to entertain all shews and offers of kindness; I can but thank you for your good will, I am not far distant from mine own home.*

Aym. Pray let me bear you company, and by the way make me happy in some discourse: resolve me one question, Were you never in love?

Maid. *Though it be no manners to answer one question, with demanding another; yet I will presume to ask, if you were never in love?*

Aym. Fair one, from thence springs my unhappiness. I am too forward in these desires. I have beheld many beauties, but you have prevailed more than the rest, to conquer my affection; and I must acknowledge, that in meeting you, I have met death or life.

Maid. *Pray speak in plain terms, I am ignorant of your meaning.*

Aym. I desire you then, to know and believe, that I am already far in love with you, and I hope you will not scorn my sudden motion, if I should desire you to reward my love with your favour; and by the way, let me intreat you, to think that Heaven hath appointed our strange accidental meeting, and gave me boldness to petition your favour and affection, which I hope you will grant.

Maid. *Sir, I know not in this case how to give an answer that may procure you content, but I desire you to importune me no further; but grant me time to consider your motion, and this is my fathers house, whither if you please to come hereafter, I will study to resolve you: howsoever you shall be welcome.*

Aym.

Aym. But before I loſe your preſence, which is my chiefeſt happineſs, let me tell you, that when you go in, you bear away my heart with you, and I ſhall only languiſh in ſorrow, till I viſit you again.

Maid. *Pray Sir, do not hold me longer in diſcourſe, there are many jealous eyes that do watch an occaſion to expoſe me to cenſures, for maintaining with you ſuch unuſual familiarity; let me entreat you, as you tender my credit, to leave me.*

Aym. I muſt obey you: honour me with an ordinary ſalutation, and I will vaniſh like a ſhadow, and return again to wait on you, who are the ſubſtance of my life.

To confer with a widow in an amorous wooing manner.

Aym. I *would intreat you (fair Widow) not to diſcourage me in my firſt ſuit, ſince your modeſty and vertuous carriage in your husband's life time, hath made me bold to plead for affection, and to cheriſh a certain hope, that I ſhall obtain your good liking.*

Wid. Sir, I would not have you imagine, that my love to my former husband was written in a Table-book, the letters whereof may be ſoon wiped out again; no, it was engraven upon my heart, and there doth remain, to inform me, that I ought not to wrong him with a ſecond marriage.

Aym. *Nay, Widow, I muſt acknowledge you have a fair pretence to put me off, with the remembrance of your ſaid husband; but, will you alwayes puniſh your ſelf, and faſt from the joyes of marriage?*

Wid. It is my full reſolved purpoſe, and therefore let not any wanton opinion concerning me, give you hope of obtaining my love. Alas! ſince his departure, I am dead unto the world, and do but only live to ſigh, when I remember that I had ſo good a husband.

Aym. *His goodneſs is gone with him, but for my part, I will be your loving active ſervant; Come, come, put off grief, and falſe imaginations of honouring the dead: for if his ſoul were capable of any knowledge concerning earthly matters, he would rejoyce to ſee you happily married; and as he gave you all contentment in his life, ſo he would deſire that you might be ſupplied in the ſame kind after his death.*

Wid. You ſpeak unhappily, but pray be ſatisfied, that I intend not to marry; yet I reſpect your good will, and in other matters will remain ready to requite your love.

Aym. *For other matters, I am ſatisfied; but your love is the mark whereat I aim: why would you thus ſtrive to become a Virgin again, and forget the conceit of former pleaſures, which are yet freſh in your remembrance; fie, fie, you do not well to make your ſelf ſo dull of apprehenſion; I am come to offer ſervice in the right kind, and therefore you are very much to blame to refuſe the tender of my reſpects.*

Wid. You ſpeak Myſteries, but I deſire, if you love me, ſhew it in ceaſing to proſecute your ſuit; for I muſt tell you plainly, it will prove fruitleſs, and of none effect.

Aym. *I cannot believe, but that I ſhall be more fortunately happy, to obtain your favour; words are not alwayes the interpreters of the heart, and I am confident for all this, that you love me.*

Wid. Perſwade your ſelf to it, but I ſhall never give you cauſe to think ſo; yet, I will ever reſpect you, and be ready to do you any lawful courteſie.

Aym. *Well, I thank you, that I have ſo far thrived in my ſuit, I hope hereafter to get deeper into your favour.*

Wid. Your hope is built upon a falſe foundation; and had I known your intent, I would not have held diſcourſe ſo long with you; I muſt leave your Company.

Aym. *Let me rather take my leave, and ſeal a*

kiſs

kiſs upon your lips, untill I viſit you again; for no mortal widow ſhall diſcourage me, but I will come again with the more reſolute affections.

To excuſe ſome offence done to a Gentlewoman.

Aymwell. I Muſt acknowledge, I was ſomewhat too bold to enforce a kiſs from you, in the preſence of other friends; but I pray excuſe my paſſion, and let your mercy be ſhewed in pardoning, as my folly was in offending.

Penelope. *Sir, it was ſo great a treſpaſs, and ſo directly aimed againſt my white fame and reputation, that no repentance can ſatisfie for a fault of that nature.*

Aym. It cannot exceed the limits of forgiveneſs; or, if your wrath muſt not be otherwiſe ſatisfied, enjoyn me ſome pennance, as great as your anger; whereby I may recover your loſt favour, and make it appear, how ſorry I am for ſo raſh an offence.

Penelope. *Nay, you may enjoy that kiſs violently took from me, before ſo many witneſſes, but never any more.*

Aym. I muſt confeſs, it was my raſhneſs; but if you will, that I repay it back again, I will give you intereſt for that one, and vow unto you, never to offend your patience in the like kind.

Pen. *Well, ſince you are ſo willing to repent, and to ſhew ſuch unfained ſorrow, I muſt needs accept them for preſent ſatisfaction, deſiring you hereafter to be more carefull of my credit, and never again to make ſo bold an offer.*

Aym. You have charmed me to obedience, ſince your words are a Law, which I dare not transgreſſe; for I am in all things your obſequious ſervant.

The Lovers farewell.

Leonara. ALas Sir! is this the hour that the ſevere rigor of your abſence muſt eclipſe my dayes of their bright beams? O how this ſad

news doth fire my ſpirits! and not without reaſon, ſince you (to whom I had wholly conſecrated my ſelf) will not vouchſafe a mercifull eye on my ſufferings for your abſence.

Floreſtan. *Miſtriſs, fear not, but reſt aſſured, that ſo long as life ſhall give leave to enjoy the Suns brightneſs, never ſhall any other have power over me; do me only this favour, that having given you theſe new aſſurances of my fidelity, you would be pleaſed to render me ſome real proviſes of yours. Beſides, I proteſt to you Lady, I will never acknowledge other light than yours, no more than the earth doth any other than the Sun.*

Leon. Sir, they are no falſe promiſes that I have made you, but true aſſurances drawn from my heart, by the force of my paſſion. And know, that all things here beneath, ſhall ſooner change their natural inclinations, than in me ſhall be ſeen any alteration from the reſolution I have made to love you; Heaven it ſelf be my witneſs.

Flor. *If Miſtriſs, you love me thus, let your mind be confident of an equal truth from me; and ſhould you doubt of my affections, I will give you my ſoul for a pledge, and my heart for a ſacrifice, to ſhew you that my words are unfeigned; be pleaſed therefore to accept this ſmall gift, not as a thing worthy of merit, but only as a ſufficient teſtimony of my good will, fidelity, and faithfull love towards you, it being a thing ſo ſmall and unworthy of you, it will therefore be the more commendable in you to accept of it.*

Leon. Sir, I give you infinite thanks, and withall, do beſeech you to receive this in requital, for a remembrance of me, which is of a ſmaller value; be but pleaſed to take it in good part from her, who from hereforth ſhall not live but through your ſole remembrance.

Flor. *Thanks to you Sweeteſt, the gift truly is pleaſing*

ſing to me, but the giver much more.

Leonora. But Sir, is there no means to ſtay you for a little time, that I might enjoy your preſence, which ſtands me inſtead of light and life; therefore your abſence will invelope me with darkneſs, and bring upon me (poor ſoul that I am) a thouſand grievous deaths.

Flor. *Miſtriſs, I hope not ſo; for I am conſtrained through neceſſity of my buſineſs, to depart hence.*

Leon. Oh, I ſee now too well, that that conſtancy of yours, which I truſted to, for remedy of my troubled thoughts, is vaniſhed, to give preſent reſt to my plaints, which you ſhall receive with my ſighs and tears, for true and burning teſtimonies of the ſorrow I have, to ſee my ſelf about to be forſaken by him by whom onely I breathe.

Flor. *Miſtriſs, I ſwear to you, my heart is alike touch'd with ſuch ſtrokes, for this our parting, that I can hardly breathe for grief of it, and do already ſee I have loſt my ſelf, in the loſs of the ſight of your ſtar-light beauty: for I am ſure, that once abſent from your luminous aſpect, each pleaſure will be to me a ſubject of grief and ſorrow. However, ſince it will not be otherwiſe, I ſhall ſo part with you, as that my life ſhall ever be at your ſervice; and ſo farewell, dear Miſtriſs, live ſtill happy and content, whilſt I languiſh unfortunate, though conſtant: Let not then my remoteneſs alter your mind, more than it ſhall ſhake the reſolution I have long ſince made, to live and dye yours; as for mine own part, I ſhall not think my ſelf abſent from you, ſo long as I am lodged in your heart, and memory.*

Leon. Farewell! Sir, you poſſeſs my ſoul; and I do even leave it in your power, conſerve it for a more happy ſeaſon than this of parting; and, in the mean ſpace, have pitty on all the bloody griefs, which the mere apprehenſion of your abſence makes me already

feel ſo vehemently, for I think it very ſtrange to leave you, whoſe company is dearer to me than my life. But to make an end of this diſcourſe, I do beſeech you, Sir, and let me conjure you by the ſweetneſs of that love I have born you, and will all my life long devote to you, in reſpect of my cruel fears, to write often to me, during the unhappy time of your abſence: for in reading of your letters, I ſhall perſwade my ſelf that I am not wholly deprived of you, or loſt to your memory.

Floreſtan. *I vow to you, Miſtriſs, I will give you ſo many letters for confirmation of my loyalty, and the love I bear you, that you ſhall have no cauſe to diſtruſt. And ſo I beſeech heaven to make you the happieſt alive, even as the divine Creator hath made you the faireſt and moſt accompliſhed; that he alſo make you ſo pittifull to retain me in your moſt deſired favour, that I may be able continually to witneſs, how violent my affections are toward you.*

Lady. Heaven grant, you may be as faithfull to me, as I am to you; and give you as much quiet and contentment, as you take from me. But what ſhould I ſay more? I muſt ceaſe to remember you of the force and heat of my affections, but not to entreat you to pitty my martyrdom; and that whereſoever you are, you be mindfull of me. And ſo once more I intreat the Deities, to grant you ſuch proſperity, that your fortunes may parallel your perfection.

Flor. *Reſt aſſured, ſweet Miſtriſs, to be beloved of me, though not equal to your merit; to which heighth, it is impoſſible my affection ſhould raiſe it ſelf.*

A Diſcourſe betwixt *Mounſieur Device*, and his humorous Lady, upon the Fancies of the Ribbands he wore in his Hat.

Moun. LAdy, the pleaſures of this ſweet morning attend you.

Lady. As pleaſant hours I wiſh to you; but why ſo like a fore-horſe, Sir? what mean thoſe Hieroglyphicks on your Beaver, thoſe Ribbands of variety of colours?

M. They are ſeveral Fancies, Lady, which I'le decipher to you; Here is an Azure and a Peach; Azure is conſtant, the Peach is love, which ſignifies my conſtant love. Yeſterday I wore Folimot, Gredeline, and Iſabella. Folimot is withered, Gredeline is abſent, and Iſabella is beauty, which put together, expreſs, that I wither and languiſh for your abſent beauty.

Lady. But is there any reaſon for thoſe diſtinctions.

Moun. Yes: for example, your Folimot is a wither'd leaf, which doth moralize decay; your yellow is ——————

Lady. I will inform you Sir, of that colour, by ſad experience; 'tis jealous.

Moun. You are miſtaken, Lady, it is your Lemmon colour that is jealous, a pale kind of yellow; your perfect yellow is joy, your white is death, your milk white is innocence, your black is mourning, your orange is martial, a moſt orient colour in Heraldry: your fleſh-colour is laſcivious, your Maidens bluſh is envyed, your red is defiance, your gold is avariticous, your ſtraw is plenty, your green is hope, your graſ-

Grass-green is youth, your Sea-green is unconstant, your Violet is Religious, and your Willow forsaken.

L. Out upon the ignorance I have lived in! Mounsieur, you are so exquisitely phantastical, that you cannot but win admiration from the Court-beauties.

Moun. You are your self all wonder, these are but Ensignes of that beauty your servant fights under.

L. The Heavens smile upon you, farewell and be victorious.

M. Your humble servant, and most constant Martyr.

The Gentleman ushers Grammar.

FIrst, he must be bold to defend the right of his Ladies honour, both for priviledge and place: for the hand and for the wall.

Secondly, he must be most neat in his cloaths, from head to foot; neat in his office, in his garb, in his pace, in his coming off, in his coming on.

Thirdly, he must have a most artificial memory to relate how this Lady and other Ladies do; how they slept, how their Physick wrought, how many visits they have had, with other circumstances of their Dogs, Monkeys, and Parachitoes.

Fourthly, he must be dexterous in his carriage, in his carving and marshalling of dishes, performances which require his most gracefull demeanors.

Fiftly, he must be vers'd in his several postures and congees: more particularly, he is to observe how to hand his Lady, to arm his Lady, to side his Lady, to draw out his Lady, to present his Lady, to shoulder his Lady, which is when she takes Coach: to foot his Lady, which is when she alights.

Lastly, he is to be furnish'd with his Spanish shrugs, his French smirks and faces: all which he is most methodically to set off with his refined language, and resplendent habit; thus prepared and instructed, through hi,

his diligent and obedient attendance, he may quickly ſtart up to be a pretty Adjunct, or Gentleman Uſher, for the temper, or ſtateliеſt carriage of any of the *Strand* or *Covent Garden* Ladies, and by putting himſelf forwards, he may do ſomthing, and dare much more; provided that he be not daſht out of any thing ſooner than diſcountenanced, untill his preferment ſtumble upon him.

The Love-ſick Picture-Drawer.

OR,

The perfections of ever to be admired *Clavinda*, repreſented and limned forth by her ſervant, as with his youthfull eyes he admired, and ſharpeſt fancies delineated, her ſuper-excellent features.

On her face.

HEr face is loves copy to read wonders on.

She cannot put her face in ſuch a form, but I muſt like it.

Her lively face diſdains all adulterous Arts.

A perpetual ſpring of beauty dwells in that face of hers.

Fairer than *Chloris* in all her pride.

Her face vail'd with a robe of darkneſs, ſhines clearer through it, than the eye of the day.

The faireſt ever nature made for wonder.

But to look upon her face, is to live.

Whoſe looks would force the warring Elements into order.

A tempting beauty, and full of wanton flames.

The behaviour of whoſe beauty, is like a ſingular Muſician to a ſweet Inſtrument.

Care

Care-causing beauty, comprehended in the white Lillies and blushing Roses of her cheek.

Her face refresheth my sight, like to the gloss of Emeralds.

All the comfort that the Sun gives, is but a reflection of her fair and most radiant face.

Clarinda's face when it shines forth, expels the night more than a thousand stars.

On her hair.

In those twining curls *Cupid* is taken prisoner.

Her hairs, those golden Ensigns, those snares of love.

On her brow.

She hath a lofty brow, where Love doth sit in Triumph.

Her brow is a smooth milky *Galaxia*.

On her Fore-head.

Her fore-head full of Majesty and statelines.

The stately Fort from whence the God of Love discharges his artillery.

On her Eyes.

Her eyes shedding a firmament of light.

By those fair eyes, from which this little world borrows the light it has.

Her Dove-like eyes.

Her wounding eyes.

Eyes full of grace and quickness.

Her eyes those surfeits of delight.

She cannot close her eyes, but the sad world's benighted.

Her eyes the spheres of Love, and Load-stones of affection.

Liquerous rolling eyes.

On her smiles.

I am blest with her immortal smiles.

Just so the Western gales bring on the Spring.

In

In that ſweet dimple, when ſhe ſmiles, *Cupid* hath pitch'd his tents.

On her lips.

Life breathing lips.

Her lips like threads of Scarlet.

Her Cherry lips.

Such a lip the morning gathers bluſhes from.

A thouſand *Cupids* call me to taſte her lips.

Thoſe lips would thaw a man into a ſpring, though he were more frozen than the Alps.

To riſe to her lips at firſt, is too great an honour.

Cupid hanging down his wings, doth ſit comparing Cherries with her lips.

Permit me to take an impreſſion, or dimpled print, on my *Clarinda*'s lips.

Her lip's *Adonis* garden, where he that gathers flowers, may gather ſtill.

To ſuck her heart out at her lips.

Her lips are Rubies of an infinite value.

For to taſt thoſe lips, none but would forſake Caſſia or Violets.

Her lips, loves ſweet Altar, where the heart is offered for a continual ſacrifice.

On her kiſſes.

The unreproved kiſſes of chaſt *Clarinda*.

Her kiſſes ſpeak her Virgin; ſuch a baſhfull heat at ſeveral tides doth ebb and flow, as if it were affraid to meet our wilder flames.

A kiſs from her would warm the chilleſt blood.

By the Law of Arms, faireſt *Clarinda*, I may demand a kiſs.

To take a wanton kiſs on loves fair lips.

On her cheeks.

Her cheeks ſhine like ſparkling ſtones.

No ſadneſs dwells upon her cheeks, to blaſt the tender Roſes.

Her

Her cheeks are like to Punick Apples.
Her cheeks are ſpread with ſpices and Flowers.
Her cheeks of pure Carnation, inameled with white.
Her Cheeks kindle my blown appetite, never to expire.
The blood in her cheeks looks like the bluſhing *Sabian* Maids ſurprized.

On her breath.

Her breath doth ſcent of amber.
Her mother fed on Roſes when ſhe bred her: her breath is all perfumes.
Her breath diſſolves one; and he that taſtes it, is pleaſed as with ſweet violets.
Her breath is like to the Weſtern wind, when it glads *Arabia*, and breathes Gums and Spices.

On her voyce.

Her voyce is adorned with graceſull accents.
Her voyce is above the airs of chirping birds.
The well-tuned harmony of her pleaſant voyce.

Of her Language and diſcourſe.

She knows no Barbariſm in her Expreſſions.
Her beauty, ſet forth with ſuch ſweet language, cannot want an advocate.
Of a moſt ſweet Diſcourſe, rich in Language.
Powerfull of ſpeech and behaviour.

On her neck.

Her neck is poliſht Ivory, white as the ſilver Dove.

On her breaſts.

Her breaſts are a pair of Maiden-unconquered Worlds.
Her breaſts are the ſoft pillows of love.
Her breaſts are twins where Lillies grow.
Living ſprings flow from her breaſts.
Her breaſts, two Ivory balls of laſting pleaſure.
Betwixt the amorous beds of her two ſwelling breaſts,

breasts, Love summes his pleasures.

Her breasts are soft and tender as the Pelican's.

Her breasts are *Leda's* twins, interchangeably imbracing one another.

Upon her hands and fingers.

A small Spider finger'd Lasse.

Her slender delicate hand the wandring eye invites.

Her Lilly hand lay under her Rosie cheek, couzening the wanton Pillow of a kiss.

Her fingers tip'd with Ivory.

On her arms.

Who can do otherwise than imagine that those fair branches of my *Clarinda's* arms were made to take the great men of the World her Prisoners.

A Girle of a sweet incircling imbrace.

On her belly.

An Ivory rising hill.

Her lap is *Elizium.*

Her navel the Seal of loves impression.

The Valley of affection is not far from her Hill of pleasure; in that Dale I would repose my self.

On her womb.

Her Womb, the mansion of *Cupid*, and Summer-house of pleasure.

Her womb, that wanton dwelling-house of love.

On her waste.

Her waste is slender as a wand.

About her waste *Jove's* Messenger doth dwell, to inchant all beholders.

On her Thighs.

Her Thighs are fit subjects for the pleasant songs of youthful Poets to acquaint the world with.

On her Veins.

Her Veins swelling in blew branches.

The Skie hath so much blew as from her Veins.

On

On her legs and feet.

Her legs as ſtately and firm as Marble-pillars.

Her feet active, nimble, and beautiful.

On her chamber and bed.

Her adorned Chamber and Bed, perfumed with bruiſed ſpices, fruits, and odoriferous flowers.

Her Chamber, for ſweetneſs, envying the flowring Spring.

Her Chamber needs no other Sun, than her own beautiful beams to ſhine there.

Her chamber is a mint of jeſts.

On Clarinda's *Looking-glaſs.*

Her ſmiling glaſs is an antidote againſt the Sythe of Time.

She needs not look into that mirrour, for every thing becomes her exactly well; into which, whoſoever looks, they do but read over again the *Syntaxis* of her beauty.

Further Obſervations, Expreſſions, and Concluſions, upon the flames of Love, and captivity of the ſervants of Venus, *and her blind Son, with ſome Rules and Remedies.*

Out upon this Love! what Apes, Dogs and Cats it makes men look like? How heavy and dull-ey'd a Lovers-Miſtreſs ſits, like *Phœbe* ſhadowed to him in a dull fable Cloud.

Love a fair Lady; but love her ſo, that you may find room for a freſh beauty.

A Lover, that with his proteſtations, and tedious complements, waſteth his lungs.

A

A Lovers loyal death argues the inconſtancy of his Miſtriſs.

A Lover that diſperſes his ſoul in ſighs, his ears are ſwoln bigger than his eyes.

A Lover that diſtills his thoughts, into his Miſtriſſes ears.

One indeared to his Miſtriſſes eyes.

One indeared to his Miſtriſſes beauty.

A Lover that will prattle in his ſleep, and when he walks forth, acquaint every Grove with his tell-tale Love; then ſits croſs armed, hangs his head over a Chryſtal Book, and weeps till it ſwells to an Ocean.

The ſoft and ſimple war of Lovers.

A fellow that will praiſe the hand and foot, and ſay the face is Angelical; lye and diſſemble moſt groſly.

Drunk with the devices and Love-ſick glances of women.

One that will gallop on in praiſes of his Miſtriſs, and be a profeſſed *Homer* of women.

Coridon courted *Phillis* with a faint kiſs,
No better could the ſilly Swains than this.

What would *Hercules* with his five Miſtriſſes have ſaid to a *Platonick* love-ſick Heretick?

By the power of love all things were made; and are ſtill continued.

Love was bred in the dear boſome of *Venus*.

Love that Divine quinteſſence, that finds ſuch a ſympathy in beauty.

Luſt doth but uſurp the name of Love; for love it ſelf is a furnace of pure flames.

Love is that Tyrant in his Laws, that divorces our ſenſe from reaſon, and makes a tempeſt in the ſoul.

Love is a ſpark of pleaſure, kindled by vain deſire.

Love is a fiery froſt.

Love, though blind, beholds beauty: and though naked, feels no cold.

Cupids Bark will sail with every wind.

Love keeps his revells, when they are but two.

Reason retires, when love and pleasure enters.

Unlawfull means do make love lawfull.

Love is most true, when he doth most feign.

Shew passion in thy looks, entertain not any in thy brest.

A New School of Love. with Questions and Answers, resolving the doubts of Lovers.

Quest. *What is Love?*

A. It is the receptacle of pensive minds.

Q. *How comes it to pass that many times we love those we never saw?*

A. Rare persons are like to Tapestries, that seem fairer far off, than near at hand: and it is the reputation of what is absent, as concealed, that allures.

Q. *Why do lovers fall out?*

A. To agree the better, since afterwards they desire a re-union with the greater fervour and passion.

Q. *Who is most constant in love, a man or a woman?*

A. Experience confirms that, we see more women deceived by men, than men by women; they know their own unworthinesse, and are therefore not so confident.

Q. *Why do women love those so intirely, that they delivered up Virgin-purity to?*

A. In

A. In acknowledgement of their perfection.

Q. *How is it that there are many more women in the world than men?*

A. Women are exempted from the war: and in nature the worſt things are moſt plentiful.

If women were as little as they're good,
A peaſcod would make them a gown and hood.

Q. *What is the greateſt recompence a woman can make a man?*

A. To reveal to him her ſecrets, and make him Lord of her body.

Q. *How muſt a man behave himſelf amongſt Ladies?*

A. He muſt be bold and hardy.

Q. *Why is love painted blind?*

A. Becauſe the actions of lovers cannot be hid or diſſembled.

Q. *Why be the ſecrets of love ſo eaſily kept?*

A. For the ſweetneſs of that modeſty that men find in them.

Q. *Why do ſome mens hair curl?*

A. From the abundance of their heat; Females want beards, as they are more cool.

Q. *Why do ſome liſp?*

A. Their ſinews are putrified with flegm, or their brains are more moiſt; but their lips, according to the Proverb, have a golden mean.

Q. *Why doth a lover often keep in the expreſſion of his tongue?*

A. By reaſon of his paſſions.

Q. *Why hath a woman a ſhriller voice than a man?*

A. There is a difference in the compoſition of the Veins and moiſt Arteries; and the paſſage where their voice is framed, is narrower.

Q. *Who are moſt ſecret in the ſports of love.*

A. Women: ſince it ſo nearly concerns them.

Q. *What*

Q. *What is the meat of perfect Lovers?*

A. Sighs and tears.

Q. *Why have old men the repulse of young women?*

A. Because they have not wherewith to ease them their grief.

Q. *Why are Lovers so pusillanimous?*

A. From their passion, and fears of mind.

Q. *Why is Cupid pictured with wings?*

A. The desires of Lovers, for the most part, tend to high things.

Q. *Why do Lovers write amorous Sonnets to their Mistresses?*

A. Poetry is the friend of Love.

Q. *Why hath Love been esteemed a god?*

A. Because he makes the cowards valiant, the illiterate eloquent, the melancholy merry; his chearful divinity giving Garlands to his Martyrs.

Q. *Why doth Nature afford Love so much pleasure?*

A. For the preservation of Mankind.

Q. *Why do Lovers spend whole nights in Love?*

A. Because their fancies are wholly placed on their endeared objects, so that they are forced to resign themselves up to them.

Q. *Why do Lovers so observe the looks and glances of their Ladies?*

A. Because there is no part of the body that doth so declare and manifest the interiour passions of the mind, as the eye.

Q. *Why are Lovers forsworn?*

A. *Cupid* laughs at perjuries.

Q. *Why are Lovers the better friends for their falling out?*

A. Because Love is a flame that may be extinguished, if it be not often blown.

Q. *Wherefore is it, that many times Love is conceived upon an instant towards the object?*

A. Since

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A. Since the eye, the informer of the intellectual part, so sooner presents the object, than at the same instant discourses to the heart, to which it renders it as appetible.

Q. *Whence is kissing so esteemed of Lovers?*

A. From the first celebration of the *Trojan* Wives, who to keep their husbands from the danger of more voyages, fired their Ships; and for their pacification used this Ceremony of their lips, which, with the nimbleness of their imbraces, quench'd the fire of their displeasures.

Q. *Who are more inclined to pleasure, men or women?*

A. Women; for men being of a better temper, are dryer and stronger.

Q. *Why are women more craftily revengeful than men?*

A. By reason of the weakness of their natures; what they cannot do by force, they maintain by subtility.

Q. *Why is it naught to lie on the back?*

A. It causes Diseases, disturbs the fore-part of the brain, and procures the night-mare.

Q. *Why have women thicker blood than men?*

A. By reason of the cold, which doth coagulate and congeal theirs more.

Q. *Why is Venery bad for Melancholy and lean men?*

A. Because it dries them too much, which are too dry of themselves.

Q. *Where are women of best use?*

A. *In Thalamo, in Tumulo*; in the Bed, in the Tomb; as one of *Marcion's* Scholars answered.

Q. *Why do young men naturally decline widowes?*

A. They would not drink in those waters others have been dabling in before.

Q. *What waters of all other are most deceitful?*

A. A womans tears.

Q. *Where*

Q. *Wherefore are amorous women more ticklish than others?*

A. Because their skins are more loose, soft, and delicate.

Q. *How cometh it to pass, that women newly married the first night, are so loth to go to bed, yet rise the next day so lusty and joyful?*

A. It proceeds from the perfection of the man, which having acquired to themselves, they then know they are women indeed.

Q. *Why do men kiss the eyes of those they do affect?*

A. Because they were the first beginners of love.

Q. *Why do many love fervently, yet are not beloved again?*

A. By reason their complexions cannot agree.

Q. *Why should we not place our loves on those that are too young?*

A. Because they are so inconstant, and evermore curious of new servants.

Q. *How comes it, that he that is soon taken with love, doth as soon forget it?*

A. He is like to one that rides a Gallop, and by and by he waxeth weary.

Q. *Why do men say that Love is a perfect Musician?*

A. Because he tuneth and maketh harmonious the spirits, that had before no agreement.

Q. *Why is there such delights in the sports of* Venus?

A. That men might not abhor the uncleanness of them.

Q. *Why do some women love the white, some the black complexion?*

A. Some delight in black, as hot, and more agreeable to their constitutions; some in white, as their natures are more cool.

Q. *What quality hath the sanguine?*

A. He is fair, smooth-haired, he is secret, shame-fac'd,

ter'd, ſpirited, Muſically given, a lover of learning, liberal and courteous.

Q. What properties hath the Phlegmatick complexion'd man?

A. They are ſleepy, moiſt, fearfull, covetous, weak in memory.

Q. What are the qualities of the Cholerick man?

A. He is pale, unquiet, a great drinker, little ſleeper, a lover of the ſociety of women.

Q. What is the melancholly mans qualities?

A. His Complexion is brown, his veins ſmall, he eateth little, hath a bad digeſtion, his dreams are confuſed, he is timerous and incontinent.

Q. Wherefore is it that we tickle not our ſelves?

A. Becauſe our own touch is natural and familiar unto us.

Q. Wherefore is it, that amongſt all kinds of animals, the Females are moſt ſubtile? and ſcape more cunningly and craftily from the imbraces, than males?

A. It is for the moſt part, that they being more weak than the males; Nature, to repair the defect, hath given them a more wilely craft, for the conſervation of their lives.

Q. What is the reaſon that women in the winter go thinner cloathed, and endure more cold than men?

A. Every like is leaſt affected with his like; and women, becauſe they are cooler by Nature, feel the leſs cold.

Q. Why do learned men often beget ſottiſh children?

A. Becauſe their contemplations are higher raiſed, then to ſuch beſtial pleaſures.

Q. If beauty fails, doth love decreaſe?

A. Too often, for love is no other thing than a deſire of beauty.

Q. Why do a certain Northern people ſeeth a ſtone called Gagates, and give it to them they are to lye with, the night before they enjoy them?

A. To

A. To know whether they retain their Virgin-purity, for it forceth to Urine those that are not pure from man.

Q. Do you think Love is so blind, as the Poets would make us believe?

A. Why not when the faireſt dote ſo often, as we have dayly experience, upon the moſt foul and deformed.

Q. What woman thinketh her ſelf moſt worthy to be beloved, the fair or the deformed?

A. Before I return to you an anſwer, ſhew me a woman that doth not think herſelf to be beautifull.

Q. Why have men ſuch diverſity of opinions in their cenſures of Beauty?

A. Becauſe all fair and beautifull things, according to the Greek Proverb, are hard and very difficult to be judged.

Q. Who is moſt conſtant in love, the man or the woman?

A. The man, being both in body and ſpirit more firm, and more conſtant in his perſwaſions of love affairs.

Q. How comes it that he that truly loves, is moſt commonly requited with the like reſpects of love again?

A. Becauſe our ſpirits cannot alwayes reſiſt thoſe true and amorous looks and glances that are continually darted at us.

Q. What is the trueſt aſſurance we can give of our love?

A. Perſeverance.

Q. Why are Lovers ſo unconſtant?

A. Becauſe youth abounderh with heat, and is ſubject to divers and many thoughts, and ſo cannot ſtay it ſelf.

Q. Can Charms work love?

A. Your Magitians, and thoſe that write of nature, conclude ſo.

Q. Whet

Q. *Wherefore have women leſs liberty to place their affections on many, than men?*

A. Becauſe their modeſty reſtrains them; which take from them, and ye take away their lives.

Q. *Why do ſome bluſh and change their countenance, when they hear what they would not?*

A. Out of an anger which forceth the bloood, till the ſpirits are quieted, to riſe from the loweſt parts, and to fluſh in the face.

Q. *Why is a womans wit unapt for good, and moſt prompt and ready for bad things?*

A. 'Tis according to that rule of Philoſophy, That a woman is a mans hurt, and but a privation; now the condition of a privation is always miſchief.

Queſt. *Why do women love fine cloaths better than men?*

A. Becauſe too often wanting the beauty of their minds, they ſtudy the more how to adorn and hide the imperfections of their bodies, which they are therefore the more ſenſible of.

Queſt. *Why do we love our ſight above our other ſenſes?*

A. Becauſe the divine force of love is placed there.

Q. *What is the greateſt pleaſure, that a true lover can feel?*

A. To think that he is beloved again of his Miſtriſs.

Q. *Why are all things diſpoſed more to love in the ſpring time, than in other ſeaſons?*

A. Becauſe then the humours do move themſelves, and the blood doth wax hot.

Q. *Wherefore are the angers of Lovers of ſo little continuance.*

A. Becauſe they fall out for trifles.

Q. *Wherefore do the antients picture love with*

flowers in the one hand, and a fish in the other?

A. To shew that Love is Lord both of Sea and Land.

Q. *Why are men rather amorous than women?*

A. Because they are of hotter complexions, and their spirits are more quick and prompt.

Q. *Wherefore are all joyes of lovers uncertain?*

A. Because in love are divers casualties, jealousie, suspition, anger, peace, disdain.

Q. *Why is it, that secret love is more burning than that which is discovered?*

A. Because in the one a fire doth consume, in the other a friend doth give advice to quench the flames.

Q. *Wherefore is it, that women and children weep often, and with more facility than men?*

A. Because they are more humid, and therefore when they are oppressed with grief, they easily evacuate their plenty of moisture with tears.

Q. *Why did nature rather make the brain cool than hot?*

A. To moderate the heat of the heart, that it might serve instead of a Fan to cool it.

Q. *Wherefore is it said, What is a woman but her tongue?*

A. Because antiently they had no other defence or weapon but that; but now they have better fortified themselves with tongue, tooth, and nails.

Q. *What kind of people are those that do not sleep in their own faces?*

A. Whores that paint, and put on other faces.

Q. *What is the reason, that if a man hath committed any great crime, he cannot dissemble it in his eyes and countenance?*

A. Because the eye is the messenger of the heart, and the glass wherein the mind doth shine, Nature it self, as it were, being a second conscience.

Q. *Why*

Q. Why do thoſe look pale that are much grieved?

A. Becauſe nature flyeth to the inward parts, with that blood which doth paint the skin.

Q. Wherefore have Lovers feeble voyces?

A. Out of the fear they have to diſpleaſe their Ladies.

Q. Wherefore is it, that a man being touch'd with love, cannot rid himſelf of that paſſion by any dexterity?

A. Becauſe a delicate ſweet motion doth tranſport him to the thing he deſires, and with a certain admiration winds him into the nets of Love.

Q. Wherefore are Lovers for the moſt part ready to weep?

A. Becauſe by nature they are fearfull, ſuſpitious, jealous, and alwayes troubled.

Q. Why be women ſo prone to yield to love?

A. Becauſe dame Nature hath endowed them with a delicate touch, With Complexions hot and moiſt, things moſt requiſite for there creations of *Venus*.

Q. What do lovers chiefly delight in?

A. Tranquility and aboundance, Revels, Banquets, Masks, plays, ſoft Beds, and pleaſant Dreams.

Q. What Creatures of all others are moſt wanton?

A. Inſatiate women, according to the old verſe,

One Cock ſufficeth twice ten hen.
Scarce one lewd woman thrice five men.

Q. What, think you, do the eyes moſt betray that a man would keep ſecret?

A. Love and drunkenneſs.

Q. From whence is derived the power of feeling?

A. As the root of life it ſpreads it ſelf through every part of the body, by ſinews which deſcend from the head to the foot, like a net caſt over the body.

Q. *What is the three first members formed in the womb after conception?*

A. The Heart, the Brain, the Liver.

Q. *When a man dyes, which is the last part of him that stirs? which of a woman?*

A. The last part of a man, is his heart, of a woman, her tongue.

Q. *What is death very fitly resembled unto?*

A. To a Woman, or a shadow; for, seek it, and it flies you: and so a woman, according to the old Poet,

Follow a shadow and it flies you,
Seem to flee it, it will pursue you,
So court a woman she'l deny you,
Let her alone, she will court you.

Q. *What was the Philosopher so thankfull for?*

A. For four things; 1. That he lived in the time of *Socrates*. 2. That he was a *Grecian*, and not a *Barbarian*. 3. That he was a man and not a beast. 4. That he was a man, and not a woman.

Q. *What Birds are shortest liv'd?*

A. Sparrows, which for their salacity and wantonness eight times in an hour, live not above two years.

Q. *Why is love compared to a Labyrinth?*

A. Because the first entrance into it is easie; but it will put a man to his best wits to get out of it again.

Q. *Why do the amorous send forth so many sighs?*

A. Love is a Cough, it hath too many passions, and therefore must have a vent; it sendeth forth in respect of its continual thoughts, all the heat of the heart, from whence of necessity it cometh, that they that are in love, must often respire and breathe; from which respirations, sighings arise.

Q. *Wherefore was* Paris *desirous to see the three Goddesses naked?*

A. That

A. That he might give the better judgement by viewing the proportion of their bodies; O how many seem fair and beautifull to the outward appearance, which stript of their Crimson and rich attires, would appear like fleyed Cats!

Q. *Why did the Poet call love a Tragedy.*

A. Because 'tis always accompanied with heavinesse, complaint, and many interchangable mysteries and events.

Q. *Is there any sensuall pleasure above that of* Venus?

A. No, for that it causeth an universal delight throughout all nature.

Q. *Wherefore do men esteem women to be evils, like the Fire and the Sea?*

A. Because from them proceed infinite and unspeakable misfortunes.

Q. *What would a lover do being afar off, when he sees a ship, wherein the Lady of his life is, in danger of drowning?*

A. He would make ten thonsand vows to love, and with tears and prayers beg heartily for her, though it cost him a taper as big as the Mast of his ship, his god-head shall be promised fair to have it.

Q. *Wherefore do young women love perfumes so well?*

A. They are of *Venus* train? and the Greek Poets affirm, that they never went from any place, but they left a scent behind them.

Q. *Why is beauty compared to a flower?*

A. Because it so soon fades away.

Q. *Wherefore is it that maids having past the age of ripeness, and losing that time of marriage, become pale coloured and yellow?*

A. By reaſon of the retention of Superfluous humours, which are evacuated by the conſummation of Matrimony, and thoſe corrupted within them viciates the blood, and brings them into great dangerous diſeaſes, which can never hardly be cured, but by marriage.

Q. *VVhereſore is it that Celeſtial influences are neceſſarily concurring to the generation of man?*

A. Becauſe, as Philoſophers hold, man and ſun beget man; *Aſtra regunt homines, ſed regit aſtra Deus.*

Q. *VVhich be the nobleſt hearts?*

A. Thoſe which love diſdain, not to warm with his ſacred heat.

Q. *VVhy is Love painted naked?*

A. Becauſe the actions of love are ſuch as ſhould not be diſſembled.

Q. *VVhereſore did* Apelles *paint* Cupid *with theſe words writ in his fore-head*: Spring time and Summer?

A. To ſhew, that in love are proſperities and adverſities.

Q. *VVhy did Painters draw on the borders of* Cupids *robe, life and death?*

A. To ſhew that love remains, both in life, and after death.

Q. *VVhy was Cupid drawn by* Zeuxis, *in a green robe?*

A. Green ſignifies hope, to expreſs that Lovers live in a continual hope.

Q. *VVhat ſecret device haſt thou to avoid diſcovery, yet ſend thy mind to thy* Miſtriſs?

A. To write with juice of Lemons, or Onions, which appears not, till held to the fire.

Q. *VVhich is the moſt voluptuous ſeat of pleaſure in the Female?*

A. The Navel, moved with ſoft touches of pleaſure.

Q. *VVhat*

Q. *Wherefore do lovers delight to wear their Mistresses Favours?*

A. The better to expresse how conformable they are to their desires and will.

Q. *Why do lovers seek the dark?*

A. Because they go about that which they suppose not to be very handsome.

Q. *Why is it, that when Lovers talk with their Ladies, the spittle increaseth in their mouths; and when they dance, their breasts seem as if they would fall off, their veins do hop with such force?*

A. The first is caused from the heat of the tongue, whose motions resolve into spittle; the second is from the near neighbourhood the Heart hath unto the Pap, from which all the vital spirits do proceed, whither, as it were retiring, it causeth such motions.

Q. *Why doth an earnest view or beholding of beauty make a man amorous?*

A. Because the eyes are *Cupid's* Messengers, when the beams which proceed from the heart, do invite and conform themselves to the thing viewed and looked upon.

Q. *Wherefore cometh it, that lovers do delight so much in Musick?*

A. Because Musick is lascivious, and they take pleasure in the effeminacy of it.

Q. *Why is it, that young women in love, are never satisfied with dancing?*

A. Because the immoderate exercise of dancing is venereal.

Q. *What are the chiefest causes of the union and conjunction of lovers?*

A. Complexions alike wrought upon by the Celestial influences.

Q. *Why is Love pictured, standing between slothfulness and hatred?*

A. Becauſe idleneſs doth ingender love, and love many times changeth into hatred.

Q. *Which were it beſt to ſerve, a maid, a married woman, or a widow?*

A. The love of a maid is moſt conſtant, of the widow moſt pleaſant, of the married wife ſlanderous and hurtful.

Q. *Of two lovers, which ſhall we eſteem to be moſt favoured? him, from whom his Lady ſhall take away a Noſegay, and put it into her boſome; or him, to whom ſhe ſhall give a Noſegay that ſhe her ſelf did wear?*

A. The property of a woman is to take, not to give; therefore ſhe loves him beſt to whom ſhe gives the Noſegay.

Queſt. *Of what colour ſhould a woman be moſt deſired?*

A. Of that colour wherewith we paint vertue, which is red; but moſt men love the paler complexions.

Queſt. *Of whom have women learnt to ſtop their ears againſt love?*

A. Of the Serpent *Aſpis*, which is deaf and venemous.

Q. *Who enjoyes moſt pleaſure, the Bridegroom or the Bride when they embrace?*

A. The Bride, as you may perceive by her chearful looks the next morning.

Queſt. *The eyes of the Lady, have they ſuch force on their lover, as the beams of the Sun upon the things of the earth?*

A. Queſtionleſs they raiſe a ſpring of affection, if Love darts them.

Qu. *Falling into the hands of a pittileſs woman, is it better to abſent thy ſelf, or to have her continually before thy eyes?*

A. To get far enough from her.

Q. *What are the ordinances of love?*

A. That

A. That affections be equal, that between a Lover and his Mistris nothing be reveal'd.

Q. How is it that they which are dim sighted are most given to love?

A. Because they discern not the imperfections of the object so soon as others.

Q. Do Curtizans love, or do they seem to do so?

A. There have been many mad for love, some that have dyed for it.

Q. Is love the cause of good or evil?

A. Of good, it makes fools wise.

Q. Do you think that a woman, without prejudice to her honour, may spare a little of her chastity to one that hath served her a long time?

A. I dare not affirm the lawfulness of the act, or say, it is not without prejudice; but questionless she is in some respect to be excused, if she give him some ease that hath for a long time served her.

Q. Is it sufferable to falsifie faith in love?

A. Some hold it to be but a venial sin, because love is nourished with falshood and reason.

Q. Who is most jealous, the man or the woman? or which of them hath the most cause?

A. The woman is most jealous, but the man hath the greater cause; my reason I will for this time keep to my self.

Complemental and Amorous Poems.

Encomiums on the beauty of his Mistris.

BRighter than inside Barks of new hew'n Cedar;
Sweeter than flames of fire perfum'd with mirrh,
And comlier than the silver clouds that dance
On *Zephyrus* wings, before the Queen o'th' spring,

'Tis she doth teach those torches to burn bright;
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night,
As a rich Jewel in the Ethiops eare,
Beauty too rich for use, for love more dear:
So doth a snowy Dove trooping with Crows,
As this my Mistriss, o'r her fellow shows.
Since her whole bodies frame hath pow'r t' have moved
The chast *Hippolitus* for to have loved.
In sum, her parts are white as milk,
As smooth as Ivory, and as soft as silk.
O! who can her perfection tell,
In whom alone all graces dwell.

On her hair.

Her hairs reflex with red streaks paint the skies,
Stars fall to fetch fresh lustre from her eyes,
Whilst that those golden threds play with her breath
Shewing lifes triumph in the Map of death.

On her locks.

Her locks being platted like a piece of wool,
Are full of sweet, as sweet of sweets is full.

On her fore-head.

Her stately front was figured from above,
Majestick, fair, well polisht, high and pale,
Pure white, that dims the Lillies of the vale.

On her face.

Her face like *Cinthia*'s, when in the full she shineth.
And blushing to her love-mates bower declineth,
Such brightness hath her Angels face,
Can make a Sunshine in a shady place.

On the colour of her face.

Such colour hath her face, as when the Sun,
In Summer his first rising hath begun.

On her Eye-brows and Cheeks.

Each Eye-brow hangs like *Iris* in the skies,
On either cheek, a Rose and Lilly lies.

Another

Another on her eye-brows and breath.

Her bright browes drive the Sun to clouds beneath,
Sweet Morn and Evening dew falls from her breath:

On her eye-lids.

Her Arches be two heavenly lids,
Whose winks each bold attempt forbids.

On her eyes.

Her eyes the contradictors of the night,
Like Marigolds unsheath their glorious light.

Another on the same.

Two jetty sparks where *Cupid* chastly hides
His subtle shafts, that from his quiver glides,
Piercing the hearts of others; yet, they be
Unhappy, since themselves they cannot see.

On her smiles.

Her smiles so sweet and nice:
On earth do make a heavenly Paradise.

On her cheeks.

Her cheeks like ripened Lillies steep'd in Wine,
Or gorgeous Clouds upon the Suns decline.

Another on the same.

Her cheeks with kindly Claret spread,
Aurora-like, new out of bed.

On her nose and breath.

Her nose is straight, and of a stately frame,
Her breath a sweet perfume, a holy flame.

On her chin.

Her Crystal chin, like to the purest white,
Is loves pavilion, and the boyes delight.

On her ears.

On those Meanders if you gaze,
You soon will tread a lovers maze.

On her lips.

Her lips like Roses over-wash'd with dew,
Do by their breath their beauties still renew.

On her lips and neck.

Her lips more red than Coral-ſtone,
Her neck's more white than aged Swans that moan,
O! who thoſe ruddy lips can miſs,
Which, bleſſed ſtill, themſelves do kiſs?

On her mouth.

Sweet mouth, that ſend'ſt a muſick-roſied breath,
Whoſe very words darts me a living death.

On her mouth and teeth.

Within the compaſs of this hollow ſweet,
Thoſe orient ranks of ſilver pearls do meet.

On her breath.

She breaths forth flowers, ſhe makes the ſpring,
Perfumes the air, and comforts every thing.

On her tongue and words.

Her words do fall like Summers dews on me,
Her tongue ſtrikes muſicks ſweeteſt harmony.

On her teeth.

Her lips ne'r part, but that they ſhow
Of precious pearl a double row.

On her ſpeech.

In all her words ſuch virtues couched be,
The learned thence fetch their Philoſophy.

On her voice.

A voice which doth the Thruſhes ſhrilneſs ſtain,
And makes declining nature young again.

On her neck.

Her neck's an ivory ſhining tower,
Or like delight that doth it ſelf devour.

On her ſhoulders.

Theſe parching ſquares with ſilver skin,
Do paſs the hate-ſpot Ermaline.

On her arms.

Her twin-like arms, that ſtainleſs pair,
Fit for a Kings embraces are.

On

On her hands.

Her azured veins do uſe to ſtray,
With pretty *Cupids* every way:
Moiſt Pearl, warm Snow, ſmooth Ivory,
Within theſe ſtrange compacts do lie.

On her fingers.

Long, ſmall, and fit for *Orpheus* Lute,
Which made the ſavage Tygers mute.

On her actions.

Her deeds are like great cluſters of ripe Grapes,
Which load the branches of the fruitful Vine,
Offering to fall into each mouth that gapes,
And fill the ſame with ſtore of coſtly wine.

On her breaſts.

Her breaſts, thoſe Ivory globes, circled with blue,
Save of their Lord, no bearing yoke they knew.

On her paps.

Her Paps like two fair apples in their prime,
From thoſe bleſt ſweets Love ſucks his Summer-time.

On her good thoughts.

Her mindful breaſt perfumes with Frankincenſe
And ſweeteſt odors, every fainting ſenſe.

On her waſte and ribs.

Fitly ſo nam'd, ſince it doth waſte
Mens lives, untill it be imbrac'd:
Her ribs with white all armed be,
Compact with curious ſymmetry.

On her ſkin and fleſh.

Her lovely skin is white, like curds new preſt,
And ſnowy fleſh as ſoft as wool new dreſt.

On her navel.

Here love delights the wandring thought,
Whilſt that mine eyes aſtray are brought:
Since nature here would fain unite
In curious circles buſie ſight.

On

On her belly.

Moſt beauteous ſeal of Virgins wax,
Pitty 'tis the impreſſion lacks:
This place with ſenſe my joy doth fill,
Since 'tis entitled *Cupid's* hill:
From whence a ſeemly paſſage there doth flow,
To ſtranger pleaſures that are plac'd below.

On her womb.

Her maiden womb, the dwelling-houſe of pleaſure,
O bleſt is he may ſearch that ſecret treaſure.

On her Thighs.

Theſe are the ſubjects that do fit
The genius of an *Ovid's* wit;
Whoſe branches ſmooth as in the glaſs
Our Albions Cliffs in whiteneſs paſs.

On her knees.

Theſe knots of joy, and gems of love,
With motion makes all graces move.

On the calves of her legs.

Mark well how fair the fleſh doth riſe,
In her brave Calves like Cryſtal skies.

On the ſmall of her leg.

View but her *Atlas ſmalleſt ſmall*,
More white than whiteſt bone of all.

On her feet.

Her feet ſo ſhort, and ſlender, little, round,
On earth a finer pair cannot be found.

A taſte of his Miſtreſſes perfections.

She hath *Venus's* lip and eye,
With *Diana's* chaſtity,
In thoſe parts I have reveal'd,
Venus's beauty is expreſt;
Yet there are ſome parts conceal'd,
Which my fancy judgeth beſt.

The Concluſion.

Thus every part imparts a grace,
And beauty dwells in every place.

Lovers

Loves Month.

May is not loves month, *May* is full of Flowers,
But dropping *April*, Love is full of showers.

Definition of love.

Love is a friend, a fire, a Heaven, and hell,
Where pleasure, pain, and sad repentance dwell.

Love will out.

The light of hidden fire it self discovers;
And love that is conceal'd, bewrays poor Lovers.

On the parting of Lovers.

Lovers well wot what grief it is to part,
When 'twixt two bodies liveth but one heart:
And lovers say the heart hath double wrong,
When it is bar'd the assistance of the tongue.

On the constancy of affections.

Love well is said to be a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but in one breath.

Lovers Lottery.

The world's a Lottery, a Lovers prize
Is such a Girl that's fair, that's chast and wise.

The quality of love.

Love is a spirit, that's all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light and will aspire.

What love is.

Love is a golden bubble full of Dreams,
That waking breaks, and fills us with extreams.

Love delights to be alone.

Lovers best like to see themselves alone,
Or with their Lovers, if needs they must have one.

Vows of Lovers.

We know not how to love, till love unbind us,
And vows, made ignorantly, can never blind us.

On the purity of their affections.

Needs must *Venus* wars be sweet,
When two Maiden-Lovers meet,

Impossibility

Impossibility of concealing love.

The sight of hidden fire it self discovers,
And love that is conceal'd betrays poor Lovers.

On one sick with love.

Where *Venus* strikes with beauty to the quick,
Great are the cares of those that are Love-sick.

The Errors of Lovers.

All men do err, because that men they be,
And men with beauty blinded cannot see.

What love is.

Love is a subtile influence,
Whose smallest force still hangeth in suspence.

Love admits of no contrary arguments.

Love hates all arguments disputing still
For sense, 'gainst reason with a senseless will.

What love is.

Love is a blinded god, an angry boy,
A slave to beauties will, a witless toy:
A ravening bird, a tyrant most unjust,
A private hell, a very Sea of Lust.

Another definition of Love.

Love is a sowre delight, a sugred grief,
A breach of Reason's Law, a secret thief.
A living death, an ever-dying life,
A sea of tears, an everlasting strife:
A bait for fools, a scourge for noble wits,
A deadly wound, a shot which ever hits.

On sudden affection.

From hasty love see thou abstain,
'Tis lust, not love, that seeks thus to obtain.

The effects of love.

This is the least effect of *Cupids* dart,
To change the mind, by moulding of the heart.

Cruelty of love.

Love is not full of mercy, as men say,
But deaf and cruel, where he means to prey.

The parting of Lovers.

Love goes to love, as School-boyes from their books;
But love from love, toward School, with heavy looks.

A maxime of love.

'Tis folly, by our wiſeſt worldlings proved,
If not to gain by love, to be beloved.

Loves wounds.

One was the bow, one was the Dart,
That wounded us both to the heart:
Then ſince we both do feel one pain,
Let one love cure us both again.

The conſtancy of Lovers.

Once learn to love, the leſſon is moſt plain,
And being learn'd, is never loſt again.

The force of love.

Were beauty under twenty locks kept faſt,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at laſt.

Of Muſick and Love.

As without breath no pipe doth move:
No Muſick's kindly without Love.

A loving conjunction.

The day unto my hope doth now ſhine fair,
I and my love in love united are.

Love finds an opportunity.

When love hath knit two hearts in perfect unity,
They ſeldome fail to find an opportunity.

Offers of love not to be refuſed.

Occaſion's wing'd, and ever flyeth faſt,
Coming ſhe ſmiles, and frowns once being paſt.

Patience of Lovers.

One may endure; for when the pain is paſt,
Reward, though long it ſtay, yet comes at laſt.

Sorrows of lovers.

Sighs are the eaſe calamity affords,
Which ſerve for ſpeech when ſorrow wanteth words.

To his Mistress, on her expected humiliation from him for a rude kiss.

If that I must such penance do,
I'l bow unto no Saint but you.

On the teares of Lovers.

In sighs the Lover speaks his secret pains,
Tears are his Oratory, words do make him tremble,
Yet womens tears fall when they most dissemble.

On frozen affection.

There where the hearts Atturny once is mute,
The Client breaks, as desperate of his suit.

Of true and false love.

True love's a Saint, so shall you true-love know;
False love's a *Scythian*, yet a Saint in show.

Love breaks all silence.

What fish so dumb, what beast so dull of heart,
That hears love sing, and will not bear a part?

No business like that of love.

The fair, the false love can
Admit, all but the busie man:
He that hath business, and makes love, does do
Such wrong, as if a married man should woo.

The perseverance of a lover.

Desire being Pilot, and bright beauties prize,
Who can fear sinking where such treasure lies?

The beginning of love.

Fair beauty is the spark of hot desire,
And sparks in time will kindle to a fire.

On the lovers adversity.

As the Stars in darkest night,
So love by suffering shines more bright:
For, like unto a hidden flame,
It will at last break forth again.

On Lust.

Lust makes oblivion, beateth reason back,
Forgetteth shames pure blush, and honours wrack.

On

On Virginity.

The ripeſt Corn dies, if it be not reapt.
Beauty alone is loſt, too early kept.

A cruell Miſtriſs.

Nothing ſo ill becomes the fair,
As cruelty which yields unto no prayer.

On Coyneſs.

A way-ward beauty doth not fancy move,
A frown forbids, a ſmile engendreth love.

Another.

Fair words, and power-attractive beauty.
Brings men too wanton in ſubjective duty.

Another.

Hope and diſpair attend a Lover ſtill :
Hope for to ſave, deſpair for to kill.

On Jealouſie.

Where jealoſie in baſeſt minds doth dwell,
'Tis metal *Vulcan's* Cyclops ſent from Hell.

On Pleaſures.

Somthing muſt ſtill be left to cheer our ſin,
And give a touch of what ſhould not have been ;
To thoſe that know but pleaſures price,
All's one, a Priſon, or a Paradiſe.

On Chaſtity.

The unſtain'd vail, which Innocents adorn,
The ungathered Roſe defended with the thorn.

Another on the ſame.

Penelope in ſpending chaſte her dayes,
As worthy as *Ulyſſes* was of praiſe.

A chaſte vow.

To thee as conſtant as the Sun to day,
Till from this light night hurries me away.

Proteſtations of ſervice.

I have vow'd both love and duty,
To your vertue, and your beauty.

On

On the Court.

Thither let *Phœbus* Sons resort:
Where shines their Father, but in *Jove's* great Court?

On her delaying marriage.

Where hearts be knit, what helps if not to enjoy:
Delay breeds doubt, no cunning to be coy.

On his desires.

What can be said, that lovers cannot say?
Desire can make a Doctor in a day.

On hand and heart.

Heaven seals that faith that firmly stands,
And joyns our hands with hearts, our hearts with hands.

On misfortunes.

The man that still amidst misfortune stands,
Is sorrows slave, and bound in lasting bands.

On Fate.

They fall, which trust to fortunes fickle wheel,
But staid by virtue, men shall never reel.

On disdain.

In high disdain love is a base desire,
And *Cupids* flames is but a watry fire.

Proverbs on their Complexions, with their Expositions.

To the red man read thy read,
With a brown man break thy bread,
The one's wise, the other trusty;
At the pale man draw thy knife,
From a black man keep thy wife,
The ones peevish, the other lusty.

On the power of tears.

Tears tye the tongue of an excusers grudge,
And softs the rigor of the sterneſt Judge.

On Musick.

Musick can hardly solace human ears,
When strings are broke, and eyes are fil'd with tears.

On

On continued griefs.

Drops pierce the flint, not by their force or ſtrength,
But by oft falling wears it out at length.

On Marriage.

Maids do take more delight when they prepare.
And think of wives ſtates, than when wives they are.

On pleaſures and griefs.

Pleaſures like poſting guſts, make but ſmall ſtay,
When griefs bide long, and leave a ſcore to pay.

On youth.

Youth learns to change the courſe that he hath run,
When he percieves and knows what age hath done.

A merry Companion.

Like to the ſelf-inhabiting Snail,
Or like a Squirel pent-hous'd under his tail;
Even ſuch is my Miſtriſs face in a vail,
Or like a Carp that is loſt in a mudding,
Nay more, like to a black Pudding.
For as the pudding, the skin lies within,
So doth my Miſtriſs beauty in taffety gin.

On a fair one.

Beautie's a Begger, fie, it is too bad,
When in it ſelf ſufficiency is had;
It was not made to pleaſe the wandring eye,
But an attire t' adorn ſweet modeſty,
If modeſty and women once do ſever,
Farewel our fame, farewel our name for ever.

On his will.

It lies not in my power to love or hate,
For will in me is over-rul'd by fate.

On the loſs of Virginity.

Jewels being loſt, we find again, this never,
'Tis loſt but once, and once loſt, loſt for ever.

On women.

Let Wolves and Beaſts be cruell in their kinds;
But women meek, and have relenting minds.

On Coy Dames.

Hate and diſdain is painted in their eyes,
Deceit and Treaſon in their boſom lies.

Another.

Suppoſe thy Miſtriſs fled from thee,
as *Daphne* from *Apollo*.
Yet ſhe at laſt changed will be,
If thou the chaſe do follow.

On the unconſtancy of women.

They melt with words, as wax againſt the Sun,
So weak are many womens modeſties:
That what ſomtimes they moſt would ſeem to ſhield,
Another time, poor ſouls unask'd would yield.

Another on the ſame.

Women have tongues of craft, and hearts of guile,
They will, they will not, Hell is in their ſmile.

On Luſt.

Luſt never takes a joy in what is due,
But ſtill leaves known delights to ſeek out new.

On Virginity.

Like untun'd golden ſtrings fair women are,
Which lying long untouch'd, will harſhly jar.

Another.

Virginity's a Roſe, which from the ſtem,
All fain would gather, gathered they contemn.

On the modeſty of women.

Though men can cover crimes with their ſtern looks,
Poor womens faces are their own fault-books.

On womens tears.

A womans tears are falling ſtars at night,
No ſooner ſeen, but quickly out of ſight.

A Conſtant Woman.

Conſtant in love, who tries a womans mind,
Wealth, beauty, wit, and all in her doth find.

On the passions of a woman.

A womans passion doth the fire resemble,
Never alike, they sin if they dissemble.

A Lovers grief.

As if my self my own sad mourner were,
Down from mine eyes there stealeth forth a tear.

On the fading of beauty.

The fairest flowers of beauty fade away,
Like the fresh Lilly in the Sun-shine day.

Another on the same.

Fair flowers, that are not gathered in their prime,
Rot, and consume themselves in little time.

On the power of beauty.

The *Lybian* Lyons lose their sternest might,
If of a beauteous face they once get sight.

Women envy one anothers beauty.

It is a common rule, that women never
Love beauty in that sex, but envy't ever.

On a beauty cloyster'd up.

Things much retain'd do make us most desire them,
And beauties seldome seen make us admire them.

On beauty in mean attire.

It is decreed that features shall content,
And that true beauty needs no ornament.

On beauties not enjoyed.

Never were Cheeks of Roses, Locks of Amber,
Ordain'd to live imprison'd in a Chamber.

Beauties for the Court.

In vain our friends from this do us dehort,
For beauty will be where is most resort.

Beauties not to be confined.

Heaven made a beauty like her self to view,
Not to be lock'd up in a smoaky mew:
A Rosie tinctur'd feature is heavens gold,
Which all joy for to touch, all to behold.

On the excellency and power of beauty.

Beauty brings fancy to a dainty feaſt,
And makes a man, that elſe would be a beaſt.

A Rule.

Complain unto thy love with flattering art,
For gentle words do move the hardeſt heart.

The effects of beauty.

Beauty in heaven and earth this grace doth win,
It ſupples rigor, and it leſſens ſin.

To his coy Bride on the Bridal night.

Why art thou coy, my *Leda*? art not mine?
Hath not the holy *Hymenean* twine
Pow'r to contract our natures? Muſt I be
Still interpos'd with needleſs modeſty?
What though my former paſſions made me vow
You were an Angel, be a Mortal now.
The Bride-Maids are all vaniſh'd, and the crue
Of Virgin-Ladies that did wait on you,
Have left us to our ſelves, as loath to be
Injurious to our loving privacy:
Come then, undreſs, why bluſh you? prethee ſmile,
Faith, I'l diſrobe you; nay, I will not ſpoile
Your Neck-lace, or your Gorget: here's a pin
Pricks you, fair *Leda*; 'twere a cruel thing
Not to remove it. O! how many gates
Are to *Elizium*? yet the ſweeteſt ſtraits
That e're made Voyage happy: Here's a Lace
Methinks ſhould ſtifle you, it doth embrace
Your body too ſeverely: take a knife,
'Tis tedious to undo it, by my life
It ſhall be cut, and your Carnation Gown
Shall be pull'd off; Come, I muſt needs pull down
This Roſie Petticoat; why ſhould this cloud
Keep that light from me, that is now allow'd?
I'm privileg'd, appear to me in white;
'Tis like my innocent aim: what means this light?

Thou

Thou ſhalt be *Eve* i'th' Garden: We are alone,
Come let's to bed; why look you ſo? here's none
Sees you, but I; be quick, or by this hand
I'l lay you down my ſelf; in faith you ſtand
Too long i'th cold; why do you lie ſo far?
I'l follow you, diſtance ſhall never bar
My arms from your imbraces: ſo, 'tis well, and now
I'l let thy Virgin-purity know how
Kings propagate young Princes; marriage-beds
Never deſtroy, except be Maiden-heads:
Fair Virgins fairly wedded, do repair
Declining beauties in a proſperous heir.
Come then, let's kiſs, let us embrace each other,
Till we have found a Babe like to the Mother.
Such a waſt, breaſt, belly; ſweeteſt, why
Do you remove ſtill further? if thus ſhie,
You'l make me ſtrive, I think you know
I have a warrant for what I am to do,
And can commit no treſpaſs, therefore come,
And let us enter Loves *Elizium*.

A return of the lye to his Miſtriſs.

You ſay I lye, I ſay Not, judge you whether:
But if I needs muſt lye, let's lye together.

To his Miſtriſs.

I love, becauſe it comes to me by kind;
And much, becauſe it much delights my mind:
And thee, becauſe thou art within my heart:
And thee alone, becauſe of thy deſert.

A clownish Courtſhip.

Excellent Miſtriſs, brighter than the Moon,
Than ſcowred Pewter, or the ſilver Spoon;
Fairer than *Phœbus*, or the morning Star,
Dainty fine Miſtriſs, by my troth you are;
Thine eyes like Diamonds ſhine moſt clearly,
As I am an honeſt man, I love thee dearly.

Loves prime.

Dear love, do not your beauty wrong;
With thinking ſtill you are too young ;
The Roſie-lilly on your cheek
Doth flouriſh, and doth ripening ſeek;
Thoſe flaming beams ſhot from your eye,
Do ſhew loves Mid-ſummer is nigh;
Your Ivory lips, red, ſoft, and ſweet
Proclaim thoſe joyes lovers do meet.
Then loſe no time, for love hath wings
And flies away from aged things.

How to woo a Maid.

He that intends to woo a Maid,
With youthful heat muſt ſhun the ſhade ;
When *Flora's* Gardens are i'th' prime,
Let him and her pluck *May* and *Time* ;
There where the Sun doth ſhine, birds ſing,
Let them two both kiſs and fling ;
Till Summers faireſt Carpet ſpread,
Yields them a green and pleaſant bed ;
If lovers there would ſtrive together
Chaſtity would not weigh one feather.

On an incompatable kiſs.

Give me a kiſs from thoſe ſweet lips of thine,
And make it double by enjoying mine,
Another yet, nay yet, and yet another,
And let the firſt kiſs be the ſeconds brother;
Give me a thouſand kiſſes, and yet more,
And then repeat thoſe that have gone before ;
Let us begin whilſt day-light ſi r'ngs in heaven,
And kiſs till the Meridian's mask'd with th'Even.
And when the modeſt Secretary, night
Diſcovers all, but by thy flaming bright ;
We will begin revels of hidden love,
In that ſweet Orb, where ſilent pleaſures move,

In

On her Spitting.

Like the ſweet Gums that from Electar trees,
Diſtill, or hony of the labouring Bees;
Like morning dew, that in a pleaſant ſhower,
Drops pearls into the boſome of a flower:
Cupid with Acorn cups cloſe by her ſits,
To ſnatch away the Nectar that ſhe ſpits.

In praiſe of Sack.

Fill me a bowl of Sack with Roſes crown'd,
Fil't to the brim, I'l have my temples bound
With flowry chaplets, and this day permit
My Genius to be free and frolick it;
Let me drink deep, then fully warm'd with wine
I'le chant *Ben Johnſon*'s praiſe, that ev'ry line
Shall prove immortal, till my moiſtned quill
Melt into verſe, and Nectar-like diſtill:
I'm ſad or dull, till Bowls brim-fil'd infuſe
New life in me, new ſpirit in my Muſe:
But once reviv'd with Sack, pleaſing deſires
In my chil'd-blood, kindleth ſuch active fires,
That my gray hairs ſeem fled, my wrinkled face
Grown ſmouth as *Hebe*'s: youth and beauties grace,
To my ſhrunk veins freſh blood and ſpirits bring
VVarm as the ſummer, ſpiritful as the ſpring:
Then all the world is mine, *Cræſus* is poor
Compar'd with me; he is rich that asks no more;
And I in ſack have all which is to me,
My home, my life, health, wealth, and liberty.
Then have I conquered all, I boldly dare
My trophies with the Pelean youth compare.
Him I will equal, as his ſword, my pen,
My conquer'd world of cares, his world of men:
Then fill my bowl, if that I dye to morrow,
Killing cares to day, I have out-liv'd my ſorrow.

To the Painter and his Picture.

I could not write before; but when I ſaw
The quaint preſumer offering to draw
A piece beyond the richneſs of his Art,
I was as bold as he, and took't to heart:
For (if the Author fails not) Poets may
Dare with their Pens, as with their Pencils they;
Lord, how the Painter look'd! her face he ſpies,
And her fair face does make his colour riſe:
He was amaz'd at firſt, when every part
Advanc'd by Nature, and not help'd by Art,
Came out to view him, as he thought, and ſhow
How he and's piece muſt to the pattern owe.
He queſtions miſpent time, and ſwears he had
Great injury when he firſt learn'd the trade;
For had he ſeen you then, and known you too,
His ſervice had been prentice unto you:
To you in whoſe moſt perfect figure ſhine,
What Painters call moſt rare, Poets divine.
Now let me tell thee truly, what *I* ſee;
Thou mak'ſt the Picture, and the piece makes thee.
'Tis true, thou doſt it well, for I have ſeen
Thee, when th'aſt often lim'd our beauties Queen,
Not to have ſhewn ſuch curious Workmanſhip,
Either in eye, or brow, or cheek, or lip:
Thou doſt it well, *I* ſay, but yet, good Sir,
Allow moſt credit of the work to her:
Did not ſhe ſhew thee, when ſhe ſweetly ſmil'd,
How to paint *Venus*, ſending of her child
About Loves powerfull errand; one may know
By th'caſt o'th eye to whom her heart doth go,

On two Lovers playing for kiſſes.

My love and *I* for kiſſes plaid,
She would keep ſtakes *I* was content,
But when *I* won ſhe would have paid
this made me ask her what ſhe meant.

Prethee

Prethee since I see (quoth she) your wrangling vein,
Take your own kisses, give me mine again.

On a Mistress, too learned for him.

One proffer'd me a Wife, was fair and young,
Who had the *French*, *Dutch*, and the *Latin* tongue.
I thanked him: but I will have none such,
For I think one tongue for a Wife too much.
Why, love you not the learn'd? Yes, as my life,
A learned Scholar, not a learned Wife.

On his Mistress, sick of a Calenture.

And must she languish, and we sorrow thus,
And no kind god help her, or pity us?
Is Justice fled from heav'n? Can she permit
A foul deformed Ravisher to sit
Upon her Virgin cheeks, and pull from thence
The Rose-buds in their Maiden-excellence?
To spread cold paleness in her lips, and chase
The frighted Rubies from their native place,
To lick up with his scorching flames a floud
Of dissolv'd Coral running in her bloud;
And with the damps of his infectious breath,
Print in her brow moist characters of death?
Must the clear light 'gainst course of nature cease
In her fair lips, and yet the flames encrease?
Must favours shake this golden tree, and all
The ripe fruit from her faireſt branches fall;
Which Princes have desir'd to taste? must she
Who hath preserv'd her spotless chastity
From every mans aspersion, now at last
By Ague, and Diseases be imbrac't?
Forbid it, holy gods, or else who shall
Pay Vows, or let a drop of incense fall
At your neglected Altars, if you bless
No better this your zealous Votaress?
Hast thou O Maiden Goddess, to her aid applied,
And let not thy saving medicines be deny'd?

O rock her fainting body in thine armes;
Then let the god of muſick with ſtill charmes,
Her reſtful eyes in peaceful ſlumber cloſe,
And with ſoft ſtrains ſweeten her calm repoſe.
Cupid deſcend, and whilſt *Apollo* ſings,
The cool air fanning with thy gentle wings,
Ever relieve her with refreſhing wind,
And let thy mother with her treſſes bind
Her labouring temples, with whoſe balmy ſweat
She ſhall perfume her hairy coronet,
Whoſe precious drops ſhall upon every fold,
Hang like rich pearls upon a chain of gold:
Her leſſer locks, as they embroidered lye,
Shall ſpread themſelves into a Canopy;
Under whoſe ſhadow let her reſt ſecure
From chilling cold, and from a Calenture;
And if ſhe freeze with Ice of chaſte deſires,
O holy *Hymen* kindle nuptial fires.
And when at laſt death comes to pierce her heart,
Convey into his hands the golden dart.

On Love.

How ſhall I do to be reveng'd on Love?
There is but one way that I dare approve;
I'le ſteal his arrows, and I'le head them new
With womens hearts, and then they'l ne'r flye true.

A Lover on the day-break.

Wherefore peep'ſt thou, envious day?
We can kiſs without thee;
Lovers hate the golden ray
That thou bear'ſt about thee.
Go and give them light that ſorrow,
And to Saylor's flying,
Our imbraces need no morrow,
Nor our pleaſures eying.

On Maids.

When *Phœbus* firſt did *Daphne* love,
And could no way her fancy move,
He crav'd the cauſe; The cauſe, ſaid ſhe,
Is, I have vow'd Virginity,
Then *Phœbus* raged ſore, and ſaid,
Paſt fifteen none ſhould dye a Maid.
If Maidens then chance to be ſped
E'r they can ſcarcely dreſs their head;
Yet blame them not, for they are loath
To make *Apollo* break his oath:
For better were a child unborn,
Than that a god ſhould be forſworn.
Yet ſilly they, when all is done
Complain mens wills have their hearts won:
When 'tis for fear, leſt they ſhould be,
Like *Daphne* turn'd into a tree,
And who would ſo her ſelf abuſe,
To be a tree, if ſhe could chuſe!

To a Gentlewoman.

In your fair cheeks two pits doth lye,
To bury thoſe ſlain by your eye;
Then this at length doth comfort me,
That fairly buried I ſhall be:
My grave with Roſe and Lillies ſpread,
Methinks 'tis life for to be dead.
Come then and kill me with your eye,
For if you let me live, I dye.
When I behold your lips again
Recover thoſe your eys have ſlain
With kiſſes, like that Baſſom pure,
Deep wounds ſo ſoon as made, can cure.
Methinks 'tis ſickneſs to be ſound,
And there's no health like ſuch a wound:
Come and kill me with your eye,
For if you let me live, I dye.

When in your boſome I behold
Two hills of ſnow, yet never cold:
And Lovers whom your beauty kills,
Reviv'd by climbing up thoſe hills:
Methinks there's life in ſuch a death,
That gives new hopes of future breath.
Come then and kill me with your eye,
For if you let me live, I dye.
Then ſure one death prevails not, where
So many Antidotes are near;
And your bright eyes do but in vain
Kill him whoſe life you do ſuſtain:
That I no more ſuch deaths ſurvive,
Your way's to bury me alive
In place unknown, ſeeing that I
Can dying live, and living dye.

On Women.

Women are dainty veſſels fine,
Both tender, neat and ſoft,
They muſt be ſometimes born withal,
Since they do bear ſo oft.

Againſt proud Women.

Breath of *Pandora*'s box, thou female ſex,
Sent to the world to plague it, and to vex
Poor Lovers: O that it had been ſo,
That man without thee might be man, we owe
His birth to thee; but as of trees we ſee
A skilful Gardiner plant a Colony
Without an aid, and alſo here a Date
Unto a Peach-tree doth enoculate,
And there adopt into a Crab-tree ſtock
The mellow Pippin, and the Apricock;
That from one branch, with wonder you may reach
A Plumb, a Cherry, and a velvet Peach.
Or as the Phœnix in her funeral-flame,
Springs from her aſhes, and returns the ſame;

Who

Who whilſt ſhe make her cradle in her tomb,
Her birth ſhe owes not to the female womb;
But boaſt not, weaker ſex, that thou bear'ſt them,
That like a Lilly from a baſer ſtem,
Or like a Roſe pluckt from a ſpiny thorn,
Is honour'd, when the ſtalk is left in ſcorn;
So ſang and wept *Philander* as he ſate,
Bewailing to the woods his cruel fate,
And *Phillis* tyranny: a cryſtal ſtream
Flow'd from his eyes, each pearly drop a theam
Of ſorrow, whilſt the birds with tuned wing
Sate liſt'ning round about to hear him ſing
The ſtories of his love, on every buſh
The Linnet ſate, the Nightingale or Thruſh,
The Hare, the Ape, the Cony and the Goat,
The Doe, the Fox ſtood wondring at his note;
Fountains wept tears, the Eccho wrought this Song,
The Rocks, the Brooks that run along,
Wiſh'd to be glas'd to Cryſtal, and to ſtay,
To hear him tune his grief to *Phillis* ay;
Who whilſt he ſate and mourn'd, and ſung and wept,
Rockt with the murmur of a River, ſlept.

On a Shepherdeſs dying for love.

Chloris ſate, and ſitting ſlept;
Sleeping ſigh'd, and ſighing wept;
Sate, ſigh'd, ſlept, and wept again
For *Amyntas* that was ſlain:
Oh had you ſeen his face (quoth ſhe)
How fair, how full of Majeſty.
And then ſhe ſlept,
And then ſhe cry'd,
Amyntas twice,
And then ſhe died.

On a Gentleman, dying preſently after his Miſtreſs.

She firſt deceaſed, he liv'd, and tryed
To live without her, lik'd it not, and died.

On the praiſe of his Miſtreſſe.

What would any man deſire ?
Is he cold ? then ſhe's a fire :
Is he hot ? ſhe'll gently ſchool him,
Till he find that ſhe doth cool him :
Is he ſad ? then ſhe's a pleaſure ;
Is he poor ? then ſhe's a treaſure.
Loves he muſick ? here's the choice
Of all ſweet ſounds in her ſweet voice.
Doth he hunger ? ſhe's a feaſt
Whereat a god may be a gueſt ;
To taſte Viands if he thirſt,
She's Nectar for him ; ſince the firſt
Of men that was for ſin a debter,
Never any taſted better :
Here's all compleat, from head to heel,
To hear, to taſte, to ſmell or feel.

On his Miſtreß.

My Miſtreſs is a Tennis-ball,
Compos'd of Leather fine:
Full oft ſhe's ſtrucken to the wall,
But ſtrucken under-line.
He that will win my Miſtris will,
Muſt ſtrike her in the hazzard ſtill.
My Miſtris is a Tinder-box,
Would I had ſuch a one ;
Her ſteel endureth many knocks
Being ſtruck againſt the ſtone.
But if you ſtrike the tinder much,
The match will fire without a touch.

Clarinda.

Poor credulous and ſimple Maid,
By what ſtrange wiles art thou betray'd ?
A treaſure thou haſt loſt to day,
For which thou canſt no ranſome pay.

How

How black art thou transform'd with ſin?
How ſtrange a guilt gnaws me within?
Grief will convert this red to pale,
When every Wake and Whitſon-ale
Will talk my ſhame; break, break, ſad heart,
There is no medicine for my ſmart;
No herb nor balm can cure my ſorrow,
Unleſs you meet again to morrow.

On Women.

All you that Women love,
and like the amorous trade,
Come learn of me what women are,
and whereof they are made.
Their head is made of Raſh,
their tongue is made of Say:
Their love like ſilk, ſilk changeable,
that laſteth for a day.
Their wit mockado is,
of durance is their hate;
The food they feed on moſt is Carp,
their gaming is check-mate:
Their pride doth ſpring from Satan,
their vanity is a feather,
Their beauty is, Stand further off,
their conſcience is of leather.

On his Miſtreſſe being let blood.

Fools, that believe that clearer blood
will forth thoſe purple channels flow;
Or that thy pure unſtained blood
can any ſoul-diſtemper know;
Or that thy weak ſteel can inciſe
that cryſtal caſe wherein it lies:
Know that her blood doth proudly beat
a dance quite through her azure veins;
Whoſe harmony no cold nor heat
diſturbs, whoſe hue no tincture ſtains,

And the hard Rock wherein it dwells,
the keeneſt dart of love expels.
But thou reply'ſt, behold ſhe bleeds,
thou art deceiv'd, and doſt not know
The muſick knot whence it proceeds:
how Lovers in each others grow.
Thou ſtrik'ſt her arme, but 'twas my heart
ſhed all the bloud, felt all the ſmart

Lack-wits *Ironical praiſe of his Miſtreſs.*
Her hairs they are but thin, in all but three;
O curious hair, as big as wheaten ſtraw;
Her noſe ſurmounts three inches in degree,
In ſhape and colour like a Lobſters claw:
Her lips like two blew Figs, of liquoriſh kiſſing,
Her teeth like ranks of clouds, O double bleſſing,
Her forehead flat, pleited with lovely folds,
Her eys like ſnuffs of candles prick and beck,
Her paps like globes, which up her belly holds,
As *Atlas* doth the Heavens on his neck;
Her fingers ſhort, yet fat, piec'd out with nails.
No waſte at all, her body is ſo ſquare;
Her girdle may in any place be found,
Her legs like arms, her feet ſo broad they are
Like two Colloſſes, fixed on the ground.
But what may not be nam'd, I here omit,
So large a mark, that who ſo ſhoots may hit.

On Muſick.
When whiſpring ſtreams with pleaſing wind,
Diſtil ſoft paſſions through the heart,
And whilſt at every ſtrain we find
Our pulſes beat and bear a part:
When threats do make,
Our hearts to quake.
Philoſophers can ſcarce deny,
Our ſouls conſiſt of harmony.

When

When unto Heaven joyes we fain,
Whate're the ſoul affecteth moſt;
Which only thus we can explain
By muſick of the winged hoſt,
Whoſe layes we think,
Make ſtars to wink,
Philoſophy can ſcarce deny,
Our ſouls conſiſt of harmony.
O lull me, lull me, charming air,
My ſenſes rock with muſick ſweet,
Like ſnow on wool thy fallings are,
Soft like ſpirits are thy feet.
Grief who needs fear,
That hath an ear,
Down let him lie,
And ſlumbering die,
And change his ſoul for harmony.

To her Suiter that would have lain with her before marriage, ſhe being too young.

FOnd Lunatick forbear, why didſt thou ſue
For my affections, e're Nature had her due:
Lovers fruits are legal uſe, and therefore may
Be only taken on the marriage-day;
Who for ſuch intereſts do too early call,
By that exaction loſe their principal;
Then gather not theſe immature delights,
Before their riper autumn thee invites:
He that abortive corn cuts from his ground,
No husband, but a raviſher is found;
And he that reaps his own, before he's wed,
Whores a chaſte Wife, and cuckolds his own bed.

A Lovers reſolution.

Purſue no more (my thoughts) thou falſe, unkind,
Thou maiſt as well impriſon the North-wind,
Or catch the lightning as it leaps, or reach
The leading billows, firſt run down a breach;

Or undertake the flying cloud to track;
In the same path they yesterday caus'd a wrack.
My love's a torch turn'd downward, and the same
Desire that nourisht it, put out the flame:
And thus I do divorce thee from my breast,
False in thy Vows, and traitresse to my rest.
Henceforth all tears shall be, though thou repent,
A pardon after execution sent:
For ever shalt thou my loves story read,
But as some Epitaph on one that's dead;
So may my hope on future blisses dwell,
This is my firm resolve, my last farewel.

A Health.

To her whose beauty doth excell
Story, we toss these Cups, and fill
Sobriety a sacrifice,
To the bright lustre of her eys,
Each soul that sips here is divine,
Her beauty deifies the Wine.

On an ignorant Lover.

Clarinda, the beauty of whose splendent rays
Gain'd heav'ns high wonder, and the earths best praise,
Then *Thyrsis* met, who fair and lovely too,
Did like her well, but knew not how to woo;
They arm in arm into the garden walk'd,
Where endless riddles they together talk'd;
Her speech and actions wisely had an end,
Yet knew not whereunto they did intend:
She griev'd to see his youth no better taught.
To gather him a Posie he her besought;
With that her light green Gown she up tuckt,
And *May* for her, and *Time* for him she pluckt;
Which when she brought, he took her by the middle
And kist her, but he could not read the riddle:
Go fool, quoth she, and thus burst into laughter,
Blusht, ran away, and scorn'd him ever after.

On

On Clarinda's *lips and eyes.*

In *Clarinda*'s face a queſtion did ariſe,
Which were moſt beautiful, her lips or eys,
We ſay the eys ſend forth thoſe pointed darts,
Which wound the hardeſt adamantine hearts:
But from her lips withal proceed thoſe bliſſes
Which lovers reap by kind words, and by kiſſes,
Then wept her eys, and from thoſe eys did pour
Of liquid oriental pearls a ſhower;
Where at her lips mov'd with delight and pleaſure,
Through a ſweet ſmell unlockt her Ivory treaſure,
And bid love judge, whether did add more grace,
Weeping, or ſmiling, to *Clarinda*'s face.

Senſe.

Like to the ſilent tone of unſpoke ſpeeches
Or like a Lobſter clad in Logick breeches,
Or like the gray fleece of a crimſon Cat,
Or like the Moon-calf in a ſlip-ſhooe hat,
Or like the ſhadow when the Sun is gone,
Or like a thought that ne'r was thought upon;
Even ſuch is man, who never was begotten,
Until his children were both dead and rotten.
Like to the Ivory touch-ſtone of a Cabbage
Or like a Crab-louſe with his bag and baggage,
Or like the four-ſquare circle of a Ring,
Or like the hey ding ding a ding ding,
Or like the brainleſs brains of a butter'd fiſh,
Or like the garbage of a quaffing diſh.
Even ſuch is man, who without doubt,
Spoke to ſmall purpoſe when his tongue was out.
Like the freſh fading withered Roſe,
Or like the Rythm and Verſe that runs in Proſe,
Or like the humbles of a Tinder-box,
Or like a man that's ſound and hath the Pox.
Or like a Hob-nail rogue in ſingle pence,
Leſt it ſhould want its preterperfect tenſe,

Even ſuch is man, who dy'd, and then did laugh,
To ſee theſe ſtrange lines on his Epitaph.

De origine Mulieris.

Man went to bed, and in a drunken fit,
He got this ſecond child, the female Chit:
He pranckt it up with farthingales and busks,
Pouderings, perfumes, with paintings and with musks;
With ſhaperoons, Rebatoes, and with wyres,
With Dutch, Italian, Spaniſh, French attires:
Thus was it born and bred; this puppet Baby,
Is the ſame thing we now do call my Lady.

Upon a Kiſs.

AMong the fancies tell me this
What is the thing we call a Kiſs?
I ſhall reſolve you what it is.

2.

It is a creature born and bred
Betwixt the lips, all cherry red,
By love and warm deſires fed,
And makes more ſoft the Bridal-bed.

3.

It is an active flame that flies
Firſt to the babies of the eyes,
And charms it there with lullabies,
And ſtills the Bride too, when ſhe cries.

4.

Then to the cheek, the chin, the ear,
It friſks and flies, now here, now there;
'Tis now far off, and now 'tis near,
And here, and there, and every where.

5.

Hath it a noiſing virtue? yes,
How ſpeaks it? ſay, do you but this,
Part your joyn'd lips, then ſpeak your kiſs,
And this loves ſweeteſt language is.

6. Hath

6.

Hath it a body? yes, and wings,
With thousand more in colourings.
And as it flies it gently sings,
Love honey yields, but never stings.

To the Green-sickness.

Stay coward blood, and do not yield
To thy pale sister, beauties field,
Who there displaying round her white
Ensigns, hath usurp'd thy right,
Invading thy peculiar throne,
The lip, where thou should'st rule alone,
And on the cheek (where natures care
Allotted each an equal share.)
Her spreading Lilly only grows,
Whose milky deluge drowns the Rose.
Quit not the field, faint blood, nor rush
In the short sally of a blush,
Upon thy sister-foe, but strive
To keep an endless war alive.
Though Peace do petty States maintain,
Here War alone makes beauty reign.

Seeing her face in the water.

STand still ye streams, do not deface
that Image which you bear;
So Votaries from every place,
to you shall Altars rear.

2.

No wind but Lovers sighs draw nigh
to trouble these glad streams,
On which no stars nor the worlds eye
did ever dart such beams.

3.

To Crystal then in haste congeal,
lest thou should'st lose thy bliss;
And to my cruel shame reveal
how hard, how cool she is.

4. But

4.

But if the curious Nymphs ſhall fear
  Their beauties will be ſcorned:
And hide the ruder wines to tear
  That face with thee adorned.

5.

Then rage and foam amain, that we
  Their malice may deſpiſe;
When from the froth we ſoon ſhall ſee
  A ſecond *Venus* riſe.

Upon a Lady that wore in her Breaſt a wounded heart carved in a precious ſtone.

1.

WHen on my *Cælia* I did ſpy
  A wounded heart of ſtone,
The wound had almoſt made me cry
  That heart was ſure mine own;
But when I ſaw it came inthron'd,
  In her celeſtial breſt,
O! it no longer then I own'd:
  For mine was ne'r ſo bleſt.

2.

Yet in higheſt heavens doth ſhine,
  Each conſtant Martyrs heart;
She then may well make room for mine,
  Which for her ſake doth ſmart,
Where ſeated in ſo high a bliſſe,
  Though wounded yet ſhall live;
Death enters not in Paradiſe,
  That place true light doth give.

3.

Yet if the place leſs ſacred were
  Did but her ſaving eye
Barh my deep heart in one kind tear,
  Then would I never die.
Sleight Balms may cure a ſlighter force.
  No medicine but divine

Can

Can ever hope for to reſtore,
A wounded heart like mine.

Upon flowers in his Miſtreſſes boſome,

YOu fragrant flowers, tranſported from the earth,
Where firſt you grew, into this ſecond birth;
Render your odours, as my ſacrifice
To her whom *Cupid* offered up his eys.
Who having view'd the beſt of *Cupids* ſtore,
Burnt out his eyes, and vow'd to ſee no more;
Becauſe the like elſewhere could not be ſeen,
In Milk-maid, Lady, Fairy, Nymph or Queen.
Repine not then to wither in thoſe plains,
Adorn'd with Ivory mounts, and azure veins,
Where *Cupid* of his Altar made a Grave,
And *Venus* would her ſacrifices have.
O happy Altar, O more happy ſhrine,
Moſt bleſſed tomb, I would it had been mine!

Complemental and amorous Letters.

1. *A Letter to renew Affection.*

ALthough I am aſſur'd, I cannot die
In your remembrance, yet I fear leſt I
Am like a picture veiled from the light,
And ſo can yield no pleaſures by the ſight.
Letters are *Cupids* bellows, that do blow
Lovers affections until they do grow
Into a flame; thoſe do let lovers find
The abſent bodies pleaſures by the mind.
O let me then within your thought revive,
And though we are far diſtant, let us ſtrive
To meet in ſoul; let love convey me to you,
But in a dream, that I may ſit and woo you,

Till

Till I do meet again by Fates direction,
With you the Mistris of my hearts affection.

2. *A Letter to perswade one to be constant.*

COnstant love and vertue are
In their qualities alike;
Both in darkest nights shine fair,
Like to stars which shoot and strike
Through the skies; so love will be
Most known in sad adversity.
Therefore (fair one) keep still one mind;
To instruct the world how for to love,
Though nature doth new changes find,
Like a Centre never move.
But while misfortunes do run round
About thee, be thou constant found.
Love's like a sacred flame,
Which quench'd can hardly be renewed.
'Tis evermore the same:
Then let thy constancy be shewed;
Vertue sits upon a square,
And constant friends still constant are.
Remember all our oaths and vows,
The bonds which I on thy lips sealed,
Heaven no perjury allows,
False hearts shall be at length revealed.
Though place and time our hearts divide,
They in a true-lovers knot are ty'd.

3. *A Letter to a Maid, from one that expected no portion.*

IT is your beauty, fairest, not the wealth
Your father means to give you, but your self
That I do court: you have a stock of beauty,
Which doth exact from me most humble duty.
You have a smiling eye, whose brighter beams,
Excel the glistering sands of *Tagus* streams.

You

You have a moiſt, ſmooth, tempting cherry lip:
From whence great *Jove* himſelf may Nectar ſip:
Such a freſh colour in your cheeks is ſpred,
That Roſes bluſh for anger, yet look dead,
To ſee themſelves excell'd; white Lillies grow
High-colour'd, to think Nature ſhould beſtow
Such beauties on you, with which to compare,
Flora's bright luſtres but ecclipſed are.
Since thy ſweet cheeks are but by theſe ſet forth,
This pale, that bluſhing at thy admired worth.
A brow ſo h'gh, ſo fair, thence day doth break,
When you do wake, and when you pleaſe to ſpeak,
The ſpheres ſtand ſtill, liſt'ning to hear
Thy voices harmony, ſo ſweet, ſo clear,
That they do mend the tunes thereby,
To bear with thee a ſympathy.
Let wretched Miſers then their treaſures lock
Within their Cheſts; I love thee in thy ſmock.
Nay, wert thou wrapped in a Linnen Blanket,
Thy naked ſelf could all my ſenſes banquet;
Which to confirm, let but thy love be mine,
Here's heart and hand to witneſs, I am thine.

4. *A Letter to excuſe the not viſiting of a friend, at ones departure out of Town.*

GOod Sir, aſcribe not this my forc'd neglect
Of viſit, unto want of due reſpect:
But to the violence of my affairs,
That do tranſport me hence to meet with cares,
And make me moſt unfortunate to be
Deprived of your happy company.
But in my abſence think I do remain
Your ſervant, till I do return again.

Yours I. G.

5. *To a Sweet-heart abſent in the Countrey.*

THe Country now is happier than the City,
Injoying thy ſweet face which is ſo pritty,

That

That hob-nail fellows ſtaring do gaze on thee,
As if thou were ſome new-come Deity:
Methinks I ſee thee look beneath a hat,
Moſt ſweet and lovely, and thou askeſt what
In market is the price of this and that,
Then tripping home, thou ſteppeſt o're each ſtile,
Which makes my fancy in conceit to ſmile.
O ſtill, think I, thou wert in happy eaſe,
If thou either hadſt my eys, or I thy place:
Then being come home, put'ſt off thy clothes again,
And mak'ſt thy bed moſt happy to contain,
Thy pretty limbs, and then I wiſh to be
Your bed-fellow, to bear you company.
Farewel my ſweeteſt, and my lovelieſt Laſs,
That do'ſt in features Ladies far ſurpaſs.

6. A complemental Letter ſent to a Lady.

MAdam, ſince that you are both great and good,
More noble by your vertues than your blood;
Whoſe titles only are the badge and ſeal
Of th' ſouls worth, which affections beſt reveal.
Pardon the high ambition of my love,
That ſcorning meaner objects, or to move
In an inferiour, or below the ſphere.
Where fair reſplendent *Venus* ſhines moſt clear,
Doth thus advance, and raiſe it ſelf, to find
Beauty and vertue both in one conjoyn'd:
And ſince that my affection ſtands thus fair,
Built on a noble ground, and on the ſquare
Of vertue, this alone implyes, I am
No dung-hill born, but a true Gentleman;
For never can a narrow mind poſſeſt
With the opinion that low thoughts are beſt,
And eaſie in obtaining hope to mount
His love unto an object of account.
Man doth not frame his own mind, nor compoſe
Thoſe ſoft affections which from beauty flowes.

Love

Love hath no golden arrow, but the beams
Shot from your eys, the which the fond boy means
To shoot at Rovers, and since it chanc'd that I
Stood in the way, whil'ſt that his shafts did flye:
Sweet Lady look upon my wounded heart,
For Ladies heretofore by Phyſicks Art
Did heal thoſe Pilgrims, whom Religion drew
To take great journeys, holy Saints to view:
This ſuperſtition made the world a Baby,
But I am confident in you, fair Lady,
That you can hear my prayers, and alſo cure
The wounds of love, whoſe tortures I endure:
Then ſince that you can bear my juſt complaint,
I'le be a Pilgrim to no other Saint.

A Letter to a Gentlewoman on a ſigh.

FAireſt, you deſire to know,
Why I ſo often ſigh, Hi, ho;
It is not to cool Loves his fire,
Evey ſigh doth raiſe it higher.
Nor is it to blow up my flame,
Thereby to encreaſe my pain:
But to ſhew the reaſon better,
In my ſigh mark every letter.
The firſt *H.* ſtands for your hard heart,
The *I.* ſtands for your eye, my ſmart;
The other *H.* my heart doth ſhow,
The *O.* the vowel, is your No,
Thus your hard heart, and beauteous eye,
And no, which doth my ſuit deny,
Are the cauſe, why I do break
My heart with ſighs, which only ſpeak
In a language known to me,
Thus interpreted to be.
And now you know the reaſon why
I do ſo often, Hi, ho, cry.

8. *A Letter to excuſe the abrupt taking of a Kiſs.*

IF that I did offend, and do amiſs,
In forcing from you a conſtrained Kiſſe,
Pardon my love, that thus did think to plead,
And in my own behalf did intercede;
Which if it hath offended, at the Bar
Of mercy Kiſſes to be pardoned are.
Faireſt, with others let your creature ſue,
Entreat and beg, that you would mercy ſhew;
And whilſt my Kiſſes beg, happy were I,
If I might but ſo rich a begger die.

9. *A Letter to requeſt a courteſie.*

THe knowledge of your vertue makes me bold
Upon your favour, thus for to unfold
My own deſires, in hope you will be free,
In granting of an honeſt courteſie;
Since the requeſt which is made to a friend,
Should have a juſt aim, at a noble end.
Such is my ſuit, for I ſhould bluſh to own
A thought, which being to my ſelf made known,
Should move his anger; therefore let me find
A true expreſſion of your generous mind,
Adding this courteſie to many more,
Till back again I can the like reſtore.

10. *A Letter to a beautiful Gentlewoman, that was reſolved to live and die a Maid.*

ARe you ſo young, ſo handſome, and ſo pritty,
And yet reſolve to die a Maid? 'tis pity.
Nature did give you beauty, not to ſhow
Unto the world, but that you might beſtow
It on ſome others, and raiſe up your like.
Hath *Cupid* not one arrow left to ſtrike
Your gentle boſome, or elſe will you dwell
Within a Nunnery, or a Hermits Cell,
And there for want of natures recreation,
Commit ſin by a wanton ſpeculation?

Look on the Pelican, and Turtle Dove,
They both are mild and chaſte, yet both do love;
Look on the Eglantine and Woodbine-tree,
Circling the Elm, and ſuch a Maid ſhould be;
Who ſhould with ſweet embraces gently wind
About her lover, while he proves as kind,
And doth faſt hold her in his loving arms,
Whilſt true affection both their ſoft hearts warms:
Then do not prove an enemy to nature,
But place your love on me, divineſt creature;
That I being come into the pleaſant fields
Of love, may reap the harveſt that love yields;
For if to love you live not, you are dead,
Then live, and love, and loſe your Maiden-head.

11. *A Letter to a Gentlewoman in excuſe of long abſence.*

MY unkind fate deſerveth blame, not I,
In robbing me of your beſt company;
And thus my thoughts ſeem to ſuggeſt, and ſay,
Write not to me, but come your ſelf away.
O could you fancy by imagination,
The ſorrow I ſuſtain in contemplation
Of my long abſence; how I ſigh and groan,
And oftentimes do play upon the Drone
Of a Tobacco-pipe, to refreſh my wits,
When they are in ſad diſcontented fits,
You would then pardon me, who now do live
Forlorn in ſorrow, and do ſigh and grieve,
To think on you, whoſe preſence I deſire,
And burn the more, the further from the fire;
As flowers in winter hide their drooping head,
And all their beauties are quite vaniſhed;
When the bright Sun withdraws his warmer light,
And leaves the world deprived of his ſight:
So I, like to a flower upon the ſtalk,
Wither, whilſt I in diſcontent do walk,

Wanting

Wanting thoſe beams of comfort, which proceed
From your fair eyes, that do both warm and feed
My cold diſtreſſed heart, for how can I
But droop, deprived of your company?
I have no eſſence now, for I did hold
My life from you; I gave away and ſold
My ſelf unto your ſervice, ſtill to be
Your conſtant Martyr, and your Votary;
And though I muſt be abſent ſome few hours,
Yet know, dear love, my heart is ſealed yours.

12. *A Complemental Letter.*

HEaven bleſs my love, in whoſe ſweet favour
I deſire alone to thrive.
Let fickle minds ſeek change and waver;
To be conſtant I will ſtrive:
Yours I am, and have no thought
That can reach beyond my love,
But down to you 'tis quickly brought,
From heaven below, to heaven above;
You are my heaven here of content,
Whither my thoughts do now aſpire,
This life is but a kind of baniſhment,
Till I enjoy my hearts deſire.
Therefore befo e my winged ſoul hence flyes,
Let this one comfort unto you be given,
That in the ſphere of love our ſouls may meet,
And both together take their flight to heaven.

13. *A Maids Letter, fearing a growing ſhame.*

BLame not a Maid, if ſhe doth thus diſcover,
What ſhe doth bluſh to tell her faithleſs lover.
I know I urge but an unhappy ſuit:
Who loves the tree, when he hath got the fruit?
Yet think upon your vows, and falſe temptation,
Let former love move your commiſeration:
This paper will not bluſh, while it doth tell,
That former pleaſures now make ſorrows ſwell.

You

You have enough undone me, do not be
For too much kindneſs cruel unto me,
Think of the ſtory of the Trojan Queen,
In whom my picture may be lively ſeen.
For when that ſhe had made her ſelf the feaſt,
To entertain *Æneas* her falſe gueſt;
He hoiſted up his ſails, and ne'r would view
The royal Queen, whom his unkindneſs ſlew.
Poor ſilly maid, deceiv'd by your temptation,
I was o'recome, our ſtories have relation.
I do entreat you then, if you would have
A happy life, and find a quiet grave,
That you would view me, not as in loves bed,
But in th' Paradiſe of my maiden-head.
And had I ſo continued, I had been
Preſerv'd in Virgin pureneſs, clear from ſin.
Now like a weeping penitent I come,
In hope to move you to compaſſion.
Reſtore the ruines of my maidens honour,
And think thus with your ſelf, Shall I go from her,
That was ſo kind to me, that ſhe would venture,
On promis'd marriage, to ſeal loves Indenture?
O hear thy conſcience, that would thus inform thee,
And for my loving folly do not ſcorn me,
But let your love be mutually expreſt,
In confidence whereof my thoughts do reſt.

14. *A Letter of Thanks to a Gentlewoman for ſome kind favour received.*

ALL is from your free mercy, for I know
All merits are cry'd down, as far below
Your favours, which you do moſt freely leave
With ſuch as be unworthy to receive
Such lively comforts, that therein I find
All the divinities of a worthy mind,
That on the pooreſt and unworthy ſpirits,
May let fall bleſſings far beyond all merits.

For

For with ſuch bounty you excite and move
My ſoul to wonder, and admire your love,
Knowing not how to render thanks as due,
For ſuch expreſſions, which ſo far do ſhew,
That the endeavour of my life will be
Too mean requitals of your courteſie:
But yet I hope to prove no barren ſand,
Nor by ingratitude a fruitleſs Land,
That doth deceive the Husband mans deſires,
And both his limbs and expectation tires.
But all my powers ſhall labour with much ſtrength
Of thankfulneſs to pay your love at length.
And may I ne'r know comfort if I prove
Ungrateful to the merit of your love.

15. *To Miſtreſſe* Penelope, *Natures Maſter-piece, the Lover expreſſes his flame of affection.*

WOnder of beauty, in whom I do repoſe
Such hope of comfort, that I muſt diſcloſe
To you my ſecret thoughts, and dare to name
My ſufferings, how I, martyr'd in the flame
Of your affection, burn. Let not your ſcorn
Increaſe my ſorrows, ſo to make me mourn,
Till love encreaſe in ſtrength, and ſo blaze higher,
That my ſad aſhes are conſum'd with fire.
Which ſhould not be, for I do not alone
Dote on thoſe beams which from your eyes are thrown,
Nor on your cheeks, which are the Nuptial bed,
Where Roſes are with Lillies married:
Nor on your lips, which cloſed ſeem to ſmother
Their beauty, and do only kiſs each other.
Theſe pieces of your beauty with a ſmile
May ſeem to build up a ſweet funeral pile
For common Lovers, but my fancy took
Another courſe, for it doth dare to look
Into your ſoul, which crown'd with vertue ſits
Govern'd by reaſon, not by paſſionate fits.

And

And wears a powerful charm, that both inſpires,
All hearts with holy thoughts, and good deſires:
For vertue hidden from the common ſight,
Shines out in you, as gliſtring ſtars by night
Peep through a cloud, that all may gaze and ſee
Your glorious parts, cloath'd in mortality:
So that I am afraid here to deſcribe
Your ſweet perfections, leſt they ſhould be ſpy'd
By Angels, who dreſt in ſome mortal ſhape,
Would from the heavens make a ſwift eſcape,
To court you in a dream, and ſo ſhould ſtay
With you on earth, forgetful of the way
Back into heaven, whilſt that they did prove
Rivals to me, in ſeeking of your love.
Therefore the flames of my affections are
Ingenuous, and not like the common ſnare
Of love, which is plac'd only in the blood:
For though I burn, my pain is underſtood
By ſuch a Character as may be given.
Though it is flame, it is deriv'd from heaven;
Kindled from a ſmall ſpark that here doth ſhine
On earth, and hath a nature that's divine.
O ſweet *Penelope!* thy beauties be,
But a fair abſtract, or Epitome
Of brighteſt luſtres, or a ſtream doth lead
Me on unto the pureſt fountains head:
Then let me burn ſtill, with a flame moſt clear
From ſinful dregs, ſo that my love appear
An imitation of divineſt love:
And if my flames too violent do prove,
This ſhall at laſt be my concluding prayer,
Let Heaven and *Penelope* both ſhare
Of my poor heart, which thus conſuming lies,
Being her Martyr, and heaven's ſacrifice.

16. *To Miſtris* E. B. *ſent her with a Ring.*

ROund is the world, and ſo is love;
No Art can find out the beginning,

Of circles, thoſe on ſeas do move,
Come round again, by natures bringing;
And thoſe that travel in loves ring,
From one point do at firſt begin
Of affection, and having found
Love for love, are then come round.
So this Ring ſent ſhall be
Loves compaſs both to you and me,
By which we to ſail may venture,
Till we meet both in one centure.

17. *To a pretty witty ſcornful Gentlewoman being proud of her beauty, and after troubled with the Green-ſickneſs.*

IF I were young as you are, would I prove
A tyrant unto all that ſought my love,
To flout them? and to hear *Narciſſus* cry,
Eccho, O Eccho, for thy love I die,
And periſh in the fountain of thy face;
What art thou gone, and leav'ſt me in this caſe?
I'le walk away, and my ſad ſtory tell
Unto the Ghoſts that in *Elyſium* dwell.
Thus might I play the mad-man, but, my dear
And faireſt creature, in whom doth appear
Glorious perfection; tell me, Would you have
Me die for love, or weep into my grave?
And give my body to the worms to eat,
Their legacy on one is womans meat?
Oh no, your knowledge will inform you fuller,
And tell you that your own cheek is grown duller
Than it was uſual: death it ſeems hath ſtruck
A paleneſs in it, and away hath took
The former beauty, which he did to be
Revenged, for your ſcornfulneſs to me.
Death ſayes, that you this choice ſhall only have,
Either to marry me, or elſe your grave.

HARD

18. A

74. *A Song.*

HEnce all you vain delights
As ſhort as are the nights,
Wherein you ſpend your folly;
There's nought in this life ſweet,
If men were wiſe to ſee't.
But only Melancholly:
Come folded arms and fixed eyes,
A ſigh that piercing mortifies.
A look that's faſtned to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a ſound.

75. *A Song.*

GO ſpend thy time ſome other way,
Unthrifty boy, leave courting play,
For be a woman what ſhe can,
She's at the beſt not worth a man.
Quench thy flames, and let them dye:
Reaſon bids thee, and not I;
She's a woman, go no higher,
It is enough to cool thy fire.
Women are but for the ſight,
Glo-worm like they'r beſt in night;
But if you needs muſt loving be,
Let it be no more a ſhe:
Love thy Self, and love thy Friend.
Love thy Sack, and there's an End.

76. *A Song.*

THou ſends to me a heart was ſound,
I took it to be thine;
But when I ſaw it had a wound,
I knew the heart was mine.

2.

A bounty of a ſtrong conceit,
To ſend mine own to me.
And ſend it in a worſe eſtate,
Than when it came to thee.

3.

The heart I ſent thee had no ſtain,
It was intire and ſound;
But thou haſt ſent it back again
Sick of a deadly wound.

4.

O heavens! how wouldſt thou uſe a heart
That ſhould rebellious be;
Since thou haſt ſlain mine with a dart,
That ſo much honoured thee.

77. *A Song.*

YOu that think Love can convey,
no other way,
But through the eyes into the heart,
his fatal dart;
Cloſe up thoſe Caſements, and but hear
this Syren ſing,
and on the wing
Of her ſweet voyce it ſhall appear,
That love can enter at the ear.
Then unveil your eyes, behold
the curious mould.
Where that voyce dwells: and as we know
when the Cocks crow,
And *Sol* is mounted on his way,
we freely may
gaze on the day:
So may you, when the Muſick's done,
Awake and ſee the riſing Sun.

78. *A Song.*

MAdam be cover'd, why ſtand you bare,
It fits not with your female ſex,
We know you carry worthy ware,
Which found may be without index.
Theſe bare ſigns do but bid us look
For unknown ſtuff in your two leav'd book.

W.H.H. HARDING

Spart

Spartane Ladies ſome there be
VVhich to their ſuitors naked ſtood,
And you your bare breſts let us ſee,
VVhich tells your hidden parts are good.
Thus wanton *Venus* drew on *Mars*:
A bare breaſt ſhews an open ——

They hang forth ſigns at common Inns
That ſtrangers may know where to lodge,
And you ſhew forth your naked twins,
And uſe them as a Brothel-badge;
Theſe wanton ſigns direct mens *gratis*
The high-way to your *nunquam ſatis*.

Diana being naked ſeen,
Did hornifie *Acteons* creſt,
And the fair ſtript *Hebrew* Queen
Her husbands forehead finely dreſt;
Shut up then Madam, flie mens ſcorns,
For open breaſts breed ſecret horns.

The *Perſian* Matrons when their men
Before the *Medes* did flie, and fall,
For to incourage them again,
Shew'd them their bellies bare; and all.
You with your fair breaſts would (be-like)
Move even a heartleſs man to ſtrike.

Our grandam *Eve* before the Fall,
VVent naked and ſham'd not a whit,
You not to one, but, unto all,
Shew both your hills and naked pit:
Very well read in Rhetoricks ſchool,
You ſhew us but a part for th' whole.

The Mask you wear upon your face,
Upon your breaſts would better ſhew,
By nature that's a naked place.
Then Madam uſe your Mask below.

Leſt that ſome gazing fellow venter,
And ſo deſcend to loves low center,

79. *A Song.*

HE that loves a roſie cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from ſtar-like eyes doth ſeek
Fewel to maintain his fires;
As old time makes theirs decay,
So his flames muſt waſte away.

2.

Gentle thoughts and calm deſires,
Hearts with equal thoughts combined
Kindle never dying fires.
Where they are not, I deſpiſe,
Loves cheeks, or his lips, or eyes.

3.

Cælia now no tear can win
My reſolv'd heart to return,
I have ſearch'd thy ſoul within,
And find nought but pride and ſcorn,
I have learn't thine art, and now
I can diſdain as much as thou.

80. *A Song.*

COme ſorrow, come, bring all thy eyes,
All thy laments, and all thy weeping eyes,
Burn out the living monuments of woe,
Sad ſullen griefs now riſe and overflow;
Vertue is dead, oh cruel fate,
All youth is fled, all our laments too late.
Our noble youth to thy ne're dying name;
Oh happy ſoul to thy ne're dying fame;
To thy long peace on earth, this ſacred knell
Our laſt love rings, farewell, farewell, farewell.

81. *An Ode.*

BEauty clear and fair;
Where the air

Rather

Rather like a perfume dwells,
Where the Violet and the Roſe,
In blew veins their bluſh diſcloſe,
And come to honour nothing elſe.

2.

Where to live neer,
And planted there,
Is to live, and ſtill live now,
Where to gain a favour is
More than life, perpetual bliſs;
Make me live by ſerving you.

3.

Dear, again back recall
To this light,
A ſtranger to himſelf and all:
Both the wonder and the ſtory
Shall be yours, and all the glory,
I am your ſervant and your thrall.

82. *A Song.*

FAir Maid, you did but caſt your eye ere while,
your ripening eyes,
Upon a bank of Camomile,
And ſtreight a bluſhing birth
of ſtraw-berries
Began to ſmile,
And all to gild the earth;
Would you have every harveſt here
Still laſt, then do no more
But kiſs your Sycamore,
That Myrtle or that Bay;
And berries will appear,
Not only ripe for this whole day,
But dangling all the year.

83. *A Song.*

I Can love both fair and brown, (betrayes,
They whom abundance melts, and her whom want

Her who loves lovelineſs, and her whoſe ſports and playes,
Her whom the Countrey formed, and her whom the town,
Her who believes, and her who cryes,
Her who ſtill weeps with ſpungy eyes.
And her who is dry cork and never cryes.
I can love her, and her, and you, and you,
I can love any, ſo ſhe be not true.
Will no other vice content you,
Will it not ſerve your turn,
To do as did your mother?
Or have you all old vices worn,
And now would find out other?
Or doth the ſhame that men are true, torment you?

2.

Oh we are not, be not you ſo,
Tell me, and do you twenty know?
Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go:
Muſt I come to travel through you,
Grow your ſubject becauſe you are true?

Venus heard me ſing this ſong,
And by loves ſweeteſt name ſhe ſwore,
She heard not this till now, it ſhould be ſo no more.
She went, enquired, and return'd ere long,
And ſayes alas, ſome two or three
Poor hereticks in love there be,
Who think t' eſtabliſh dangers conſtancy;
But I have told them, ſince you will be true,
You ſhall be true to them, who're falſe to you.

84. *A Song.*

GOod morrow to the day ſo fair,
Good morrow Sir to you;
Good morrow to mine own torn hair,
All dabled in the dew.

2. Good

2.

Good morrow to this Cowſlip too.
Good morrow to each Maid,
That will with flowers this tomb beſtrew,
Wherein my Love was laid.

3.

Ah woe is me, woe, woe is me,
Alack and welladay.
For pity Sir, find out that he,
That bore my Love away.

4.

I'le ſeek him in your Cities brave,
I'le ſeek him in your eyes,
Nay now I think you have made his grave
I'th' bed of Strawberries.

5.

I'le ſeek him there, I hope ere this,
The cold, cold earth doth ſhake him;
But I will go, or ſend a kiſs
By you, Sir, to awake him.

6.

Pray hurt him not, though he be dead,
He knows well who doth love him,
And who with green turfs rears his head,
And who doth rudely move him.

7.

He's ſoft and tender, pray take heed,
With bands of balſom bind him,
And brings him back, but 'tis decreed,
That you ſhall never find him.

85. *A Song.*

SEeſt thou thoſe jewels which ſhe wears
In that rich Caskanet,
And thoſe on her diſhevel'd hair,
Fair Pearl in order ſet.
Believe young men all thoſe are tears,
From ſundry wooers ſent.

In bubbles Hyacinth and Rew,
Emblems of diſcontent,
Which when not warmed by her love,
By bold neglect each one,
Congeal'd to pearl and ſtone,
Which now the ſpoils of love upon her
She wears as Enſigns of her honour:
Wherefore young man beware, and thus ſurmiſe,
She that will wear thy tears, will wear thy eyes.

16. *A Song.*

OH what a ſhow
From the top to the toe,
How rich, how dear,
Thoſe garments appear.
How't does a man good,
And ſtirs the life-blood,
To touch and to take
How the ſenſes awake.
How the whiſtling ſilk
Our fancy doth milk:
How every thing ſhowes,
And how the waſte grows
From little to leſs,
Oh I could gueſs,
But 'tis a ſaucie ſin,
Give me the luſtie, luſtie life within.

17. *A Song.*

PReſerve thy ſighs, unthriftie girle,
To purifie the air,
Thy tears to thread inſtead of pearl,
On bracelets of thy hair.

2.

The trumpet makes the eccho hoarſe,
And wakes the talking drum,
The expreſs of grief gains no remorſe,
When ſorrow ſhould be dumb.

3.
For I must go where silken peace
Hath lost her drowsie head,
And for the sport of Kings, increase
The number of the dead.

4.
But first I'le chide thy cruel theft,
Can I in war delight,
That being of my heart bereft,
Have no heart left to fight?

88. *A Sonnet.*

IT is not feature nor a face,
That doth my free election grace,
Nor are my passions only led,
By a well-temper'd white and red,
Could I enamour'd be of those,
The Lillie and the blushing Rose,
United in one stock might be
As dear unto my thoughts, as she.
But I search further, and do find,
Far richer treasure in her mind;
Where something is so lasting fair,
That age nor art can it impair.
Hadst thou a prospective so clear,
That thou couldst view my object there,
Thou'ldst wonder and confess that I
Had cause to love her, and learn thence,
To love by judgment, not by sense.

89. *A Song.*

SO doth the earlie Lark salute the day,
So the young birds do skip and play,
When the Suns chearful beams arise,
Such is the precious lustre of thine eyes.
For without that light,
With me 'tis endless night.

By

By them I live, I ſpring and grow, and have
By their Eclipſe a mournful grave.
When our hard parents interpoſe,
A world of earthly thoughts, which doth procure
Great pain till it renews again:
But we will borrow from Love's fire,
To kindle and enflame deſire;
That though our joyes meet not, we may
By that warmth think ther's another day.
Then meeting 'twill appear,
A thouſand times more clear.

90. *A Song.*

AWay, away delights,
Away your follies all!
Dwell here no more,
You that are wanton, proud, and fear no fall,
Your ſins deplore.
You that are high,
Sit and defie fair fame,
Hark that muſt follow,
Oh a dying name:
Hark what muſt follow,
Oh an endleſs ſhame.
A lovely face, and not a vertuous mind;
Fair hope flies from, and leaves deſpair behind.

91. *A Song.*

COme hither you that love,
And hear me ſing
Of joyes ſtill growing,
Green, freſh, and luſty as the pride of ſpring,
And ever blowing.
Come hither you that bluſh,
And dare not know what is deſire.
And old men worſe than you,
That cannot blow one ſpark of fire.

And with the power of my inchanting ſong,
Boyes ſhall be able men, and old men young.

92. *A Song.*

WHen doth Love ſet forth deſire?
In prime of youth men ſay,
And when again will it retire?
When beauty falls away.
Then you in youth that think on this,
Taſte what the ſweetneſs of Love is,
The night comes not at Lovers calls.
Being come ſtayes not their leaſure,
Hours that are ſweet, are ſwift withall,
And attend not on our pleaſure:
Then you in youth, that think on this,
Taſte what the ſweet of beauty is.

93. *A Song.*

SAd ſorrow! put thy Cypreſs Garland on,
And in a habit that may make joy weep,
Preſent thy ſelf, that when thy part is done,
There's not an eye thou mayeſt not force to ſleep,
And that his ſong if any yet dare ſing,
May be the fall; may be the fall, of ſome unhappy King.

94. *A Song of ſleep.*

FAir eyes let fall, let fall your tender covers,
Caſe up thoſe ſparks ye gem of Lovers
In calmneſs reſt.
Thy pillow ſhall be *Venus* breſt,
Lullabie, Lullabie.

95. *A Song of the holy buſh.*

CLear the eyes of the Watch,
Lazie ſleep we diſpatch
From hence as far as *Dedford*;
For your flock-bed and your feather
We expoſe to the weather,
And hang all the ſheets in the bed-cord.

Chorus

Chorus.

Then sleep, sleep, and enjoy your beds,
Your quiet drowsie heads:
May the furies of the night,
Scarlet fleas you affright,
And pinch you black and yellow,
But the plump brownie louse,
Scorns the shelter of the house,
Oh he is a souldiers fellow.

Their Goblings and their Gig,
We regard not a fig;
Our fancies they cannot varie;
We ne're pity girles that doe
Find no treasure in their shooe,
But are nipt by the tyrannous Fairie:
Chorus. Then sleep, *&c.*

List! the noise of the Chairs,
Wakes the wench to her prayers,
Queen *Mab* comes worse than a witch in;
Back and sides she intails
With the print of her nails,
She'll teach to snort in the Kitchin.
Chorus. Then sleep, *&c.*

Some the Night-mare hath prest,
With that weight on their brest,
The returns of their breath cannot pass;
But with us that tale is addle.
We can take off her saddle,
And turn out the Night-mare to grass.
Chorus. Then sleep, *&c.*

Now no more will we heark
To the charms of the Lark,
Nor the tunes of the earlie Thrush;

All

All the woods ſhall retire
And ſubmit to the quire
Of the birds of the holy buſh.
Chorus. Then ſleep, &c.

While the Countrey Laſs
With her Dary doth paſs,
Our joyes no tongue can utter;
For we Centries ſtand,
And exact by command
The exciſe of her Lips and Butter.
Chorus. Then ſleep, ſleep, and enjoy your beds,
You quiet drouſie heads,
May the furies of the nights
Scarlet fleas you affright,
And pinch you black and yellow;
But the plump browny louſe
Scorns the ſhelter of the houſe,
Oh he is the ſouldiers fellow.

96. *A Song.*

PRepare thy hollow womb, O earth,
To take unto thy dead arms, and embrace
A tear-dew'd herſe, in death now do him grace,
O never was derived from human birth,
A King ſo lov'd, ſo honour'd, ſo renown'd,
Peace to thy ſoul, life to thy name,
Death to our joyes, O thy dear name!
Stop tears, drop heart, never was wound
So deep, ſo deadly to a Land,
O cruel ſtroke, O fatal hand!

97. *A Song.*

URns and Odors bring away,
Vapors ſighs darken the day;
Our griefs more heavy look,
Than dying youth too ſoon took

Our

Our doleful chears
Be sacred Vials fill'd with tears,
Our clamors through the wild air flying,
All sad and solemn shews of dying,
Whatever's serious to mirth's foes,
Attend upon our funeral woes.

98. *A Song.*

ADverse fortunes ever flie thee,
No disastrous fate come nigh thee:
O worthy of worthiest name, adorned in this manner,
Lead bravely thy forces on, under wars martial banner.
Love and fortune may they still,
Be guided by thy noble will,
Arts and forces victory, attend thee nigh,
Whil'st fame sings loud thy powers,
Triumphant fall on the blest showres;
Arms and honours enrich thy story,
To thy fames eternal glorie.

99. *A Song.*

FLow streams of brinie salt from thy sad eyes,
To celebrate his mournful obsequies;
My Love is dead, he's dead, I must remain,
To draw my poor life in continual pain,
Till I have paid to his clear memorie,
A Sea of Love; O then most willinglie,
Drown'd in my tears, as he in waves, I'le die.

100. *A Song.*

LOse no time nor youth, but be
As kind to them, as they to thee;
The fair Lillies that do grow
In thy Cheeks, and purelie show,
The Cherry and the Rose that blow:
If too long they hang, they'l waste,
Winter comes which all will blast.
Thou art ripe, full ripe for men,
In all thy sweets be gathered then.

101. *A Song.*

AWay, delight! go ſeek ſome other dwelling,
For I will bid farewell;
Falſe hope! thy tongue is ever telling
Lye after Lye;
For ever let me reſt now from thy ſmarts
Alas for pitie,
Stay and fire ſome other hearts
That have been hard to thee,
Mine was not ſo, nor ſhall not be,
Never again deluding Love ſhall know me,
For I will dye,
And all thoſe griefs that overgrow me,
Shall be as I,
For ever will I reſt, whileſt poor Maids cry,
Alas for pitie ſtay, and let us dye,
That men may
But mock our Clay.

102. *A Song in praiſe of Ale.*

WHen that the chill Charocco blows,
And Winter tells a heavie tale;
When Pies and Daws, and Rooks and Crows,
Do ſit and curſe in froſt and ſnows,
Then give me Ale.
Ale in a Saxon Kumkin then,
Such as will make grim *Alkin* prate;
Bids valour burgeon in tall men,
Quicken the Poets wit and pen,
Deſpiſes fate.
Ale the abſent battel fights,
And ſcorns the march of Sweediſh drum,
Diſputes of Princes, Laws and Rights,
What's done and paſt, tells mortal Wights,
And what's to come.

Ale

Ale that the Plowmans heart up-keeps,
And equalls it to Tyrants thrones.
That wipes the eye that fain would weep,
And lulls in ſweet and dainty ſleep
The o're wearied bones.

Grandchild of *Ceres*, barlies daughter,
Wines emulous neighbour if but ſtale,
Ennobling all the Nymphs of the water,
And filling each mans mouth with laughter.
Oh give me Ale.

103. *A Song.*

A Liberal heart makes our Fidles ring,
And a free heart commands us to ſing,
The Steward is our tune and ſtring,
Heig ho now play any thing
Of *Dick* and *Tom*, he that vexes at our mirth,
A ſmall beer ſtar reigned at his birth.

Such a ſteward ever live,
To be merry and to give,
To be Lord of every one, to be honour'd without lowring.
That keeps the good *March*-beer from ſowring.
He that vexeth at our mirth,
A ſmall-beer Star reigned at his birth.

Let us ſing time away,
Some drink, ſome laugh, whil'ſt we do play,
The ſteward gives us wine and pay,
heigho holyday.
The ſteward is our tune and ſtring,
Strike up boyes, play any thing
Of *Gill* or of *Joan* ——
He that vexeth at our mirth,
A ſmall-beer Star reigned at his birth.

104. *A Song.*

FRom the temple to the board,
From the board unto the bed
We conduct your Maiden-head;
Wiſhing *Hymen* to afford
All the pleaſures that he can,
Twixt a woman and a man.
So merrily, merrily we paſs along,
With our joyful, with our joyful bridal Song.

105. *A Song.*

CUpid is *Venus* only joy,
But he is a wanton boy,
He ſhoots at Ladies naked breſts,
He is the cauſe of moſt mens creſts,
I mean upon the forehead,
Inviſible, but horrid;
'Twas he firſt thought upon the way,
To keep a Ladies lips in play.

106. *A Song.*

COme my honey, my douſe, my del, my dear,
We have neither houſe nor land, yet never want good cheer.
We take no care for lands or rents,
We lye, we ſwear,
We ſport in tents,
We rouze betimes, and quickly ſteal our dinners,
We'r ne're taken
Without Hens and Bacon,
And that's good meat for ſinners.
At wakes at and fairs, we couzen
Poor Countrey folks by the dozen.
Some one diſburſes,
Whileſt the other they pick their purſes,
When thus out of uſe,
We cover our cloaths,

Our

Our boots, and our jingling Rowels.
With ſhirts or with ſmocks, with ſheets or with towels.
We dance and we friſk,
And merrilie whisk
Our morrice unto the taber;
The fools that would ſee
My Marrian and me,
We tickle their ſo'ls for our labour;
Then live with us, with us, all you that love your eaſes
He that's a Gipſie,
May be drunk or tipſie
At anie hour he pleaſes;
We laugh, we quaffe, we ruffle.
Then live with us, &c.

WE all ſee how faith and fame
Are followed by deſire and ſhame,
How that Women wanton are,
Their follies foul, their faces fair;
Oh a handſome Maid did moan,
Alas, for her Maiden-head was gone;
For loſs of which ſhe did ask men (en-head
Till that ſhe were ſped, who 'twas had found her Maid-
I'th' City Sir, we ſaw beſides the market-place,
A Maid that cry'd, a handſome Maid, gone it was,
Tell me, O tell me, where have you been,
And what have you ſeen?
Did you hear what was her moan,
Oh her Maiden-head was gone.
Maids that do loſe that jewel amongſt men,
They know not how to find it, find it they know not (when.

Francis
Phillips

Fancies

Fancies, Devices, and flouriſhing Expreſſions on Love-tokens, &c.

Upon a Scarf preſented.

TAke this Scarf, bind *Cupid* hand and foot,
So Love muſt ask you leave before he ſhoot.

Upon a pair of Sciſſers preſented.

Theſe Sciſſers do your Houſewifery betray,
You love to work, though you were born to play.

Upon a Looking-glaſs preſented.

Blind fortune doth not ſee how fair you be,
But gives a glaſs, that you your ſelf might ſee.

Upon a Fan preſented.

You love to ſee, and yet to be unſeen;
Take this Fan to be your beauties skreen.

On a plain gold Ring preſented.

Fortune doth lend you, hap it well, or ill,
This plain gold Ring to wed you to your will.

Upon a pair of Bracelets preſented.

Lady, your hands are fall'n into a ſnare,
For *Cupids* manacles theſe bracelets are.

Upon a Scarf preſented.

O Faireſt, wear this Scarf which I do ſend,
It will your beauty from the wind defend;
For whatſoever breaths, this air will be
Deſirous for to kiſs thy lips like me.

On a Looking-glaſs preſented.

In this ſame Looking-glaſs my watry eye I ſee,
But I do wiſh that thou wouldſt ſhew
Her chearful countenance to me.

But

But why do I accuſe thee here?
'Tis not thy fault, for thou art clear.

On a Fairing, requeſted.

Let them whoſe heart diſtrufts a Miſtriſs faith,
Bribe it with gifts, mine no ſuſpition hath;
It were a ſin of a deep ſtain for me
To think you falſe, as, ſo my ſelf to be;
If to reward for that you have expreſt,
You may expect a preſent, 'tis conteſt,
'Twere Juſtice from another, but I am
So poor, I have not left my ſelf a name
In ſubſtance, not made thine by ſtyle before,
He that beſtows himſelf, can give no more.
If thou wilt have a Fairing from me then,
Give me thy ſelf, I'le give my ſelf agen.

A Countrey Clowns Preſent.

I ſend thee here a Ribbon a whole yard,
I had ſent thee Garters, but the worlds ſo hard;
If Ribbon will not pleaſe thee, then let ſhe
Hang in her old Garters, ſhall have no new for me.

On a Knife.

May this ſame Knife,
Elſe end my life.

On his Picture cut in ſilver, preſented.

Pray take me, kindly Miſtriſs, kiſs me too:
The ſubſtance will do more for you.

On a twiſt of her hair.

When this about thine arm doth reſt,
Remember him that loves thee beſt.

On a pair of Gloves preſented.

Faireſt, to thee I ſend theſe Gloves,
If you love me leave out the G
And make it a pair of Loves.

Another.

Theſe Gloves I ſend for thy delight,
For to ſet off thy purer white.

On

On a ſilver Bodkin preſented.

My deareſt ſweet, like this is love:
It muſt be thruſt in, and then it muſt move.

Written on a Gentlewomans Viol in the time of her abſence.

Mournful tunes to her complain,
And now ſhe is gone, ſigh her diſdain:
When that ſhe gives thee next a touch,
Beg I may play on her as much.

On a Ropes end preſented in mirth to his Miſtriſs.

Leſt our loves ſhould part or ſever,
Here's a Rope to tye us together.

Her anſwer.

The Rope is old, the Jeſt is new:
I take the Rope, a Rope take you.

On his ſending a Handkerchief.

Here back to thee I do re-ſend thy Clout,
Take away C and then I ſend thee Lout.

On a pair of Gloves ſent his Miſtriſs.

With theſe love-bands
I bind thy hands.

The Lover perſwades his Miſtriſs to pin on her Mask, and preſents her with theſe Verſes.

Thy Mask put on, thy beauties lighter,
This darkneſs makes thoſe flames ſhine brighter;
The Sun gilds clouds; but from thine eyes
A day through night more clear doth riſe.

On a Knife given to his Valentine.

Fair Valentine, ſince once your welcome hand
With your warm touch did my new life command;
Vouchſafe the ſame hand ſtill, to ſhew thereby
That fortune did your will no injury.
What though a Knife I give, your beauties charm
Will keep the edge from doing any harm;

Wooll dulls the sharpest blade, and will not such
A weak edge turn, meeting a softer touch?

On the Letters of a Wife.

The *W.* is double wealth,
The *I.* an everlasting joy.
The *F.* a friend unto thy health,
The *E.* doth end even all annoy.

The Reply.

The *W.* is double woe,
The *I.* nought else but jealousie.
The *F.* a fleering flattering foe,
The *E.* an earthly enemy.

On his Mistresses Watch.

Go and count her bitter hours,
That more happy are than ours;
The day that gives her any bliss,
Mak't as long again as 'tis;
The hour she smiles in, let it be
By thine Art encreast to three;
But if she frown on thee or me,
Know night is made by her, not thee;
Be swift in such an hour, and soon
Make it night, though 't be but noon.
Obey her time, who is the free
Fair Sun, that governs thee and me.

On an empty Purse.

Heaven's a place, some say, where Angels dwell,
My purse wants Angels, therefore call it Hell.

A Parson to his Mistris.

My person is divine, my parsonage large and fair,
Come join thy love with mine, we'll make a loving pair.

Her answer.

Your person is divine, your parsonage during life,
But if you chance to dye (then) wher's the Parsons wife?

To

To his Miſtris, tying a Ribbon about his wriſt.

THis ſilken wreath that circles in mine arm,
Is but an Embleme of the myſtick charm;
Wherewith the Magick of your beauty binds
My captive ſoul, this round about it winds
My fleſh alone; that hath impal'd my mind,
That to your beautie only is confin'd.
Time may wear out theſe ſoft weak bands, but thoſe
Strong charms of love fate never ſhall unlooſe.
This holy relique may preſerve my wriſt,
But my whole frame doth by that knot exiſt:
To that, my praiers and ſacrifice; to this,
I only pay a ſuperficial kiſs:
This but the idol, that's the Deity;
Religion there is due, here Ceremonie:
That *I* receive in faith, but this in truſt;
Here *I* may render duty, there *I* muſt:
This moves like air, that like the center ſtands;
That knot your vertues tied, this but your hands;
That Nature framed, but this is made by Art;
This makes my Arme your pris'ner, that my Heart.

Upon Nothing left for a New-years gift.

Theſe coſtly Kalends put me to my ſhift,
What *I* ſhould ſend thee for a New-years gift;
Nor *India*, nor *Ophire*, yield me gem or gold,
I want thoſe Knacks that in the Burſe are ſold,
Chains, Bracelets, Ear-rings, *Ariadnes* Lawn,
The curious work by holy Siſters drawn,
Are far above my reach to compaſs; ſo
All that *I* have is Nothing to beſtow.
Accept, *I* pray, the gift beſeems you well,
For you do Nothing want that *I* can tell.
Scorn not the preſent, look on't, and you'l find
'Tis of great worth. Nothing contents the mind;
Nothing is happy, Nothing is truly good,
For Nothing we pick quarrels, and draw blood.

And though for nothing Lawyers ſpeak not now,
Yet about nothing they make much ado.
So rare is nothing, that now adayes 'tis made
Reward unto deſert, ſervice is paid
Richly with nothing: therefore do not grieve
To wear this rare new-nothing on your ſleeve.

Poſies for Rings, and other pleaſant things.

RIngs and true friends,	Are without ends
The Ring is grac'd,	That ſo is plac'd.
The love that is chaſte,	Doth never waſte.
It was not ſent,	In complement.
Think on me,	Thoughts are free.
Let us ſhare,	In joy and care.
In thy breaſt,	My heart doth reſt.
Good wives and health,	Are mans beſt wealth.
Love is here,	In the true ſphere.
This wreath of gold,	Two hearts doth hold.
No force can move,	A fixed love.
Deſpiſe not me,	I joy in thee.
Reading this,	Wiſh me a kiſs.
I vow to kiſs,	Her that reads this.
Abſence ne're parts,	Two loving hearts.
This and the giver,	Are thine for ever.
Abſence will prove,	The trueſt love.
Ah, be not coy,	My deareſt joy.
The love I owe,	I muſt ſhew.
Of all the reſt,	I love thee beſt.
Rather never,	Than once and not for ever.
No turtle Dove,	Shall ſhew more love.
As I affect thee,	So reſpect me.
Well directed,	If accepted.

The love I owe — I fain would ſhow.
This give I you — Love to renew.
O that I might — Enjoy my delight.
If you to harbour me deny,
I periſh in the waves and die.
When this you ſee — Think well of me.
Vertue and love — Are from above.
Like to a circle round — No end in love is found.
More near to me — Than life can be.
This and I — Until I die.
Had I not ſpoke — My heart had broke.
Your consent — Is my content.
'Tis love alone — Makes two but one.
You and I — Will lovers die.
Though friends croſs love — We'll meet above.
Sweeteſt, thou art — My deareſt heart.
I languiſhing die — If you deny.
Faithful love — Can ne're remove.
Deſire like fire — Doth ſtill aſpire.
All born to live — And live to love.
We lingred long, — Yet lik'd at laſt.
I ſeek to be — Not thine but thee.
In thee each part — Doth catch a heart.
I love none — But you alone.
Loves knot once tied — Who can divide?
In bodies two, — In heart but you.
My heart, ah me, — Is fled to thee.
As I to thee — So wiſh to me.
When *Cupid* fails — The eye prevails.
True love appears — In midſt of tears.
Be thou mine — As I am thine.
I'le rather die — Then my promiſe denie.
My love for this — Deſerves a kiſs.
Till death doth call — My heart and all.
My fancy is — Endleſs as this.
My joy will die — If you deny.

Some comfort give
Hit or miſs
What I call mine
My faith once paſt
My conſtant love
Love's delight
Thy true affection
So decreed
Each day I die
We muſt be one
No change whatſoever
Till death us part
Be firm to me
God above
My heart liveth
Nothing for thee
I joyn in one
My love by this
More I cannot
Heart and hand
Though far apart
The love I owe
Where this I give
By this token
No recompence
My hearts love
Once reſpected
I wiſh to have
Your ſight
In thy breſt
Let friend nor foe
My love to thee
Your friend am I
Take this in part
Beſt election
I fancy none

By this I live.
Have at thee *Siſs*.
Shall all be thine.
Shall ever laſt.
Shall ne're remove.
Is to unite.
My perfection.
And ſo agreed.
If you deny.
Or I ſhall be none.
Shall part us ever.
Thou haſt my heart.
As I to thee.
Encreaſe our love.
Where it loveth.
Too dear can be.
But enjoy none
Preſented is.
Leſs I will not.
At your command.
Yet near in heart.
I cannot ſhow.
I wiſh to live.
You are beſpoken.
But a remembrance.
Shall endleſs prove.
Now neglected.
But bluſh to crave.
Is my delight.
My heart doth reſt.
This ſecret know.
Like this ſhall be.
And ſo will die.
Of my true heart.
Is conſtant affection.
But thee alone.

For a kiſs Take this.
In very grief Love yields relief.
Its in thy will To ſave or kill.
Where hearts agree No ſtrife can be.
As true to thee As death to me.
I joy to find A conſtant mind.
Loves knot once tied Who can divide?
In conſtancie I live and die.
I am yours Whilſt life endures.
Love never dies Where vertue cries.
Is all perfection from above? Then ſurely, love.

FEar God, and love thou me,
That is all I crave of thee.

Thee did I find, thee did I chooſe,
Thee do I bind, till death doth looſe.

My fancy firſt hath choſen thee,
By faith I well requited thee.

I love thy beautie, but thy vertue moſt;
Vertue is found when beautie's loſt.

As I expect, ſo let me find,
A faithful heart, a conſtant mind.

Paſt, preſent, and in future time,
I was, I am, and ever ſhall be thine.

Be it my fortune, or my fault,
Love makes me venture this aſſault.

Be not too raſh, deny not flat,
For you denie you know not what.

My eies did find, my heart made choice,
Of her that makes me now rejoice.

The ſacred purpoſe and decree,
Is manifeſt in chooſing thee.

God hath kept my heart for thee,
Grant that our love may faithful be.

My faith is given, this pledge doth ſhow,
A work from heaven, perform'd below.

Where vertue is the cauſe of love,
Nothing till death can it remove.

God hath thee choſen a mate for me,
I'le honour him in loving thee.

The eye findeth, the heart chooſeth,
The hand bindeth, and death looſeth.

Wit, Wealth, and Beauty, all do well,
But conſtant Love doth far excel.

Such liking in my choice I find,
That none but death ſhall change my mind.

Innumerable are the ſtars I ſee,
But in my heart no ſtar like thee.

* * * \

Ink as black as any Crow,
And leaves more pliant than any wand.

Queſt. Learning hath bred me, yet I know no letter,
I have lived among books, yet am never the better;
I have eaten up the Muſes, yet know not a verſe,
What ſtudent is this, I pray you reherſe?

Sol. *A Worm bred in a Book.*

Queſt. One evening, as cold as cold might be,
With froſt, and hail, and pinching weather,
Companions about three times three,
Lay cloſe all in a pound together.
Yet one after another they took a heat,
And died that night all in a ſweat?

Sol. *A pound of Candles.*

Q. It was not, it is not, nor never will be,
Ho'd up your hand, and you ſhall ſee.

Sol. *It is the little finger, that was not, nor is not, nor never will be, ſo great as the other fingers.*

Q. Sweet Lady, ſuch a boon *I* crave,
As being got, again you have.
Nay, if you ſurfet of my requeſt,
Your gift returns with intereſt;
'Tis not ſo wanton, as't may ſhow
A *Venus* bluſh, a *Cupids* bow;
Such as your beauty ſympathizes,
When *Cupid's* quivered in your eies;
That bliſs which anſwers my deſire,
May parallel *Diana's* fire.
'Tis ſuch as in a moments play
Is given, and is gone away:
Yet if you grant a bliſs,
Sweet Lady tell me what it is?

Sol. *A Kiſs.*

Q. My coat is green, and *I* can prate,
Of divers things within my grate.
In ſuch a Priſon *I* am ſet,

That hath more trap holes than a Net?

Sol. *A Parrot in a Cage of Wyre.*

Queſt. In open field I cannot lie;
Within a box of Ivorie,
My Ladie reſts me quietlie?

Sol. *A Fan of feathers in a Ladies Cabinet.*

Queſt. What part of man may that be,
That is an implement of three;
And yet a thing of ſo much ſtead,
No man would without it wed.
And by which thing, or had or loſt,
Each marriage is but made or croſt?

Sol. *The heart of man is a triangular figure, The beginning of love.*

Queſt. Round *I* am, yet cannot reſt,
When *I* am mounted at the beſt.

Sol. *A Tennis Ball.*

Queſt. Far in the Weſt *I* know not where,
Are trees, men ſay, that Oyſters bear;
That Oyſters ſhould be bred ſo high,
Methinks it ſoundeth like a lye.
That female plants *I* know it is true,
In *London* ſtreets bear Oyſters new:
And Fiſh, and Fleſh, and now and then,
They bear *I* tell you handſome men.

Sol. *Every man and woman is a tree, and by ſuch trees you know what fruits are born in* London.

Queſt. Tell thy maſter in my name, when trees are turned, and wells be drie;
And dead, for quick, then come will *I*.

Sol. *'Tis mid-night, when a Gentlewoman correcting her meaning, promiſed her Lover that ſhe would come.*

A propoſition or queſtion about a Garland.

Queſt. Betwixt two Suitors ſate a Ladie fair,
Upon her head a Garland ſhe did wear,

And

And of th' enamour'd two, the first alone
A Garland wore like her, the other none:
From her own head she took the wreath she wore,
And on him plac'd it that had none before;
And then these Lovers brows were both about
Beset with Garlands, whilst she sat without;
Beholding then these rivals, one each side
Of her thus plac'd, and deckt in all their pride;
She from the first mans head the wreath he had
Took off, and therewith her own brows she clad:
And now this Ladie and the second were
In Garlands deckt, and the first man sat bare:
Now which did she love best, of him to whom
She gave, or him she took the Garland from?

Sol. *In my conceit, she him would soonest have*
From whom she took, not him to whom she gave:
For to bestow divers respects may move,
But to receive none should perswade but love;
She grac'd him much on whom her wreath she placed,
But him whose wreath she wore, she much more graced;
For where she gives, she there a servant makes,
But makes her self a servant where she takes.
Then where she takes, she honours most, and where
She doth most honour, she most love doth bear.

Quest. As bitter as gall, as sweet as milk,
As high as a wall, and soft as silk?

Sol. *A Wall-nut upon a tree.*

Quest. I am called by the name of man,
Yet am as little as a mouse,
When Winter comes, I love to be
With my red Target near the house?

Sol. *A Robbin red-breast.*

Quest. Ten mens length, and ten mens strength,
And ten men cannot rear it?

Sol. *A Cable-rope.*

Quest. I was not, I am not, nor shall not be,
Yet I do walk, as men may see.

Sol. *It is a man whose name was* Not.

Q. *I*n the last minuit of mine age, *I* do wax young again,
And have so still continued, since the world did first begin.

Sol. *It is the Moon.*

Q. *I* do owe most yet nothing pay,
Evil *I* am, and the worst *I* say?

Sol. *Ingratitude.*

Q. Beyond the Seas there is an Oak,
And in that Oak there is a Nest,
And in that Nest there is an Egge,
And in that Egge there is a yolk,
Which calls together Christian folk?

Sol. *It is the Clapper of a Bell within a Steeple: for the Church is taken for the Oak, the Steeple for the Nest, the Bell for the Egge, the Clapper for the Yolk.*

Q. 10000. Children beautiful, of this my body bred,
Both Sons and Daughters finely deckt, alive and they are dead?
My Sons were put to extreme grief, by such as loved them well;
My daughters died of extreme age, by whom *I* cannot tell.

Sol. *The Mother is the Tree, the Sons the Fruit, and the Daughters the Leaves.*

A mysterious Epitaph.

NOt born, not dead, not christened, not begot,
So here she lies, that was, and that was not;
She di'd, was born, begot, baptiz'd, and more,
Was in her life, not honest, not a Whore.
Reade, behold a wonder rarely wrought,
Which whilst thou seem'st to read, thou readest *Not.*

Quest. There are thick bushes, little ones,
Whereon grow prickles and precious stones,
Which fair Maidens often pull;
'Tis hard, 'tis round, 'tis plump, 'tis full;
They put it in, and still they move it,
Which makes it melt, and then they love it.

The

The ſweet ſuckt, they ceaſe to play,
And caſt the empty skin away.
Sol. *A Gooſeberry.*

Choiſe Apothegms and Proverbs, collected from divers Authors, upon ſundry occaſions.

A Fair Wife, and a Frontier Caſtle, breed quarrels.
2 An old wiſe mans Scabbard, is better than a young buzzards Sword.
3 Vertue never grows old.
4 To a fair day open your window.
5 Old wine, and an old friend, are good proviſions.
6 Too much familiarity breeds contempt.
7 She ſpins well, that breeds her Children.
8 Marry your Son when you will, your Daughter when you can.
9 Dally not with money, nor women
10 None is a fool alwaies, every one ſometimes.
11 I wept when I was born, and every day ſhows why
12 He that playes his money ought not to value it.
13 They that know one another, ſalute afar off.
14 Think of eaſe, but work on.
15 A woman and a glaſſe are ever in danger.
16 Truth and oil are ever above.
17 Honey is ſweet, but the Bee ſtingeth.
18 He hath great need of a fool, that plaieth the fool himſelf.
19. He that ſtumbles and falls not, mends his pace.
20. Building and marrying of children, are great wasters.

21 Play with a fool at home, and he will play with you in the Market.

22 The Eie and Religion can bear no jesting.

23 An ill wound may be cured, not an ill name.

24 On painting and fighting, look aloof off.

25 Marrie a Widow before she leaves mourning.

26 Good words quench more than a Bucket of water.

27 By Suppers more have been killed, that *Galen* ever cured.

28 Many kiss the hand they wish cut off.

29 He that strikes with his tongue, must ward with his head.

30 Since you know all, and I nothing, tell me what I dreamed last night.

31 If you would know secrets, look them in grief or pleasure.

32 Fine words dress ill deeds.

33 Praise a Hill, but keep low.

34 If the wise erred not, it would go hard with fools.

35 Water, fire, and souldiers, quicklie make room.

36 Fair words makes me look to my purse.

37 The offender never pardons.

38 He that is angry at a Feast, is rude.

39 Before you make a friend, eat a bushel of salt with him.

40 He that hath horns in his bosome, let him not put them on his head.

41 In life you loved me not, in death you bewail me.

42 The hearts Letter is read in the eies.

43 He that lives in hope, danceth without musick.

44 Chuse a horse made, and a wife to make.

45 The Court hath no Almanack

46 The ignorant hath an Eagles wings, and an Owls ies.

47 The Cholerick drink, the Melancholick hates, e Flegmatick sleeps.

48 Con-

48 Converſation makes one what he is.
49 Wine is a turn-coat, firſt a friend and then an enemy.
50 Many things are loſt for want of asking.
51 Love makes one fit for any work.
52 Love makes his Kingdome without a Sword.
53 Love makes all hard hearts gentle.
54 Love makes faith, and faith firmneſs.
55 Love and buſineſs, find eloquence.
56 He that loves the tree, loves the branch.
57 Love and a Cough cannot be conceal'd.
58 Love is not found in the Market.
59 Love is the true price of love.
60 A houſe and a woman ſute excellentlie.
61 Diſcreet women have neither eies nor ears.
62 Things well fitted abide.
63 In chuſing of a wife, and buying of a ſword, we ought not to truſt another.
64 Fair is not fair, but that which pleaſeth.
65 Who lets his wife go to every feaſt, and his horſe drink at every water, ſhall never have a good wife, nor a good horſe.
66 The tooth-ach is more eaſie than Love.
67 Willows are weak, yet they bind others.
68 Gaming, women, and wine, whilſt they laugh, make men pine.
69 In the Husband wiſdome, in the Wife gentleneſs.
70 Beautie draws more than Oxen.
71 If the Mother had never been in the Oven, ſhe had never ſought her Daughter there.
72 Three women make a Market.
73 He that marries for wealth, ſells his libertie.
74 A gentle heart is tied with an eaſie thread.
75 Fair language grates not the tongue.
76 Women laugh wen they can, and weep when they will.

77 He

77 He that marries late, marries ill.

78 Words are women, deeds are men.

79 Pleasure long expected, is dear enough sold.

80 A woman conceals what she knows not.

81 He that tells his Wife news, is but newly married.

82 All truths are not to be told.

83 A long tongue is a sign of a short hand.

84 What your glass tells you, will not be told by Councel.

85 Mills and Wives ever want.

86 He that hath a Fox for his mate, had need have a Net at his girdle.

87 Prettiness dies first.

88 A poor Beauty finds more Husbands than Lovers.

89 Who hath a Wolf for his mate, needs a Dog for his man.

90 He that is not handsome at twenty, nor strong at thirty, nor rich at forty, nor wise at fifty, will never be handsome, strong, rich or wise.

91 Hearken to reason, or she will be heard.

92 He that will learn to pray, let him go to Sea.

93 I had rather ride on a Horse that carries me, than an Asse that throws me.

94 While the discreet advise, the fool doth his business.

95 Who doth his own business, foules not his hands.

96 Disgraces are like Cherries, one draweth another.

97 He plays well that wins.

98 The Royal Crown cures not the Head-ach.

99 He that contemplates, hath a day without a night.

100 Nothing dries sooner than tears.

101 Long jesting was never good.
102 Sweet discourse makes short daies and nights.
103 Night is the mother of counsel.
104 Soft and fair goes far.
105 A ship and a woman are ever repairing.
106 The best of the sport is to do the deed, and say nothing.
107 He thinks not well, that thinks not again.
108 Gifts enter every where without a wimble.
109 He that is at ease, seeks vanities.
110 The first and the last frost is the worst.
111 A cool mouth, and warm feet, live long.
112 He that will take the bird, must not scare it.
113 Ill ware is never cheap.
114 Were there not fools, bad ware would not passe.
115 Who is so deaf as he that will not hear?
116 They that are booted are not alwaies ready.
117 Send a wise man of an errand, and say nothing to him.
118 *In* the World, who knows not how to swimme, goes to the bottome.
119 Though the Sun shine, leave not thy Cloak at home.
120 Far shooting never kill'd bird.
121 He that hath the spice may season as he lists.
122 Water afar off quencheth not fire.
123 The wearer knows where the shooe wrings.
124 One flower makes no Garland.
125 A fool may throw a stone into a Well, which a hundred wise men cannot draw forth.
126 To the counsel of fools, a word is best.
127 There are many waies to fame.
128 The shortest answer, is, Doing.
129 A bird in the hand, is worth two in the bush.

130 Lit-

130 Little Dogs ſtarts the Hare, the great ones get her.

131 Wiſdome hath one foot on the Land, and another on the Sea.

132 Wine in Bottles doth not quench the thirſt.

133 An idle head is a box for the wind.

134 If things were to be done twice, all would be wiſe.

135 At Court every one is for himſelf.

136 'Tis good walking with a horſe in ones hand.

137 In an hundred ells of contention, there is not one inch of love.

138 You muſt loſe a Flie to catch a Gnat.

139 For a morning rain leave not your journey.

140 The Mill cannot grinde with the water that is paſt.

141 The fault of the Horſe is put on the Saddle.

142 Whoſe houſe is of glaſs, muſt not throw ſtones at another.

143 Milk ſaies to Wine, Welcome friend.

144 The houſe ſhews the owner.

145 Quick believers need broad ſhoulders.

146 He that ſends a fool, means to follow him.

147 Never had ill workmen good tools.

148 When praiers are done, my Ladie is readie.

149 He that ſtudies his content, oftentimes wants it.

150 Health without money, is half a ſickneſs.

151 There is no equitie in keeping an unjuſt promiſe.

152 It is better to give one ſhilling away, than lend twentie.

153 Before thou marrie, have thy dwelling place.

154 Handſome women without portions, find more Sweet-hearts than Husbands.

155 Happie is he that oweth nothing.

Francis Phillips

Phrases for the beginning of Letters, for our greater speed in our urgent occasions.

DEsiring to refresh the memory of your good-will.
I thank you for the courtesie *I* received at your hands.
I pray you honour me so much, as to bear my Neece company.
Let me request this courtesie at your hands.
I must entreat you to have me excused.
I am wonderfully taken with the reading of your Letters.
Sir, *I* am not ignorant of the affection you bear to me.
There shall be nothing wanting in me, who have been alwaies tender of your honour.
Sir, *I* have well considered of your friendship, and the worthy affection you bear to me.
Sir, Let me advise you not to slip any opportunities to make me happy in your commands.
Sir, Excuse me, if my haste force me to be familiar with you.

Phrases for the conclusions of Letters in haste.

WHerefore let me entreat you to advise me, or give me counsel, since in all things you may dispose of me.
Wherefore *I* do again desire you to repute me for one of your adorers.
I will employ all my power in it.
The best interest, or use, which you shall have for the

the money you lent me is: that I will here confeſſe and ſub ſcribe my ſelf, Yours, &c.

Sir, So as you will have a little patience, I will do you reaſon, or, I will do all that ſhall be fitting, to expreſs my ſelf your ſervant.

When you ſhall have need of my ware, or of any thing my Shop affords, it is at your command or ſervice, as I am, &c.

In any thing wherein I ſhall have the means to ſerve you, I will do it with a very good will, whileſt I am, &c.

If you have need of me, I pray you ſpare me not, ſince I am alwaies, Yours.

If you think good, I pray you ſend for it, for it is at your command, as I am.

Sir, I ſhall acquit my ſelf therein, as I ſhould do in my own buſineſſe, that moſt chiefly concerns me, for I am, &c.

You ſhall find me alwaies ready to obey you to my power, *F. G.*

If you deal well with me now, you will give me occaſion to pleaſure you another time, for I am at your diſpoſure.

If you ſend not the ſum you owe me, you will conſtrain me to take ſome other courſe.

I pray you adviſe him in it, who is yours, *L. W.*

I will be ready to do it with all my heart.

'Tis the leaſt part of that ſervice he owes you, who is your friend.

I will not fail to advertize you.

All that I have is at your command, as I am.

I will take the boldneſſe to ſalute you, with my moſt humble recommends.

I ſhall do it with as good a will, as I now recommend me to your good favour, with my prayers to God to give you even what your heart deſires, and I remain yours.

Deſi-

Desiring God to give you the continuance and encrease of all kind of prosperity; with my prayers to God to give you, with your perfect health, the accomplishment of your wishes and desires. *Yours*, G. J.

Praying to God for your contentment, even so I take my leave.

And so I rest, or remain ever, *Yours, &c.*

The Garden-knot of fair and rare Letters of Complements.

An offer of service. 1.

Sir,

THese strokes of my hand, shall serve to entreat you to honour me with yours, and to confirm to you anew, the purpose I have always had in my soul, which is a perfect will to live faithfully, that I may die constant.

Yours, Sir.

Another. 2.

SIR, This my duty shall confirm the rest, which I desire to yield you by my service, with this request, that you hold me still in your remembrance, as him that shall never affect other merit, than that of obeying you, whereby to be by you esteemed, Sir, the most obedient of all your servants.

Another upon the sending of a Token. 3.

See, *Sir*,

I Do not forget you, witness this present, and a thousand more evidences, which I shall give you for a security of my continued affection; and in all occasions, you shall find me what I profess, that is,

Sir, Yours.

A Letter of request to entertain a friend. 4.

SIr, if I can tell how to crave of you, much better can I obey you; but for lack of your commands, I make my prayers to you, and especially for this, to honour this friend of mine with your favour; we both shall be obliged and bound to you; he, as an humble suitor, and I Sir, as, *Your most affectioned servant.*

Another to the same effect. 5.

Sir,

MY passionate desire to do you service, emboldens me to take pen in hand, to beseech you to do this friend of mine a favour; the matter is but small, but the acknowledgment shall be great. I shall expect this courtesie from you, as you from me will look for all manner of service, since in very deed I am,

Your most humble servant.

Sir, *A Letter for answer to requests.* 6.

I Honour your requests too much to refuse them, much more your commands, to dislike them; so that by obliging you, I content my self: I have therefore effected your will, which I account mine own, with as much vehemencie as shall be requisite for your service; for whilst I am any thing Sir, I am, *Your servant.*

Another humble expression of ones self to a friend. 7.

SIr, I am so destinate to obey you, that I never had a more passionate desire in my soul for any thing: endeavour then to content me, by making use of my services, for they belong to you; and I bestow them on you without reserving ought, but the honour of that employment, since that will make me still appear, whersoever I am, like my self, which is,

Your most humble, &c.

Sir, *Another.* 8.

YOur requests are effected, and by consequence my desires are accomplished; the one depending

on

the other: for the leaſt of thoſe things that may plea-
re you, ſhall be alwaies my contentment. Spare not
en to command my utmoſt endeavours, for they pro-
ceed, Sir, from *Your moſt humble ſervitor.*

A Complemental Letter. 9.

ir,

Have nouriſht in my ſelf a continual care of ſeeking
opportunities to do you ſervice, and take more delight
rendring my ſelf yours, than in the waies of the world:
beſeech you therefore to honour me with your com-
ands; I acknowledge my ſelf an enemy to Courtſhip,
t I dare proteſt this, That though you may have more
werful, you can never have a more conſiderable ſer-
ant: for I am,

Yours moſt affectionately.

Another 10.

Sir, It is my publick profeſſion to appear in all places
a ſervant to your merits; Your intereſts have obliged
e, to which I ſhall alwaies remain indebted, making
ore account of the leaſt of them, than of all the re-
ects I am able to render you, which may witneſs the
ſſion I have to maintain the quality, Sir, of

Your very humble ſervant.

A Letter of ſilence. 11.

THe only way, Sir, to conſerve me in your memory, is
to write to me: Silence is a ſworn enemy to friend-
ip; If you have heretofore taken an oath to write no
re to me, ſend me my Letters back again: You may
change your humour when you pleaſe, if you deſire
to renew obligations of my ſervice: I honour you ſo
reamly, that I muſt of neceſſity addreſs theſe lines
you: The proteſtations I have made to live and die
urs, have raiſed in me this reſolution, not to loſe the
nour of your remembrance, though you ſhould make
le eſteem of him, who is,

Your moſt humble ſervant.

The

Sir,

The Answer. 12.

ACcuse me of importunity rather than of neglect for so you may find me guilty: a trespass which out of my respect to you, I shall carry with me to my grave. I know that friendship cannot be conserved without Letters, and that there must be reciprocal and continued assurances; if you will but force your self to believe this, I cannot suffer under the misfortune of neglect; for though interests have for a short space restrained my Pen, my hand shall hereafter be for ever on the Paper, to express how much I am,

Your faithful friend and servant.

A Letter of gratitude. 13.

Sir,

YOu have ever so pursu'd me with your favours, that I am made capable of no other pleasure in the world, but to entertain them: insomuch, that should I offer up my being unto you, 'tis impossible for me, but in part, to dis-engage my self; so that of necessity I must want both words and services, to express how unfeignedly I honour you, and am, *Yours.*

The Answer. 14.

Sir,

THe excess of your nobleness hath bereft me of all complements: so that I have bought your thanks at too dear a rate, and must be familiar: whereas I received from you a miracle of Courtship, give me leave in plain termes to express, that you will be more weary of acknowledging, than I in executing the office of a friend being undeservedly,

Yours to command.

Another Answer. 15.

Sir,

IF you esteem me for one of your friends, why do you use me thus, to thrust upon me with such unnecessa-

ry

acknowledgement? It is an ill cuſtom you have got: I proteſt to you, Sir, I deſire not to know the language of Complements from you: conſider of me without the ſuperfluity of ſuch ceremonies; and be but more familiar in the commerce of your Letters, and I ſhall acknowledge it for a full ſatisfaction and favour, above all merits of mine.

Your Friend, L. M.

A Letter of intreaty. 16.

Sir,

I Doubt not of your power, and leſs of your nobleneſs, and therefore preſume to take the freedom to implore your favour in the proſecution of that buſineſs you are already acquainted with: I have ſo much honour in this misfortune, as to make your goodneſs known to the world (by my engagements) eternally conſerving the memory of all your other favours, which ſo extreamly obliges me, that though for the preſent I am one of your moſt unprofitable ſervants, I ſhall not fail hereafter to merit it, or to carry a ſorrow with me to my grave.

Yours, J. P.

The Anſwer. 17.

Sir,

IF I have done all you have deſired, I ſhould ſtill intreat you to preſerve new commands, I take ſuch pleaſure in them: ſo that I blame nothing but the facility of their execution; having more thanks to retribute you for my imployment, than you can return me for my ſervice. Whereas you write of the preſerving of their memory, I ſhall deſire no greater glory from you, than new proofs of my obedience: ſo all the ſatisfaction I expect, is to be made more, if it were poſſible,

Yours, J. R.

A congratulatory Letter for the good fortune of a friend. 18.

Sir,

THe exceſs of my gladneſs, like the merits of your affection, is not in any reſpect vulgar: for all my paſſions do but wait upon your good fortunes. Pardon therefore the defect of my eloquence, ſince it is ſupplied with the joy which reigns in me, which hath made me ſo ſenſible of that extraordinary contentment, that in honouring you the world is poſſeſſed of; which long before this, foreſaw that the felicity of this event belonged to your merits: perhaps moſt of your friends have prevented me in this congratulation: but this zeal and affection cannot come too late for him, that is more than he is able to expreſs, *Yours.*

The Anſwer. 19.

Sir,

YOu have ſo ſenſibly touched me with your Letter, your joy (as it were to the life) mingling my intereſt with yours, that ſhould I not render thanks to you, I ſhould die of a deep impatience. I acknowledge, I never merited the effects of ſuch nobleneſs, as that you ſhould account of me, as an object for your vertuous inclinations: the pleaſure I entertain to conſider your goodneſs, is more ſatisfaction to me than my advancement; as I prefer before other intereſts the happineſs of your affection, and the new aſſurance of your friendſhip: which that I may the more ſeriouſly contemplate, I ſhall for ever reſerve in my admiration, and remain in the number of your beſt friends. *Yours,* L. D.

A Letter acknowledging a notable favour. 20.

Worthy Sir,

THE exceſſe of your goodneſſe hath forced me to a ſilence, that I am not able to render you ſufficient thanks for ſo great a favour: You are ſo extreamly gene-

generous that I cannot be sensible enough: All the happiness that I am furnished with, is, that you would be pleased to grant my innocent observance so much liberty, as to importune you at all times to honour me with your commands. For, I am

Your humble servant.

A Letter to a Lord. 21.

My Lord,

I Boldlie confess my incapacitie to express to your Lordship, the resentment which your Obligation causes in me; as also my disabilities, in meeting with occasions to acquit my self; so that I have no other power left me, but an acknowledgment of your generous actions, which can onlie recompense themselves in publishing your Lordships noble mind to the whole world, together with the qualitie,

My Lord, of your most humble and most obedient servant.

A Letter intreating pardon for a fault. 22.

SIR, It is not that I fear my innocencie, but to purchase the quiet of my mind, that I present these Lines to you: in the errour I committed, there was more contributed by my nature, and the suddenness of the occasion, than from anie free-will of mine: I confess my fault, not onlie in hope of your pardon, but also of a better acceptance, since the acknowledgment proceeds from

Your truly sorrowful friend.

A Letter complaining of a false report. 23.

SIR, I fear, you have forgot that esteem which I made of your deserts, and those passions which I ever had to do you service, or else you could not be so forgetful, both of me, and your self, as to undertake so dangerous an employment. I advise you suddenlie to restrain these exorbitances of your tongue, or I shall force you to such a long silence, that you shall never

be heard to ſpeak again. This is a charitable advice if you are ſo careful of your ſelf as to follow it.

Your ſervant, G. K.

The Anſwer. 24.

SIR, If, as you write, you had rightlie called to your remembrance the nature and qualitie of a true friend, I could not have met with ſo violent an encounter from you, in a buſineſs of ſuch importance, without better information; which, when you take the pains hereafter to be more ſerious in, you will chaſtiſe your ſelf for your raſhneſs, and with an acknowledgment endeavour to renew the intereſts of

Your friend and ſervant.

Another more Complemental anſwer, to the ſame purpoſe. 25.

SIR, I do aſſure you, with your better permiſſion, that your accuſation is moſt falſe; yet ſo highlie do I approve of your judgment, that I do begin to queſtion my innocencie, till you appear more a friend, to let me peaceablie enjoy it.

Your moſt humble ſervant.

To his Friend newly married. 26.

SIR, With the ſame joy that I formerlie embraced your friendſhip, I entertained the good news of your happie marriage. Fame hath given an excellent report of the civilitie and ſweetneſs of this your other-half, to whom you now have divided part of the power, that you had acquired over my affections; I rejoyce in your happie election, and as your friend muſt ever love you with the ſame paſſions, and, as extreamlie as before, profeſs my ſelf *Yours.*

Sir, *The anſwer.* 27.

I Am confident that our Contentments are never to be divided from you. The Lines I received from you, were as ſo manie Characters of your good nature and noble

noble mind; for which I am extreamlie obliged to you: but I can assure you also, in the election I have made of a Wife, you have obtained a new Servant, since she partakes al eadie in the passions which I have to serve you, being as my Wife, your Friend, Sir I am

Your most humble servant.

A Letter of protestation of friendship. 28.

Sir, THough I have made a vow to be your most perfect honourer all my life, and not to remit one point of the passion I have to do you service; yet I shall never content my self, except some occasion be offered me suddenlie, whereby I may appear to you to be more than verbal. 'Tis the onlie good fortune I expect with impatience, being not a little grieved that I cannot express my self, to the extent of my desires.

Your friend and servant.

The Answer. 29.

Sir, THe eternitie of your Love is best expressed in the frequencie of your Letters, which are to me above all other pleasures; which though they cannot render you more perfect than you are, yet they seem to be the accomplishment of your vows, as mine do assure you, that whatsoever happens, you shall find me to be

Your most humble and obedient servant.

Another. 30.

Sir, THe desire which I have to give you fresh assurances of my service, is such a degree of honour and delight to me, that I cannot but write to you upon everie opportunitie that presents it self, it being the onlie consolation that I have in your absence, to put you in mind, that I will be eternallie,

Your most humble servant.

The anſwer. 31.

SIR, What proofs ſoever you give me of your friendſhip, they are not able to diminiſh the price of mine being in ſuch an heighth of perfection, as not to be named; which truth, if I am ſo unfortunate as that you ſhould doubt, I will ever maintain, with the honour alſo that I have acquired; which is, that whatſoever happens, I will never be otherwiſe than,

Your moſt humble and obedient ſervant.

A Letter of excuſe. 32.

THough you were deprived of my Letters, you were not of my remembrance; but if the want of a good opportunitie will excuſe me, my good will muſt ſatisfie you. And indeed I had no news to ſend you, Sir, ſave onlie that I am alwayes, *Yours.*

To a ſick friend. 33.

SIR, Being aſcertain'd of your ſickneſs, I was the more in doubt of mine own health, ſince the leaſt diſtemper you feel, is to me an extream grief. Now if my prayers can do anie thing for your health, and conſequentlie for my comfort, you will be ſoon well, and I content, Sir, who am *Your humble, &c.*

A Letter to his Sweetheart. 34.

YOu bind me, and unbind; pardon me, faireſt, if this word offend thee; when you tell me you love me, can I have anie greater Obligation? The offence is not ſmall that you have not written to me, but that you promiſed me; for I am indebted to your promiſe, and not to your love. Remember, I beſeech you, that I am not yours, becauſe I have promiſed you, but becauſe I am truly yours; and that I deſire not Letters for the conditions that are between us, but for the ſole witneſs of your good will, not welcoming them as merchandizes, but as being ſent me from a wounded heart. Thus I am thine. *Farewell.*

A Letter from a Quondam Miſtriſs. 35.

SIR, ſince I am conſtrained by my fathers commands, I muſt intreat you to end that love, which heretofore I conjured you to keep eternal. I am intended for an advancement, yet can I not leave ſenſiblie to feel the ſeparation of our loves; yet ſince it is follie to contrarie that which muſt fall out otherwiſe, I counſel you to arm your ſelf with ſtrong reſolutions, and not forget all that hath paſt between us, that you have no memorie of me; as I, for duties ſake, am conſtrained to forget you,

Being not my own,

His anſwer. 36.

GO paper, more happie than him that ſends thee, accompanied with thy blots, inſtead of tears; kiſs her hands, which having kiſt, ſince ſhe hath robbed mé of my heart, certifie her, that day and night I turn my ſelf into ſtreams of tears, to waſh away her perjuries and falſe vows: Tell her, faithful paper, that by unbending the Bowe ſhe can never heal the wound which ſhe hath made in her faith and my love, and that my griefs ſhall witneſs to the world, that as ſhe is moſt fair, ſo ſhe is moſt inconſtant to her lover, who can find content in nothing, and therefore bids her for ever farewell.

37.

SIR, I received your Letter, and withall peruſed thoſe undeſerved commendations of my perfections, as you call them: To which you annexed the proteſtations of your ſervice, which you muſt give me leave to queſtion: for I ſhall alwayes doubt whether ſo honourable a perſonage, as your Lordſhip, can yield ſervice to ſo mean a Ladie; or if love had ſuch power, whether you would obey. Now, worthie Sir, upon theſe warrants, and your free offers of ſervice, I bind you by a courteous requeſt, to conclude a ſpeedie peace, that I may without danger of hoſtilitie repair to *Diana's* Temple; ſo ſhall I be bound to do you anie honourable favour. *Farewell.*

His ſhort anſwer. 38.

MY *Deareſt*, if the diſſembling which you accuſe me of, be to cauſe me to die of grief, you may eaſilie do it with a frown, and then my death will give you a ſpeedie and deplorable demonſtration how trulie I have loved you. *Farewell.*

Her anſwer. 39.

IF there be anie thing in you that pleaſes me, your death is the leaſt: The acknowledgment of your fault hath ſatisfied me, and I will have no other revenge of your boldneſs than the miſerie you ſuffer. Know your ſelf better hereafter.

Farewell and live, cheriſh your ſelf and hope.

A Letter to his Miſtriſs in his abſence. 40.

Faireſt, I left thee with grief, but am returned with pleaſure and contentment; denie me not therefore thy preſence, but let me ſee thee, that I may recount my fortunes to thee, who art the Fortune of my fortunes.

Farewell.

A Letter proteſting affection. 41.

IF I have not alwayes loved you, let me never be loved of anie; if my affections do ever change, let my preſent misfortunes never change; if you believe not the Oath I have made you, take what proof you will of me, and you ſhall find that I am more yours, than I can aſſure you by my true, but moſt feeble, words. *Farewell.*

A Letter in favour of another. 42.

SIR, If you ſhall be pleaſed to employ ſome part of your Credit in the behalf of this Gentleman, without anie conſideration but my Requeſt, I ſhall account his Obligation as mine own, your deſert and condition having made you ſo conſiderable and neceſſarie, that I could not but preſume to importune you in this particular. I ſhall hereafter preſent what you are pleaſed to do for him. *Your ſervant.*

The

The Answer. 43.

SIR, I onlie waited for an employment from you, that I might expres my joy to serve you, so that I esteem my self happie in this little occasion. Your commands are my honour; think of this business as done;

Your servant.

A Letter complaining of absence. 44.

SIR, The great esteem I have ever had of your friendship, suffers me not to endure your absence anie longer. This tyrannie of your humour or inclination is too severe a punishment for me to groan under: For the Eclipses of your better self seem to me to be a retirement to your affection; let me therefore intreat you to return speedilie; I conjure you by all those charms of passion, I have ever been at your service, to make a speedy redres to him, who is, *Your most humble servant.*

The Answer. 45.

SIR, I make less account of my absence from the Court, and from my affairs, than from you; your friendship is the onlie business of my speedie return. I have alreadie chid my self, and now have no more to do, but to precipitate my haste, and in person to make my excuse, with the tenders of all manner of service, in the qualitie of *Your most humble servitor.*

A Letter clearing ones self of false accusation. 46.

SIR, I hope that all the passions of my service have given you sufficient proofs, never to doubt my Loyaltie, in which my innocencie hath ever shined clearer than the best language my pen can expres, so that the malice of that person was but ill contrived, whose knaverie I will make your sport; and if you please but to reveal his name, I will ingage mine honour to make him sign me an acquittance with his blood. I expres my self thus far, that at anie rate I may purchase your higher esteem of me, or be for ever forgotten;

Your abused friend.

The answer. 47.

SIR, I have more discretion, than to be tempted to give credit to a false report, that I knew my self also to be interessed in: And, before I shall declare you guiltie, I will consider of that reputation you bear in all places of the world, which will also convince me of your integritie. Your accuser is not worthie of your foot, much less of your sword: satisfie your self, that it is impossible, that I should lose the esteem which I have ever had of your deserts, being Sir,

Your most humble servant.

A Letter to a sick friend. 48.

THis is the protestation of your friend, That your sickness is mine, your indisposition is mine; and if you leave not your Bed, I shall suddenlie take physick. There is a distance of miles betwixt us; but you have infected me here. You can have no greater assurance of my friendship, than my life, which is indangered, till I hear of your recoverie.

Your languishing friend.

The answer. 49.

PRaised be Heaven, I have so much strength, as to hold my pen to render these thanks to you, and to be still sensible of the goodness of such a friend. I have some hopes of recoverie, which as you express, is the weapon-salve of your health. Use me as kindlie in the care of your self. *Yours.*

A Complemental Letter. 54.

SIR, I am not guiltie of errors to make me blush: As for errors of my birth and condition, to live and die yours, certainlie I cannot be accused, or convicted, they carrie so much honour with them, to justifie me; or if they do not, think not that I Complement, for my pen and heart ever conspire together, else I should never have taken up a resolution to go beyond my grave.

Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant.

The

The answer. 51.

SIR, I am so unfeignedly, and without reservation yours, that when you give me any testimonies of your friendship, I am touched with impatience; much more when you would be your own accuser in what you deserve: But as I could never merit from you, you seem to be most unreasonable in such expressions, which proceed from too much zeal; and you still punish me with the misfortune of my disabilitie, to be so admirablie transported in my Letters. I know it is your delight to oblige all the world thus. I beseech you to believe me, that I am honestlie envious of your nobleness; and till I have encountred with some means to requite you, I will onlie present the disquiet of my mind, and then alwayes seek occasions to testifie to you, how much I am,

Your most humble and obliged servant.

52.

SIR, It would be verie hard for me to express how strictlie I am yours: For your friendship commands me to serve you, you do so continuallie oblige me: yet thus far as in expression of my obedience, I dare challenge the world, in which I would meet with the most ambitious, to know if there were anie amongst them that could vaunt with that reason, that they are to the height, as I am,

Your most humble and most obedient servant.

A Letter of most excessive favours. 53.

SIR, You are so noble in all respects, that I am one of your enviers, as well as one of your admirers, and grow somewhat jealous of that generositie you exercise in my behalf, since you will not give me leisure to acknowledge your favours, they come so fast upon me, that in the end I shall be constrained to seem ungrateful, though I both have, and would profess my self to my last minute,

Your most humble servant.

A Letter to a friend, upon the death of his brother. 54.

SIR, I am trulie what you have ever believed, and will be everlastinglie a partaker of your grief, and am so much your friend, that 'tis impossible I should be so insensible as to remain dumb; or that my passions, which serve and honour you, should fall asleep, when yours are in their extremitie. I know you have too good an opinion of me, to think I could be so forgetful; yet pardon me, *Sir*, if in my Letter I flatter you not; for in this point you exempt all reason from you, and your griefs are so unlimited, that they are become your crimes, as you are uncharitable to your self, or would call a Saint from happiness. *Sir*, though your misfortunes are in their flood, they have not drowned that respectful observance I shall ever bear and coffin up, with the love I have vowed to you. Let me intreat you therefore, no longer to inculcate his death in your memorie, unless you will deprive your self of my friendship, by your too much immoderate grieving. Pardon me, *Sir*, if I say, that your passions are mine, that at this time my pen falls out of my hand, and my tears blot out what I am writing. *Sir*, I am your admirer and faithful servant, be pleased to accept this counsel from me, together with an assurance that I will live and die

Your most passionate servant.

A Letter of presentation of service. 55.

SIR, I have taken hold of this occasion, to express the inclination I have to esteem you more than all the world. Pardon my presumption, since it is accompanied with a resolution, everlastinglie to be

Your servant.

The answer. 56.

SIR, I am much obliged to you, for the good will you witness in my behalf; but I have no other libertie left

left me, except to give you thanks, as I do verie humblie, assuring you that I will continue your remembrance in an acknowledgment of the qualitie of

Your most humble servant.

A Letter to demand an answer. 57.

SIR, Your silence nourisheth a doubt in me, whether my service be acceptable to you, or not: you may resolve me when you please by some short answer, if you judge me worthie of such a favour.

Your servant.

Another. 58.

SIR, This Letter is so curious to learn News of her former companion, that she would needs be gone in that pursuit, almost against my will. Let me know then, if you please, whether the first were acceptable or not, to the end, that either I may continue my service, or cease to be further importunate: This is the request of

Your most obedient servant.

The answer to them both. 59.

SIR, I am obliged to you for two Letters, in which you have given me such absolute proofs of your love: In answer to them, briefly, I must acquaint you with thus much, That though you earnestlie expected to hear from me, till now I had not the libertie to indite, nor a convenient Messenger to direct my mind to you by: I have no more to write, but that I am extreamlie sensible of your love, which affords me so much power, as to publish my respects to you, in the stile of

Your most humble servant.

A complaint of her absence. 60.

To his Mistris.

MAdam, since you are born into the world for no other end than to be admired, why do you eclipse your self from him who should admire you, and would lose a thousand Lives to serve you, and give a testimo-

nie,

of your worth, to which long ago *I* dedicated my self;

Madam, Your most humble and obedient servant.

The answer. 61.

SIR, You know *I* am not accustomed to credit the complaints of Lovers; their afflictions do pass with me for Fables, and their diseases seem to me verie easie of cure. Thus *I* give you a firmer assurance of my conceptions of love, than you can give me of the constancie of anie that you profess you entertain; yet be your affections what they will, I will render my self, as far as a chaste libertie permits,

Your humble servant.

A Letter returning love and fidelity. 62.

MIstris, If you prove constant, I will lose my life sooner than part with those resolutions I have entertained to serve you. This is not a discourse of Complement, but the soul of my thoughts, which knows no other object than your deserts, onlie as they have an absolute power for ever to oblige my life and honour at your disposure; for *I* will hazard the one and the other, when you please to command them in your service, since it interesseth my happiness to be, eternallie

Your most humble and faithful servant.

The answer. 63.

SIR, You are too eloquent to be amorous, and too passionate to be constant, and *I* am too unworthie of such protestations of your Martyrdom: Yet your deceit is not so displeasant to me, as that *I* should cease to be obliged, since you are pleased to reckon me in the number of

Your humble servants.

A Letter of complaining of neglect. 64.

MAdam, since *I* have learned the lesson of Love, *I* have been sufficientlie instructed with sufferings. 'Tis true, the slaverie wherewith *I* am tyed, forbids me to demand a reason for what you can do, yet *I* dare allow my self so much libertie, as to tell you, that you are

toe

too rigorous to be so beautiful, and that except you change this severe humour, wherewith you tyrannize over me, you will run the hazard to lose,

Madam, Your most humble and faithful servant.

To congratulate a friend. 65.

SIR, I much rejoyce at the success of your business; and even so, as if it had arrived to me, I could not more celebrate it in my soul; so much do I tender your content: but this is but a dutie to the friendship I owe you, and a necessitie to the zeal I have to your service, to which I shall ever be obliged, Sir,

Your most humble, &c.

A farewell to a friend going a Voyage. 66.

SIR, The Law of necessitie must deprive me awhile from the honour of your presence (but not without grief;) for your conversation is so pleasing to me, that I have alwayes preferred it before all manner of delights. Judge therefore, if separated from you, I can live content: But though I suffer for the present in your absence, it is my joy that I can never forget you; and whersoever I remain, it shall appear to you that I am, Sir, *Yours.*

A Letter of excuse. 67.

SIR, If lawful excuses exempt dutie, I am absolved of the promises I have made you, through the importunitie of affairs that have befaln me: It grieves me nevertheless for not keeping my word with you; and that grief, with my good will, may satisfie you; I shall shortlie do my self the happiness to see you, and the honour to serve you,

Sir, *Since I am yours, &c.*

Of a new married-man to his Brother-in-law. 68.

SIR, The honour of your alliance is so dear to me, that I shall never think my self more happy, than when I shall know my self capable to deserve it: this expression

preſſion of my dutie will witneſs to you how conſiderable you are with me, which at once hath given me, with the deſire to obſerve you, the will to ſerve you; I have no other paſſion in my ſoul, nor other ambition in my deſigns; it is all I hope for, it is everie thing I look for, yea, with ſo much patience, as I have left off my libertie (after ſo ſweet a ſervitude) to live faithful, that I may die conſtant,

Sir, *The moſt humble of your ſervants.*

A Letter by way of Proteſtation. 69.

Sir,

THE honour of your friendſhip ſo obligeth me to make ſome worthie acknowledgment, that I am moſt reſolute to ſerve you; but as full of defect in the performance: I will therefore wait the time and occaſion, wherein, by your command, I may ſignallize my obedience, which ſhall alwayes, and whereſoever I remain, make me appear,

Sir, *That I am yours,* &c.

Another to a friend obliging him by favours. 70.

Sir,

YOU ſtill delight in obliging ſuch as are moſt beholding unto you: I am witneſs of it, and your courteſie is the tryal; ſo that I am aſhamed to be alwayes ingaged, without ſo much as the hope ever to acknowledge the favour rightlie. Nevertheleſs, if a fervent paſſion, perfectlie zealous for your ſervice, can ſatisfie you for my defect, accept of it I beſeech you, ſince it proceeds,

Sir, *From your moſt humble ſervant,* &c.

To complain for ſome offence. 71.

SIR, Your words offend much, and your deeds much more; I pitie them both, the one makes you ſeem mild, and the other raſh; I think you are not the man to repent it, but he that doth ill, is not abſolved for being ſorrie for it; he muſt do penance withall hereafter.

Look

Look to your own affairs, that you may never talk of other mens. I take nothing in jeſt when one pinches me. If you doubt it, there's his name who will make good his words, *N. B.*

A preſenting of ſervice. 72.

Miſtriſs,

IT is long ſince, that too much diſcretion hath kept me from writing to you; and it may be too much boldneſs permits it me now; I pray you therefore pardon me, before you judge me guiltie, that ſo I may be rather abſolved, than accuſed; For though I had no other purpoſe than to render you my ſervice, as now I do, with my faith to boot, for aſſurance of my fidelitie; yet am I fearful of too much undertaking; but howſoever, chaſtiſe me as you pleaſe, *Miſtriſs*, here's my Name and Sirname,

Your humble and moſt affectionate ſervant.

Another of Love. 73.

Miſtriſs,

SInce at the ſole aſpect of your eye, my heart ſighs for love, as taken with your wonders; I ſhall inceſſantlie bleſs the day of your acquaintance, and conſequentlie of her that is the moſt perfectlie fair on earth: and alreadie reſigning my will to yours, I will ſo paſſionatelie cheriſh my thraldom, that the fear alone of being free, will render me miſerable. Make good my purpoſe then ſweet *Miſtriſs*;

But alwayes in this quality of your moſt affectionate ſervant.

Another. 74.

Miſtriſs,

WHEN to admire you, I ſtaid mine eyes at your Object, my heart inſenſiblie taken, bewailed her Captivitie, ſo as I found my ſelf in Love, before

before *I* had ſo much as the hope to be ſo. And yet *I* ſhould not complain, but *I* rather bleſs the day that bereft me of my libertie, by the ſole arms of your merits, without reſerving anie freedom to my ſelf, *Miſtriſs*, other than the word to ſpeak me,

Your ſervant.

Another. 75.

Lady, *I* have ſuch an inclination to your love, that *I* muſt needs be deſtined for your ſervice. Now if it be a fatal inſtinct in me, that my obeyſance ſhould wait upon the honour of your Commands, it is not neceſſarie for you, *Miſtriſs*. To believe me to be.

Your ſervant.

Another. 76.

Miſtriſs,

IF admiration have onlie eyes for your beautie, and if *Cupid* hath gain'd his eyes againſon purpoſe to guard you from danger: Can *I* have an heart without loving you, or a ſoul without adoring you? And can *I* be mortal, and not ſenſible of your charms? Oh no, *Miſtriſs*, *I* have too much honour in being your captive, and too much glorie in being your ſlave.

Another. 77.

Miſtriſs, This inſtant Letter will tell you, *I* am your ſervant; if you ask me the cauſe, it is your merit, and the effect ſhall be my obedience: if you deem me as worthie of your Commands, as you are of my ſervices, *I* have a Miſtriſs to my wiſh, and by conſequence am,

Your ſervitor, &c.

Another. 78.

Miſtriſs, *I* am yours: for having nothing to offer you worthie of your merit, *I* beſtow my ſelf, but it is as your captive and ſlave.

Another.

Another. 79.

SInce your eyes have wounded my heart, the wound is mortal. If I muſt die, it muſt be for love. Happie death! Happie cauſe! I will have no remedie, for my heart is too noble to crave a cure. Confeſs onlie you have vanquiſhed me, and I ſhall confeſs the defeat, being it proceeds from the moſt perfect creature on earth.

A Letter of a deſpairing Lover. 80.

SOmetimes love, at this time the deſpair of love, hath put the pen into my hand, with a purpoſe, if it return me no redreſs, to change it into a ſword which promiſes me a full, though a cruel, healing. The blank paper which you have ſent me for an anſwer, is a teſtimonie of my innocencie, ſince it is, as if you had ſaid, you have found nothing to accuſe me of: From whence otherwiſe, could your ſilence proceed? If you have anie remembrance of my faithful ſervice, for pitie, I deſire of you, either life or death; this is all that is requeſted at your hands, by your deſpairing Lover.

Her anſwer. 81.

DRaw from your evil, the knowledge of your good: if you had not been beloved, you could never have had a ſenſe of anie thing: till you are forgiven, you ſhall not know your offence: in the mean ſpace, hope and live.

To a Lady, promiſing revenge on his enemy. 82.

MAdam, Who doubts of my innocencie, ſhall be guiltie, and offend againſt truth; cloſed eyes ſee not the light, though without a ſhadow it ſhines on them, eſpeciallie when thoſe eyes are ſhut againſt the brightneſs of my juſtice. Therefore, if the blood of mine enemie cannot waſh away my ſtain, I will voluntarilie add thereunto mine own; ſince that I have no other way to preſerve my life left me, I am readie to render it. *Farewell.*

Her

Her answer. 83.

SIR, The wounds of the bodie are not alwayes healed, though they be out of danger; no more they of the mind: but having removed the difficulties by your valour and prudence, you must give time leave to work her ordinarie actions; in the mean space, she that loves you, waits an opportunitie till the blemishes of your honour are wash't off by the expressions of your vertues, that you may appear clear, and as bright as dry again in the eyes of her that admires you.

A Lover's offer of his service to his Mistris. 84.

FAir *Mistris*, had I art to perswade you, as you have power to make me love you, the discoverie of my blazing affections would melt you, were you a mountain of Ice, to pitie; but for that Love is more vehement in the heart, than in the tongue, I appeal to your motions for grace, if you have ever loved; if not, I hope for such justice at *Venus* hands, that though I place no confidence in my own wishes, because they convert to air, yet I presume on my own endeavours, for that I have vowed my life to death to do you service; of which you can have no better assurance, than to employ me; nor I a higher favour, than to be

Yours.

A Letter of a Lover requesting speedy remedy. 85.

GOod *Madam*, Martyr me not with doubts, since my affections are so violent, and the excellencie of your beautie doth so exceed, so that the full power of Love hath made me in the state of flaming flax, which is presentlie to be quenched, or it will suddenlie burn: Thus longing for your gracious and sudden answer, I kiss your hands and am

No more my own.

A Letter from a languishing Lover. 86.

MOre out of zeal to do you service, than desire I have to live, I here present you my consumed self,

ſelf, onlie kept alive by the light of your fair beautie, that ſitteth crowned in the palace of my heart, which bleeding at your feet, beggeth the means of my cure. If you vouchſafe it, I live: if not, you muſt ſee my death; and thus doubtful between both, till I kiſs your ſweet anſwer, I remain unto my laſt gaſp,

Yours.

Her anſwer. 87.

I Am not cruel, though with difficultie I conſent to Love; and for that your paſſions are ſo extream, I keep your picture in my boſome, but with what thought, I bluſh to write, though pitie be my warrant, ſo that I leave the event of our Loves to your conſideration: for know, ſweet Sir, that being overcome to ſee your paſſions ſo great, I cannot but commit my Love, my honour, my ſelf, and all, to your affection and wiſe government.

Farewell.

A Letter to his Miſtriſs. 88.

Faireſt,

SInce it is a common thing to love, and a miracle to ſubdue affection, let it not ſeem ſtrange, that I am a ſlave to your beautie; nor wonder, though I ſue for grace, ſince the Lover, like a ſick Patient, is inforc'd to ſeek comfort of his Miſtriſs: To prove that I love you, needs no other teſtimonie than the witneſs of your rare perfections, which are of force to create an amorous heat in the moſt ſevereſt *Anchorite*: for the preſent, I balm my wounds, with a hope that I ſhall kiſs your gracious hand, and that your anſwer will return an acceptance of the ſervice of him

whoſe heart waiteth on your beauty.

A Letter to his Miſtriſs upon ſervice enjoyned. 89.

FAir Nymph, may all contents and pleaſures dwell with you, as all mine depend on you! I perceive

now

now you command me to action: but love, which is ever accompanied with doubts, commands me to tremble: but let Heaven do with me what it pleaseth, I am confident that earth will not denie me a grave.

A Letter complaining of the cruelty of his Mistris. 90.

Fairest,

IF your eyes were as full of pitie, as they are to cause love, the sweetness which they promise at the first; would make me to adore them with as much contentments as they have produced in me vain hopes; but so far are they from the performance of their deceitful promises, that they will not so much as glance at them; and so wide from healing my hurt, that they will not acknowledge themselves authors, as if with you they purposed to equal crueltie with beautie, since you have ordained that the affection that you have caused to be born in me, should cruellie die in me: being unable to suffer so great an injustice, I am resolved to carrie my affections with me into the grave, hoping that the Heavens moved at the last, will, through my patient suffering, make me as dear to you, as you are now cruel to me.

Farewell.

A Letter from a despairing Lover. 91.

IF you have regard to the presumption which hath forced me to love, my death which follows it, shall revenge it for you; but if it be indifferent to you, I assure my self, that this last act of my affection shall gain somewhat more on your soul: which if it fall out so, I shall cherish the resemblance of your beautie more than my birth, since by it I came into the world, to be troublesom to you; and by the other, I go out of it, and leave you.

Another. 92.

Mistris, My heart is yours, my obedience belongs to your Commands, and my whole will is yours; so

so that I have nothing free but my pen to expresse how I am

Your servitor.

Another. 93.

Mistriss, From the time that with your beautie I had the knowledge of your merits, I felt some secret power, which sweetlie inforced my will to honour you, and my heart to aspire at nought but your love. If so be then that my services, whereof Heaven hath reserved the integritie for your Commands, may be never so little pleasing to you; permit, *Mistriss*, that I may honour my self with this title of

Your servant.

Another Letter of service. 94.

SIR, I have been honoured with a Letter from you, in which I have seen the submissions of services that you do me, but undeservedlie: for that I am more beholding to your courtesies, than to anie merit of mine. Now to except of them were unreasonable, as to refuse them would be held disdainful. I do therefore receive the proffer, but leave the effects to your self, that so you may not serve, Sir,

Her that favours you.

Another. 95.

SIR, If the services which your honestie will needs yield me, gather onlie life from my merit or beauty, they have but their name; for there can be no effect, if there be no cause: so that I never having any beauty or merit, you are but my servant, Sir, in words onlie, but I am yours in my living actions.

L. M.

Another. 96.

SIR, If my dutie have entertained yours my honestie hath refused your offers, as too worthie of me, and I am unworthie of them; I shall nevertheless, for mine own sake, reserve the honour to my self, to be

Your servant.

Another

Another to the same effect. 97.

SIR, I accuse my dutie for your satisfaction, for that I have deprived you of my Letters, and confess my self guiltie, before you accuse me, the rather to merit grace. Denie it me not then, I beseech you, as you regard him that begs it, who is,

The most affectionate of all your servants.

Another to the same effect. 98.

ALbeit one self-same cause makes us pardonable, for having been alike silent, yet I do know my duties interest, in having unjustlie deprived you (being obliged to you as I am) of the effects of remembrance, which grieves my soul; which grief I present to you, but alwayes in my qualitie, Sir,

Your humble servitor.

A Letter desiring better acquaintance. 99.

SIR, Although my merit be not such as may presume to deserve the honour I have to write to you; yet the desire nevertheless I have to introduce my self into your acquaintance and friendship, hath emboldned me to present these Lines to you, and to receive the honour of your commands, and to render to you the offers of my service.

Yours.

A Letter from one to his Mistris. 100.

IT is impossible to see you without loving you, but much more to love you, without being extream in that affection; so that, if for my defence, it shall please you to consider this truth, when this my paper shall present it self before your eyes, I assure my self, that the greatness of my hurt shall obtain by pitie as much pardon from you, as the boldness which hath raised me to this worth, may merit just punishment, attending the judgment which I shall give. Suffer me a thousand and a thousand times to kiss your fair hands, and rest,

Yours.

A Letter to Cœlia. 101.

Miſtriſs, If perfection be not in the world, but to make you be admired; if love be not love, but to make you be beloved; if ſacrifices are not, but to make you be adored, who can ſee you without admiration? Who can admire you without love? And who can love you without adoration? He muſt be one that hath neither eyes, heart, nor ſoul: for if my eyes admire you, affection will have it ſo: if my heart love you, reaſon commands it; if my ſoul adores you, Heaven permits it; ſo that theſe three neceſſities forming it for you, I preſent it to you, Dear Miſtriſs, under the Title of yours. *Eugenius.*

A Letter. 102.

Sir,

IT is needleſs for me to ſay I love you, ſince my actions hitherto have given you no teſtimonie to the contrarie; I can write little, but my deeds ſhall ſpeak for me, and tell you that in effect I will, during life, be *Yours.*

A Letter of acknowledgment. 103.

WHat worthie acknowledgment can I give to your noble favours, when their extremitie bereaved me of the hope, my dutie remains penſive at the exceſs of your courteſies: for being never able to render you other than unworthie effects of your merits, I have indeed but the will, and that is but a ſhadow for the bodie; yet accept it, I beſeech you, whil'ſt you remember how it proceeds from, *Your moſt humble ſervant.*

Another. 104.

SIR, With what kind of duties ſhall I acknowledge your courteſies, which have ſo obliged me, that to expreſs them right, I muſt be ſilent? To offer you my ſervice, it is alreadie your own. To preſent my ſelf, I am yours long ſince; I then have nothing but deficiencies for your ſatisfaction, though I have a thouſand ſervices

ſervices at your command, for my being in general, dependeth on that particular of,

Your moſt humble ſervitor.

Anſwer. 105.

SIR, I have nothing, yet I owe much. To preſent you with wiſhes for effects, were but too weak recompences; I will therefore give you mine endeavours for all your courteſies, honouring and ſerving you whileſt I live: All which life of mine is deſtined for no earthlie thing, but your commands.

Another. 106.

SIR, Your courteſies have too much obliged me, ever to forget them; I ſhall celebrate them particularly in my ſoul, whereby to be able to acknowledge them, in the leaſt preſenting ſerviceable occaſion; and live alwayes with this will, never to die beholding to you;

Sir, Your moſt humble ſervitor.

Another. 107.

SIR, I can honour your merits by reaſon, and acknowledge by dutie your courteſies, which have too much obliged me, than to be ingrateful; though I can never make you worthie ſatisfaction, yet ſhall I have alwayes both the deſire, and hope of it: and in the mean while, a ſtedfaſt will to live and dye: *Sir, Yours.*

For telling of News. 108.

SIR, Deſirous of your contentment, as of mine own, I have taken pen in hand, to tell you whatſoever hath paſt. Now you have ſeen what is new, take the old with it, which is, that I am alwayes, Sir, *Your ſervitor.*

A Letter of acknowledgment of his being beloved. 109.

SHall I conceal ſuch an exceſſive happineſs, as to be loved by thee, *My deareſt?* Or, ſhall I publiſh it, to make it greater? No, no, my ſilence may honour it, yet my words ſhall make it more glorious, but not more conſtant by doing ſo, for I cannot deprive my mind by forgetfulneſs; yet I will have my lips continuallie

tinually cloſed up, againſt the confeſſion of it, that my memory may be taken up with the thought of it, and my ſoul wrapped in the ſole object of its *Idæa*; that ſo by bleſſing my birth, for the happineſs of yours, that your death may be my tomb. In the mean ſpace, my whole happineſs and glory ſhall conſiſt in the quality of

Your moſt humble ſervant

A Letter of abſence. 110.

Miſtris, Since the day of your departure, which was alſo reckoned the ſame of my diſcontentment, tears and griefs have been inſeparable with my life; all kinds of objects are to me defective, nothing pleaſes me, but what diſlikes me. And if your memory did not ſtill accompany me in my actions, I ſhould forget my ſelf, and inſtead of preſerving my life for your ſervice, ſhould deſtroy it for my own content. If you deſire to judge of my grief, judge what you are your ſelf, *Miſtris*, who are the faireſt in the world, and I the moſt afflicted of all your ſervants.

Another. 111.

Miſtris, Since your abſence, I endured all that ever can be conceived of rigorous torments: the day ſhines not on me, but to enlighten my miſfortunes: for the Sun laughs at my pain, as I ſcorn his brightneſs, in that I acknowledge none worthier than that of your eyes, long ſince my conquereſſes, and ſtill mine idolls. But what ſhall I ſay? I am born to endure, and to love you *Miſtris*, but alwayes in the quality of,

Your moſt humble ſervant.

Letters of abſence. 112.

IF thoſe griefs which are ſtill preſent, ſince your abſence, did not make me hope for a ſpeedy death, I ſhould bewail the birth of my dayes, that do enlighten me without ſhining: for, deprived of the brightneſs of your eyes, I can acknowledge no other in the

world, as they have vanquiſhed me; and that with ſo many charms, as that they are not content that I adore them, but that they are ſtill burning me. Well, this is ſomewhat too much, but yet too little for your merits. Wherefore I will never be weary of ſuffering, no more than of loving you. Believe this my affliction, that your belief may be my remedie, and my honour, the qalitie,

Miſtris,

Of your moſt humble ſervitor.

Another. 113.

Miſtris, If the ſorrow which your abſence hath cauſed in my ſoul, could give me as many words to expreſs it, as I have griefs to bewail it, I ſhould think my ſelf ſatisfied: But for too much enduring, I muſt be ſilent in my torment, but never in my expreſſions, how I am one

Of your moſt humble ſervants.

Anſwer. 114.

Sir, WHat kind of trouble can ſuch an indifferent abſence bring to your content? It can be but an imaginarie feeling to you, though it ſeems real, as by your own words may be perceived, which ſpeak you unable, being there's no ſuch thing to expreſs it; and therefore your ſilence will be your greateſt advantage, ſince it laies aſleep your torments, without ſaying any thing to them; but not the title which your fair carriage gives you, of being my *Servitor.* As to me, it doth likewiſe the endeavour, *Sir,* of deſerving the ſtile and qualitie of

Your ſervant.

115.

Sir, I Can give but a faigned remedie to an imaginarie torment, like yours: for my abſence is of too different a nature to cauſe your grief or trouble. And I beſeech you, diſpence with me for believing it, ſince alſo mine own knowledge forbids it, as reaſon doth otherwiſe to ſay I am, *Sir,*

Your ſervant.

Upon

Upon a point of rigour. 116.

IF love and crueltie be two contrarie things, your love muſt needs be faigned, ſince your rigour is real. Ceaſe then to make me ſuffer, and I ſhall believe you love me; for my pain and your cruelrie, are too oppoſite to perſiſt together.

Adieu to the faireſt though cruelleſt of all thy ſex.

Another. 117.

SIr, You complain of my abſence, and I of yours. You would enjoy my preſence, but my diſcretion forbids it you, and me the happineſs to ſee you; but my want of power oppoſeth: ſo that grievances ſhould be leſs, in that they are equallie ſhared; but not the qualitie which I take, *Sir*, *Of your ſervant.*

Another. 118.

TO ſee you without admiration is paſt my power; to admire and love you, is a neceſſitie. You have ſo much merit, that one can hardly deſire, much leſs hope for the honour of your good favours. Judge then, who can but worthilie ſerve you? Sure he is yet unborn, nay, in earneſt, I'le pawn my life on't; yet with your leave, *Miſtris*: *For I am yours.*

To his Lady. 119.

TO deſpiſe ſuch as honour you, to diſdain ſuch as love you, to make no account of ſuch as faithfully ſerve you? are theſe the actions of a fair ſoul like yours? or are they but words, that honour me with a hope of ſome effects of your good remembrance! Oh, it is a little too rigorous! Confeſs it, that you may repent, and give him content, who cannot be abſent from you, *Miſtris*,

As your moſt humble ſervitor.

To a Kinſwoman. 120.

Miſtris, Albeit your actions in appearance have witneſſed, that I was no otherwiſe in your eſteem, than of an indifferent qualitie; yet my deſire being ſtill ſecretlie zealous for your ſervice, in their

natural inſtinct, aſpiring at nothing but your good, have diſarmed my purpoſe, bent to your diſgrace; ſo to reſtore me to my ſelf, and make me the ſame, I profeſs my ſelf to you, which is,

Miſtris, your moſt affectionate ſervant and kinſman.

Upon the inconſtancy of a ſervant. 121.

Sir, Our ſex is not alwaies accuſed of inconſtancy, and yet I now take that aſperſion from you; you, I ſay, whoſe oaths gave ſuch faithful teſtimonies of affection, that *I* durſt not doubt of it, for fear of offending my ſelf. And yet, hath the wind carried away your words, but not your love, for you never had any. So that now when *I* blame my ſelf for having believed you, *I* praiſe my ſelf withal for imitating you, but alwaies with the ſorrow of not being your example; for it was fit *I* ſhould precede you as your *Miſtris*,

Sir, *though at the preſent, your ſervant.*

A Letter. 122.

Miſtris, It is to be feared, that you have no love, ſince you have eys to ſee my unworthineſs. Love is blind, you ſhould be ſo too, in regard of my merits Let it ſuffice you, that I love you, and that I adore you, even as the moſt faireſt, and moſt perfect creature on earth.

A Letter from a deſpairing Lover. 123.

THere is no creature, *Madam*, ſo bereaved of reaſon, or deprived of ſenſe, which being oppreſſed with direful calamities, feeleth not by meer inſtinct of nature, a preſent medicine for his malady, man only excepted; who by reaſon of his want, may juſtly accuſe the Powers of injuſtice: The Unicorn being ſick, recovers his health by ſwallowing the buds of a Date-tree; the Deer being ſtrucken, feeds on the herb *Dictamnum*, and recovers: but man hath no ſecret ſalve ſo excellent, nor plaiſter ſo perfect, by whoſe ſecret vertues he may appeaſe his paſſions. This, *Madam*, I now know by proof, and therefore ſpeak by experience: for your di-

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vine beauty, and the perfections of your mind, have kindled such a flame in my heart, that by no means I can quench, but it will turn my body into dry earth and cinders, unless by the drops of your pity it be speedily extinguished. Therefore, fair one, now at last be merciful, and let not my service and loyal love be recompensed with such disloyal refusals. Strive not for my life, since you have my liberty; seek not my death, since you are the Saint to which I offer up my devotions. *Madam*, let the sweet balm of your benevolence salve the sore, which so painfully afflicteth my careful conscience; and with the dew of your grace redeem him from misery, whose life or death standeth in your answer: which I hope shall be such, as belongeth to the desert of my love, and the graces of your beautiful mind. *Farewell.*

Her Answer. 124.

IT is impossible, Sir, to strain moist liquour out of the dry flint, to procure a heat in that which is key-cold, or to force the sturdy streams to run against their common course. Know Sir, you are the man I loath, and cannot like. Make therefore a vertue of your necessity, and asswage the flame your self, which I know not who else will quench, by an importunate persisting in your purpose, where no hope is, lest you prove your self rather a desperate Sot, than a discreet Souldier. Take my Nay therefore for an answer; if I would, I cannot; and if I could, I would not. So farewell.

No way yours.

To one who is not really what she seems. 125.

ADmire not though I rail against thy follies, since thy mercilesse mind hath abused me, by thy ingratitude, and thy imperfections have delineated these impressions of my pen. For thy beauty, if I admired it once, it was when I knew not that thy ill conditions, like bad commodities, we to be put off with it:

but now making uſe of reaſon, I queſtion whether at that time I had ſenſe. Perſwade thy ſelf therefore, if I were to die preſently, and thou wert part of that I ſhould leave the world; I would bequeath thee, with thy good face, and bad conditions, for a Legacie to my moſt inveterate enemy. And for my own part, whilſt I do ſurvive, and thy remaining upon this earth yet afflicts me, be confident, thou painted ſepulcher, I will epitomize all thy vices, that the world, by reading thy volume, may ſhun thee, as the only obſtacle to felicitie, and learn the wages of vertue, by thoſe things that are thy contraries. For the preſent, admire not, though this paper be ſtained with the blemiſhes of thy ill name, ſince Nature her ſelf was deceived, which beſtowed her features ſo raſhly and inconſiderately on thee. Certainly, thou wert ordained to rectifie my mind, that by thee I may learn to know, that a good face is not alwaies exempted from a hoarſe voice. I proteſt to thee, I would not buy the diſtempers of thy ſoul at ſo high a rate, as to enjoy thy beautie: Much rather will I endeavour to expreſs my gratitude to heaven, in that I fail not to practiſe this reſolution,

Never to enjoy thee

Her Anſwer. 126.

VVOnder not, Sir, though you ſee an anſwer to your frantick Letter. Do you think by brawling like a Beggar to become a King? No, Sir, as I know your knavery, ſo I paſs not for it, neither can your brags go for payment. I marvel not, though your dogged Letters ſavour of *Diogenes's* Doctrine. You Cynical Dunce, What felicitie can you have in biting of thoſe, whom otherwiſe thou canſt not be revenged of? Indeed, gentle *Balaam's* Aſs, if I had been ſo light to have loved you, for feeding my fancie on thy ill-favoured face, I might juſtly have reap'd ſuch profit, ſince I then have fill'd my eies ſo full with the figure of a fool. Hereafter keep your

your Letters Patents in your beggars box. Adieu Sir Dunce; the more you mislike me, the more I love my self, while I account it the greatest felicitie of *S. M.*

To be rid of such a fool.

A Letter from a distressed Lover. 127.

Madam, AS my cares proceed from your cruelty, so let the effects of your courtesie procure my blisse; since the perfections of your beauty have made me miserable, let me beg of you to send the messenger of present consolation, to him that pineth away; and is yours only and ever, *Still in hope.*

A Letter from a Lover professing constancy. 128.

THey who have the honour to see you, run a dangerous fortune; if they love you, they are sawcy; if they love not, they are without judgement. Now, fair creature, I have chosen that which is most after my humour, and from which it is impossible for me to withdraw my self. Think it not hard, cruel *Diana*, that having seen you, I love you: if this boldness deserve punishment, you caused it, and it is no more in my choice; for I must, while I live, be your servant, or not be alive. *Farewel.*

A Letter from an unconstant Lover. 129.

I Write not now to tell you that I love, for you have believ'd that but too well: but to assure you, I shall love you no more. Perhaps you may be amazed at this alteration, for you have alwaies loved me above my desires. But that which draws me from you, is, I must confess, your misfortune, that will no longer continue to you the pleasure of our loves; or rather my good fortune, which will have me no longer stay at so poor a thing. And to the end you may live to complain of me; I bid you for ever *Farewell.*

Her Answer. 130.

SIr, It was your arrogancy perswaded you I lov'd you, wherein you are most infinitely mistaken: I swear

to thee, by all the merits which thou thinkeſt thou haſt, but are not in thee, there was never any ſuch matter as love. As for the Letter you ſent me, I cannot be unthankfull for the pleaſure you have done me in it, ſince it hath taught me to reject hereafter, the importunities of ſuch coxcombs as your ſelf. In the mean time, to be content as I am, in being free of ſuch a burthen; believe me, Sir, it is no ſmall happineſs.

Farewell.

A Letter to an inconſtant Miſtreſs. 131.

IT is not to complain of you, *Miſtreſs*, that I take up my pen, but only to deplore my misfortunes, which makes me ſo contemned of you: ſince at other times you were not wont to uſe me in this ſort. I am the ſame man that hath ſerved you in all reſpective ſubmiſſion, and you are the ſame that at firſt were mine, ſince you received me for yours. I am become no leſs, nor you greater: if it be ſo, why do you not judge me worthy of the ſame entertainment? I have called my ſoul to an account for her actions; ſince it pleaſeth you, I will diſplay them all before your eyes; for my part, I cannot accuſe any one of them: if you ſhall judge otherwiſe when you have heard them, it ſhall be no ſmall conſolation to the poor condemned, to know at leaſt the cauſe of his puniſhment. *Adieu, cruel one.*

A Letter. 132

IF love taught me as well to ſpeak my torment, as to ſuſtain it, pitty would make you ſenſible of my plaint, but dumb in their too much ſufferance. I have but my conſtancy for remedy, that is all my hope, your ſweetneſſe for my deſire, and your command for mine honour, *Miſtreſs*, for my quality is,

Your humble ſervitor.

Another. 133.

SInce your merits cauſe my torments, I will never complain; the more rigorous you ſhall be, the more con-

conſtantly I will oppoſe all my reſpects to your neglects, my honours to your diſdain, and my fire to your Ice. If I breathe, it ſhall be love; if I ſigh, it ſhall be in paſſion for your ſervice: in a word, if it be, I will be,

Miſtreſs, Your Servitor.

A Letter. 134.

TO have no ſoul, but to adore you; to have no heart, but to love you, and but one onely life, for your ſervice, have you not cauſe to complain? You, whoſe beauty hath ſo many charmes, and merits ſo many habits, that one would deteſt this name of liberty, to die your ſlave. Should one talk of miracles, you are the example; in diſcourſe of rarities, you are above compariſons, ſo that Heaven and nature are in diſpute, for whom you were made. Now to ſay, I am *Your Servitor*, that is a quality too high; to ſay, I am *Your Slave*, that's yet too lofty. Behold my ſirname, now give me what name you pleaſe.

A Letter. 135.

IF for deſiring death, one were to loſe his life, I ſhould have been gone long ſince: for too much love makes me hate my ſelf, but me thinks, I ſhould ſtill live, and lengthen my dayes; and that, being wretched, I ought to live the longer; I flye that which flyes me, the grave; ſo as I have neither comfort of my life, nor hope of my death. And that I am, *Miſtreſs*, always,

Your Servitor.

Another. 136.

TO love, and not to be loved, is to live without hope, and by conſequent, to die. Have you reſolved my death, by diſdaining my ſervices, thus to forget their requital? It is too much rigour for your beauty, and you will confeſſe it one day, but too little for your repentance; for I ſhall no longer by conſequence ſubſiſt, as I am for the preſent, *Miſtreſs*,

The moſt humble of all your ſervants.

A Letter. 137.

Miſtris, Thus to forbid me to love you, and to will me not to honour you, what would you have me to do, *my deareſt?* I muſt change my heart, if I would change my affections, and Nature muſt give me other inclinations, to deprive me of my reſpects and of my obedience. Forbid me to live rather, and I will die, but it ſhall be for love, and ſo at the end of my daies, I ſhall do you ſervice, leaving this truth for a remembrance to after-times.

A Letter from a Gentleman to his Miſtris. 138.

IT is you (*fair Creature*) that have gained this advantage upon me, that I forget my ſelf to remember you perpetually. Do not think, that unleſs I ſee you ſhortly, I can longer ſurvive, whereby I might continue the affections of my ſervices to you. So that two things will infallibly bring me to my grave, your Abſence, and my Grief, for not acquitting my ſelf towards you as I deſire. Chooſe now (*fair ſoul*) whether you had rather have me dead for your content, or to ſee me daily offer you up the fruits of my ſervices, upon the altar of your merits, in the quality of

Your moſt loyal and moſt affectionate ſervitor.

A Letter of difference betwixt a Gentleman and his Miſtris. 139.

I Thought it was an inviolable vow that was betwixt us, when we ſwore ſo ſolemnly; but I perceive already, the change hath better pleaſed you, than the continuance of my ſervices. I know not whom I ſhall accuſe, you, or my ſelf; for poſſibly, the long time I have been without ſeeing you, is the cauſe of it; or elſe you have been drawn to it by your own natural inclination. Make me what anſwer you pleaſe, no earthly thing ſhall hinder me from loving you; for I had rather chooſe a thouſand deaths, than to be inconſtant in my love; and will flye, with the hazard of my life, the reproach-

proach of disloyaltie, whether you will or no.

Your servitor inviolably.

A Letter of a Gentleman after a visit. 140.

Mistris, The honour I received in the late visit I made to my dear Cousin, at your house, hath so oblig'd me to both of you, that I thought I should commit a hainous fault, if by some honest endeavour I should not witnesse a feeling of it. If ever *I* have the happinesse to see you at my home, which is all yours, *I* shall endeavour to make you as welcome as *I* can. *I* conjure you to come to see my sister, as you have promised her, otherwise farewel all friendship: yet not so, nevertheless, but that in the mean space *I* desire to continue, *Mistris*, *Your Cousin and best friend.*

A Letter of a fond Maid, that disdained the service and love of a gallant Gentleman, who was counselled to disdain her also. 141.

FOrsake the Maid that forsakes you, and no more remember her forgetfulnes. She hath changed, that she may not change her natures inconstancy; her small acquaintance should make you know her fault. Your good judgement may shew you, how little she hath. You cannot but get by the loss of her; if you lose a Sweetheart, you gain a Libertie. You should keep some love for your self, and not cast it all away from you. If you love something, do not hate your self for all that: if fortune give you any thing, she will be well rewarded; but if she should take a heart from you, think it was not yours; that wheresoever you go, you may remain content, and love not what is contrary to you, unlesse you would contradict him that loves you dearly,

Even to the grave.

A Letter of love between two Lovers. 142.

YOu have made me feel, fair *Calestena*, the ardent sparkles of your friendship, the memory wherof *I* shall still honour, and esteem my self a great deal the more

more fortunate, if my happineſs may prove more extream, and I conſume in its flame, my ſoul ſhall then live with a thouſand delights, and my heart reſume new life in its aſhes, and that I may be thus condemned to this wiſhed puniſhment: nor let your fair mind conceive any doubt of my loves eternity, ſince conſtancy ſhall be ever its faithful companion, and the fire which kindleth it, ſhall never be quenched, though it were combated by the moſt icy proceedings or fears you might have of your enviers. What if it were ſo? yet ſhould they melt as ſoon as they do but contemplate the Sun-beams of my diſcretion You may as well aſſure your ſelf of theſe effects of my words, as I do of the conſummation of my hopes, which have no other ſcope, than to ſerve your merits, and to ſit up to your uſe, *Your faithful* Floridon, *&c.*

A Letter in Anſwer. 143.

YOur deſires are my laws, (dear *Floridon*) and your loyalty cannot finiſh but with mine: they ſhall both alike ſhine bright over our lives, and nouriſh themſelves with our flames: wherein I ſhall think my ſelf very happy to live with you. That ſilence which knit up my tongue at your fair diſcourſes, proceeded only out of fear; you might know ſo much by my exteriour ſigns, which ſufficiently ſhewed you how ſorely it grieved me for your ſweet ſelf: for I would not have you to eſteem me to be fearful of the fiery ſparks of the envious, ſince nothing can withſtand that faithful love, which from hence forward is contracted by,

Your dear Caliſta, *&c.*

Another. 144.

IF my ſtedfaſt love were not anſwered by yours, (dear *Caliſta*) I ſhould have reaſon to complain of you, and my complaints would be ſuch as never to admit of interruption: but ſo as for ever to open the gates to my ſorrow: for when I read your Letter, which is an article of my

my faith, and that you ſuffer a thouſand tortures for my love; I doubt not, but envy hath been buzzing ſomething in my parents ear, of our affections; and that felicity her ſelf, as jealous of our contents, might put ſuch a poor trick upon us: but you have ſo fair a ſoul, and ſo generous, that you will conſtantly repulſe all thoſe onſets, to honour ſtill with your love, *Your faithful* Floridon.

A Letter in anſwer. 145.

PLeaſures are of ſhort continuance, and their fair days are too ſoon eclipſed; we cannot promiſe our ſelves long enjoyment of them, ſince they are in the hand of the great *Jehovah*. It is conſtancy that gives us happineſs, after all our adverſities. You were the ſubject of my beſt ſorrows, dear *Floridon*; but now your preſence ſerves me for Sun-beams. Though indeed ſome doubts of future obſtacles, do even bury me in an obſcure night of anguiſh. And were it not that joy follows ſorrow, I had e're this skip'd over the ſtep of this life of mine, to be freed of my pain. But time will one day give us the happineſs, to make each other amends, by receiving uſury for our patience. Be comforted then in your ſelf, and conſider well with your ſerious diſcretion, though I am thus now overwhelmed with my fears, yet we are almoſt at the ſpire of our felicities, which we ſhall attain at, I hope, ſhortly; or it ſhall be no fault of hers, who is,

Your faithful Caliſta, *as much as you deſire with honour.*

A Letter, in demand of his Miſtreſſes picture. 146.

MAdam, That beautiful ſubſtance, whoſe features and graces you animate with ſo much ſweetneſs, appears in my ſight ſo admirable in the original, that it would be my greateſt happineſs but to obtain the ſhadow: it will (if you pleaſe to honour me in this my requeſt) be a noble means of my teſtifying the reſentment in quality, *Of your.* A

A Letter of Sir J. S. *to* T. C. *diſſwading him from marrying of a Widow.* 147.

SIr, At this time, when the hot Planets fire the blood, and when the Lunaticks of *Bedlam* themſelves are truſted abroad, that now you ſhould run mad, it is not ſo much a ſubject of your friends pity, as their wonder. True love is a natural diſtemper, a kind of a ſmall pox, every one hath had it, or is to expect it; and the ſooner the better. Thus far you are excuſed; but having been well cured of a Feavour, to court a relapſe, to make love the ſecond time in the ſame place, is (not to flatter you) neither better nor worſe, than to fall into a quag-mire by chance, and to ride into it afterwards of purpoſe. It is not love, Sir, that doth the miſchief, but conſtancy of love; for love is of the nature of a burning glaſſe, which held ſtill to one place, fires; changed often, doth nothing; a kind of a glowing coal, which being ſhifted from hand to hand, a man may eaſily endure. But then to marry, *Sir*, you had better live honeſt. Love, you know, is blind; what will he not do, when he hath fetters, and knows then what marriage is? 'Tis a curing of love the deareſt way, a waking of a loſing gameſter, out of a winning dream; after a long expectation of a ſtrange banquet, a preſentation of a homely meal. Alas, Sir, love-ſeeds, when they run into matrimony, are good for nothing; like ſome fruit-trees, love muſt be tranſplanted, if you would have it active, and bring forth any thing. You have now perchance vowed all that can be vowed, to ſome one face, and think, that you have not left any thing unſaid to it. Do but make love to another, and if you are not ſuddenly furniſh'd with new language, & freſh oaths, I'le conclude, *Cupid* hath uſed thee worſe, than ever he did any of his train. After all this, to marry a Widow, is a kind of a chewed meat. What a fantaſtical ſtomack haſt thou, that canſt not taſte a diſh, until

until another man hath cut? Who will wash after another, when he may have fresh water for calling for? If you must needs marry, as who can tell to what height you have sinned, marry a Maid: for if you are constrained to live in a Prison, it is better to lye in a private chamber, than in the Hole. *Yours.*

Short and easie directions for inditing Letters.

What a Letter is.

IT is a kind of a conference, or communication of one that is absent, with another, as if he were present.

Why Letters were indited.

To inform friends in the time of their absence, of those occasions that chiefly concern them.

Several kind of Letters, with their use and applications.

There are three things to be practised by those that indite Letters, and each of them in its right order.

1. *Invention.*
2. *Disposition.*
3. *Elocution.*

First, He must invent his matter, which is, as it were, the material of a building.

Secondly, He must dispose his matter in a true order, frame and method; to consider what will be best pleasing in the beginning of his Epistle, what in the middle, and what in the end. And this is, as it were, the framing of a building.

Thirdly, He must labour to deliver his mind in fit significant words, and in a pure and good phrase. And this is, as it were, the polishing and the beautifying of a building.

And these three, *viz. Invention, Disposition* and *Elocution*, may be exceedingly furthered, by three other notable helps.

viz.

viz. *Art*, *Imitation*, *Exercise*.

Art directeth by example.

Imitation by precept.

Exercise by continual use and practise.

As an Artist, First giveth to his Scholar the Rules of his Art.

Secondly, causeth him to look upon him writing, *&c.*

Thirdly, to make tryal by himself.

By which three conjoyned, he may with great ease attain to the perfection of his Art.

Letters demonstrative, are to declare, manifest, and lay open the particulars of a business.

Letters consiliatory of counsel, are branched into those of perswasion, or of disswasion: these ought to be deliberative and judicial, as they consist, and sometimes refer to the commendation, or dispraise of the person, or of his actions, or to things in agitation.

Letters Petitory, or petitionary of requests, should be of things possible, convenient, or necessary; they should be ever set off with modest desires, and free from the oppression of a friends good nature, not too much intrenching upon his generous disposition.

Letters that are moral and civil, should be grave and sententious.

Letters that are amorous and loving, should be full of passion, honestly expressed, full of sweet invitations, pleasant and beautiful descriptions, penn'd with fear when despair prevails; set off with confidence, when the love-sick inditer is encouraged.

Oeconomical Letters of houshold affairs, are to be plain, and fraught with business, concise: and so writ, as not to detract from the respect of him that imployes, according to his preeminence, or the others more servile relations.

Letters gratulatory, or of thanks for benefits received, should carry with them a fervency of expressions, and of acknowledgment.

Letters

Letters Accuſatory, are, when we touch the perſons or actions of others; they are to be indited with ſmooth pens, the grounds of jealouſie examined, leſt they appear too cenſorious, ever concluding with a diſlike, and unwillingneſs of him that writes them, and a profeſſion of ingenuous love to him he writes to.

Letters Excuſatory, of clearing or pleading for our ſelves, or others, ſhould be ſubmiſſive, with reference to better judgements, yet not without extenuations: but ſuch as modeſty may gain upon the peruſer's candor and affection.

Letters Nuncupatory of News, ſhould be impartial, but alwayes (except upon certain knowledge) ſet off with a kind of diffidence, [*So it is given out, or reported*] leſt the inditer betrayes his credit, and ſeems to him he writes to, to be a falſifyer of truth, the venial ſins of the times, as ſome of our Intelligencers conſtant practices would make us believe.

How a Letter ſhould be writ.

It ought to have reference to the place, to the time, and to the perſon, or his affairs; and ſo take beginning from the riſe of ſuch things, as we are to write of.

How a Letter ſhould be adorned.

It is to be beautified with flowers of expreſſions, flouriſhed with ſimilitudes and grave ſentences, enriched and made firm with fervent vows, and tenders of ſervice, In a word, it ſhould be moſt complementally fluent, in the neatneſs and fineſs of the epithites, compariſons and circumſtances.

How the forms of ſalutations ought to be ordered.

They are to be ſuch, as are moſt Court-like, and in faſhion with the Nation, time, perſon and circumſtances, as any of them in the method or phraſe, may admit of variation.

General

General directions, for the Styles and Superscriptions of Letters.

Excogitate and consider the person's relation, and qualifications, how he is honoured in the Commonwealth, and so accordingly make use of seasonable and fit applications, devising of such titles, words, and expressions, as are answerably requisite in respect of his preheminence of place, or supremacy of authority, either in Civil or Ecclesiastical matters. More particular directions, for Superscriptions and Subscriptions, follow in their order.

Styles or Terms used to the King or Queen's Majesty, either in our speech, or in our Superscriptions of Petitions directed to them.

If you present any thing.

SIr, may it please your Majesty.

If you write in form of a Petition to the King.

Sir, may it please your Majesty to understand, or to grant.

To the Queen.

Madam, may it please your Majesty.

On the Superscription of some businesse, directed both to the King and Queen.

To the most excellent, and most high, *Cæsar Augustus.*

To the most excellent, most mighty Lady, the Queen.

A style used by men of quality, when they speak to the King.

Sir, may it please your Majesty.

To the Queen.

Madam, may it please your Majesty.

Styles

Stiles used to the Nobility in our Superscriptions, are divers, but the most general are these.

If to a Nobleman eminent in place.
To the right Honourable.
Or otherwise.
To the Honourable,
To persons of more inferiour degrees.
To the right Worshipful.
Otherwise.
To the Worshipful.

Superscriptions, with Subscriptions adjoyned to them, as they are most properly applyed.

TO the most sacred, most gracious, most high, most mighty, most puissant, and victorious Monarch, His Majesty of Great *Brittain*, &c.
Your Majesties most faithful and obedient subject.
To the most illustrious Prince.
To the most renowned Duke.
To the right Honourable Earl.
To the right Worshipful Knight.
To the Worshipful Esquire.
To the most just and upright Judges
To the most circumspect and prudent States man.
To the most grave, most sincere, most religious, and most learned Clergy-man.
To Professors of Sciences, (if Rhetoricians.)
To the most eloquent, most learned.
To the approved Physician.
To Logicians, the term of most Subtle or Cunning.
To Poets, the style of the sacred adorers of the Muses.
To Lawyers, the superscriptions of skilful, wise, singular and learned.

To

To the right Honourable.
Your Honours most humbly devoted.
To his honourable Lord.
Your Honours in all duty and service.
To the honourable, and his highly respected Lady.
Your Honours to command, Or,
Your Honours devoted.
To the Worthy and Noble. *Ever yours to serve you.*
To the right honourable, and his highly esteemed Patron. *Your Honours observant.*
To those of Consanguinity, thus.
To his most loving, well-beloved, right good Father.
Your obedient Son.
To his most dear, most loving Mother.
Your dutiful Son.
To his beloved, and most affectionate Sister.
Your loving Brother.
To his dearly beloved Wife.
Your most loving Husband.
To his loving Uncle. *Your observant Kinsman.*
To the honourable Colonel.
Yours sworn to worthiness.
To the only life of his desires.
Your afflicted friend.
To the fulness of his contentment.
Your living and dying friend.
To the only hope of his fortunes.
The honourer of your matchless perfections.
To the noble and truly vertuous Gentlewoman.
Yours in death it self
To his best choice. *Yours in the midst of fear.*
To his vertuous and dearly beloved.
Yours ever resolved.
To the Mistris of his thoughts. *Yours dying in constancy.*
To his beloved friends. *Yours assured.*
To the lovingest of all my friends. *Yours inseparably.*

To

To his high'y esteemed friend.
Yours, as I have profſed.
To his tryed and trusty friend. *Not living without you.*
To his honourable friend. *Yours in true friendſhip.*
To her newly displeased friend.
Yours, if you wrong her not.
To her best resolved friend. *Yours whereſoever.*
To his well-adviſed friend. *Yours, and Vertues.*
To his loving, and long expected friend.
Yours with good wiſhes.
To his respected friend. *Yours well aſſured.*
To his approved friend. *Yours in true liberty.*
To her most disquieted friend.
Yours in honourable love.
To his loving Neece. *Your affectionate kinſman.*
To his deareſt brother. *Yours in all occaſions.*
To his well-experienced, & moſt esteemed noble friend.
Yours, as you can deſire.
To his well-diſpoſed friend. *Yours to truſt only.*
To her deareſt husband. *Your ever loving Wife.*
To his much disordered friend.
Yours in reformation.
To his unkind friend. *Yours, if you will have it ſo.*
To his ill-adviſed ſon. *Your diſpleaſed father.*
To his miſerable rich friend.
Yours, if you can be your own.
To the worthy Lady. *Yours, as a lover of honour.*
To her unkind husband. *Your true wife till death.*
To his perjur'd and laſcivious wife.
Your husband, if you do not divide him.
To her jealous husband. *Yours in her very thoughts.*
To his ſuddenly diſpleaſed friend.
Yours, when you conceive aright of me.
To his well-esteemed friend.
Yours, whileſt mine own.
To her unkind friend. *Yours, and yet diſpleaſed.*

To

To his honourable and good friend.
Yours, if you think me worthy.
To his well-esteemed friend.
Yours most dutiful, if you will accept of humiliation.
To his true helping friend. *Yours recovered.*
To his worthy friend, Adventurer in the Straits.
Yours undivided, though far off.
To his noble and constant friend.
Yours, though amongst Infidels.
To his respected and worthy friend.
Yours, as you have made me.
To his careful friend. *Yours, mindful of you.*
To the worthy Doctor. *Your sick Patient.*
To his honourable, valiant, hardy, merciful, worthy Captain. *Yours, though we never meet again.*
To his approved friend.
Yours in all places, and at all times.
To his special friend. *My own, if in your memory.*
To the most perfect Woman.
Yours in the midst of temptation.
To his honourable enemy. *Yours, ready for all danger.*
To his well-deserving friend. *Yours unfeignedly.*
To his over-suspitious friend. *Yours to trust only.*
To his wilful and seduced friend.
Your poor abused friend.

For the Readers greater pleasure and variety, these Subscriptions are here only placed by themselves.

YOur careful father. Your dutiful son.
Your loving Master Your obedient servant.
Usque ad aras. Affectionately devoted to your service.
The unfortunate. As you shall determine of me.
Your well-wishing friend. Thy discontented friend.
In all humble duty. Thy most constant friend.
Ever thine. Your Worships poor Tenant to command.
In all obedience. Yours, not safe till I enjoy you.
Faithfully

Faithfullie yours. Yours in boundleſs affection.
Thy true friend. Your ſervant in all humilitie.
Never leſs his own. Your loving Landlord.
Thy ſometimes friend. Yours irremovablie.
Your honours moſt obliged. Yours, as I find cauſe.
Yours, as far as modeſtie will ſuffer me. Your true lover.
Yours, if you pleaſe to accept of me. Thine to the end.
Yours, prepared to ſuffer. Yours more than my own.
Your beſt counſellour. Remaining your friend.
Your injured Miſtris. Yours in reſpective dutie.
Your affectionate poor friend. Once thy friend.
Your entire vaſſail. Your plain and true friend.
Remaining your friend. Yours in reſpective dutie.
Yours, as a lover of vertue. Yours fearfully loving.
Yours, well affected. Your friend to his abilitie.
Your worſhips to be commanded. Your loyal wife.
Animæ dimidium tuæ. Your impriſoned friend.
Yours in unutterable affection. Thine, or not my ſelf.
No longer your friend. Your diſtreſſed debtor.
Yours, ſo I may be my own. One alwaies yours.
Your ſorrowful friend. Yours what you will.
Your forſaken friend. Yours, ever to his power.
Your vowed ſervant. Thine own from all the world.
Your enemie till death. Your faithful and readie friend.
Yours moſt paſſionatelie, loyallie, and perpetuallie devoted.
Yours wholly and only, if you will.
Yours, as you ſhall deſerve by your ſervice.
Your friend, whether you will or no.
Yours, in all good ſort to be entertained.
Deſirous of your reformed imagination.
Yours, more ſorry for your ill condition, than for the wrong you have done me.
Your moſt humble and paſſionate ſervant.
Yours, in the infringible bonds of affection.
The ſervant of your worthie vertues.

Yours

Your moſt reſpectfully engaged.
Your ever friend and ſervant.
Your Lordſhips unfeigned, honoured, and loyal ſervant.
Your friend *dum aurâ æthereâ veſcor.*

The Academy

A Character of Complements.

COmplements are a ſhort collation of ſweet meats, to banquet and pleaſe the daintieſt taſte; they are the quinteſſence of wit, the refiners of ſpeech, and fit the mind better than the apparel doth the body; for the cloaths may be too ſtrait, or point device: but complements are the minds free exerciſe. They have ſome droſſe in them as well as ſilver. They are a kind of Bell-mettal, they have in them both the preciſian and the paraſite; the moral of which is, That Wit and Women are frail things, gilded hypocrites, ſpecious outſides; to which, complements, like feathers to ſmall birds, make a proportion, though the body it ſelf be but little. They are multiplying glaſſes, and flattering mirrors, that conceal age and wrinkles. *Jays* finely dreſt up for a preſent. A complementive ſubmiſſion, is the Flatterer's and Polititian's key, to open the moſt ſecret cabinets of Princes breaſts with. For there is a Congee of the loweſt humility, that reaches to the higheſt flight of ambition. Thus Complements may bring the Court with them; the Court Behaviour; that Behaviour will make an iſſue in love; that love will conquer Maiden-heads. The preface to a complement, is the motion of that body; the grace of it, the diſpoſing of the countenance; the zeal or oath of it, the hand upon the book of the breaſt. Complements are the language of Gallants, (the melt-

ings

ings of their language) the musical ravishings of their perswasive tongues, the Odours of their perfumed breaths; loving sighs, and the business of their afternoons. To conclude, their power is such, that they gain admittance into a Ladies private retiring-Room; or else by their force break open their locks and doors at midnight, to give us access to the Mistresses of our hearts.

The Postscript.

WOrthy Reader, *I hope it will fare with thee now, as with a Guest, whose eye being first allured with a magnificent Banquet, his appetite is the better pleased, when he hath relished some of those dainties: So having but at the first delighted the eye of the fancy with the Architecture of the frontispiece of this Book; and since with a more discreet perusal you have now taken a view of every room; I know thou canst not but be wonderfully pleased with the whole building and fabrick of this Academy: Love and eloquence lead thee with pleasure into it; may thy content and favourable censure let thee forth again.*

Thine, Philomusus.

A Table for the understanding of the hard *English* words contained in this Book.

A.

ACute witty
Amiable lovely
Apt fit
Austere sharp
Aspire to look high
Abstemious temperate
Amplifie to inlarge
Advertise to advise
Augment to increase
Aspect to look upon
Absurd foolish
Applaud to like
Altitude height

Acknowledgment confession
Attractive drawing to
Aspiration breathing
Abhor to hate
Audacious bold
Alacrity cheerefulnesse
Apparent open
Abjure to forsweare
Active nimble
Anguish griefe
Appertinent belonging to
Auspicious betokening successe
Abruptly unorderly
Ambiguity doubtfulnesse
Arrogant proud
Accommodate to make fit
Aggravate to make more grievous
Adverse contrary
Apprehension understanding
Affable courteous
Artificially workeman-like
Affectation curiosity
Academy university
Amity friendship
Abbreviate to shorten
Ardent hot
Adorn to beautifie
Antipathy contrariety
Adore to worship
Affectionate loving
Acurate curious
Act to do or perform
Accident chance
Assent to agree to
Accomplish to finish
Amaze to strike with wonder
Admire to wonder at
Absolutely fully
Adventure to hazard.

B

Beneficiall profitable
Blisse happinesse
Bashfull blushing
Brevity shortnesse
Benevolence goodwill
Brute report
Barbarian a rude person
Beatitude blessednesse
Besiege to set upon or court

C

Complexion constitution of body
Convince to confute.
Credulity, rashnesse of beleefe
Celestiall heavenly
Civility honest behaviour
Comprehend to contain
Circumspect heedy
Celebrate to keep solemnly
Compassion pity
Consequent following by order
Correspondent answerable
Contrite sorrowfull
Capacity largenesse of place
Circumstance quality of time and place
Condescend to agree to
Cogitation thought
Catastrophe the end
Credible to be believed
Contribution bestowing
Confirm to establish
Casually chance
Compose to joyne
Clemency gentlenesse
Convenient fit
Consecrate to make holy
Center the point of a circle
Competent convenient
Circumvent to deceive
Compendious short
Certifie to give to understand
Confer to talk together
Corrivalls partners in affection

Con-

Contract to covenant
Circumscribe to compass about
Commencement the beginning
Contemptible to be despised
Commemoration remembering
Circumlocution many words
Converse to be familiar
Continent chaste
Charm spels or witchcraft
Conduct guiding, governing
Curiosity neatness

D

Direct to rule or guide
Distracted mad
Divert to turn from another
Divulge to publish
Delineate to draw a proportion
Desist leave off
Dissimilitude unlikeness
Disperse to scatter abroad
Deity God-head
Disloyal untrusty
Distinguish to put a difference
Decipher to describe or lay open
Distant place between
Dispose to appoynt
Deformed ill shapen
Disturb to disquiet
Dialect a manner of speech
Define to shew what a thing is
Dissolve to unloose
Dissuade to perswade to the contrary
Discusse to search narrowly
Digrets to leave a matter
Decent comely
Dissanul to make void
Dilate to enlarge
Destitute forsaken
Defame to slander
Destined appointed
Disputable questionable
Determine to conclude
Dedicate to give for ever
Dismisse to send away
Difficult hard
Defraud to deceive
Defertion leaving
Display to spread abroad
Dexterity aptness
Dejected cast down
Demeanor behaviour
Diffuse to powre out
Disability unableness
Deprive to take away
Disjunction dividing
Deride to mock
Dismal unlucky
Diffident doubtfull
Delude to deceive
Dissent to disagree
Depend hang upon
Deliberate to take counsell
Dehort to perswade to the contrary
Degenerate to fall off from goodness
Defects weakness of capacity
Dissipate scatter abroad

E

Expression laying open of any thing
Expert skilful
Extract to draw out
Exact perfect
Erroneous full of errors
Effect a thing done
Emblem a shadow of a thing

Evident plain
Expect to wait or look for
Exempt free
Extinguish to put out
Efficacy force
Enflame to set on fire
Expedient fit
Expire to dye
Extenuate to lessen
Essence the being of a thing
Echo a sound
Experiment tryal
Extend to spread forth
Elaborate curious
Exhibite to bestow
Expostulate to chide with
Evasion an escape
Eclipse darknes of the Sun
Extempore without study
Exanimate to trouble the mind
Education bringing up
Epithite a title given to any thing
Expence cost
Exasperate to anger
Evitable to be shunned
Excessive too much
Effeminate too womanish
Exorable to be intreated
Elegancy fineness of speech
Expedition speed
Exigent necessity
Election choice
Explicite unfolded
Elocution good expression
Exile banished
Explicate to declare
Estimate to prise or rate
Enjoy keep or possess
Engaged indebted
Event end, success
Extraordinary more than common

F

FRivolous trifling
Fortunate happy
Fiction a tale
Fatal mortal
Fortitude valour
Fervent hot
Fulgent glistring
Figurative shadowed
Faculty power or ability
Finite having an end
Fruition enjoying
Fabulous feigned
Fraudulent deceitful
Fragrant smelling sweet
Fallacy Deceit
Fidelity trustines
Fantasie imagination
Felicity happines
Feature shape
Foundation ground-work
Falsifie to break ones word

G

GRatifie to pleasure
Genuine natural
Gratulate to be glad
Generosity nobility
Glorifie to give honour

H

HAbitude disposition
Heroical beseeming a noble man
Harmony agreement
Hereditary by succession
Habit apparel

I

IMproper unfit
Incident happening
Introduction entrance
Issue event
Immature unripe
Improvident careless
Ireful angry
Injudicious misunderstanding
Indulgence sufferance

Im-

Imprudent ignorant
Illustrate to make plain
Inamoured in love
Immutable unchangeable
Ineffable unspeakable
Include shut in
Ignoble of base birth
Interpret to expound
Insolent proud
Incur to run into
Invective speaking against
Indignation anger
Immaculate unspotted
Incommodious hurtfull
Instinct an inward motion
Intricate doubtfull
Improbable not to be proved
Interrupt to let
Induce to move to
Impediment hinderance
Incommunicable not to be imparted
Insolable insufferable
Intercept to prevent
Impenetrable not to be pierced
Insist to stay upon
Indecent not comely
Interdict to forbid
Imperious desiring rule
Infallible not deceivable
Institute to appoint
Intimate to signifie
Intermission breaking off
Implore desire with teares
Impertinent not pertaining
Implacable not to be pleased
Insult to triumph
Incompatible insufferable
Instable inconstant
Individual not to be parted
Inspire to breath into
Inculpable without fault
Incomprehensible not to be conceived
Insensible not to be perceived
Incredulous hardly to be believed.
Inseperable not to be divided
Intentive earnestly bent
Integrity pureness
Insensibly without feeling
Indisposition backwardness

L

Linguist skilfull in tongues.
Lenity gentleness
Labyrinth full of windings
Loyall obedient trusty
Languishing pining
Literature learning
Laudable worthy of praise
Lascivious wanton
Lustre brightness

M

Mollifie to make soft
Maxime a principle
Mutable changeable
Manifest open
Metamorphosis changing of shape
Magnificent sumptuous
Mitigate asswage
Mentall belonging to the minde
Malecontent discontent
Mature ripe
Mirrour glasse
Metaphor similitude
Muses goddesses of learning
Menace to threaten
Morality civill behaviour
Multiplicity variety
Magitians sorcerers, witches
Melancholy griefe, sadness
Merits deserts

N

Nuptiall belonging to marriage
Notion inward

Nuncupatory declaring
Native where one is born

O

Oppoſite contrary
Odious hateſull
Original firſt beginning
Obſcure dark
Object a thing ſet againſt
Oratory eloquent ſpeech
Obſequious ſerviceable
Officious dutifull
Obdurate hardned
Omit to let paſs
Opprobrious reproachful
Obliged bound to
Occuen ces occaſions
Ominous ſignifies good or ill luck
Operation effect
Obſervant dutifull
Odoriferous ſmelling ſweetly
Ornament adorning
Ordained appointed

P

Propitious favourable
Ponderous weighty
Period end of a ſentence
Prolix tedious
Perſiſt to continue
Parragon pattern or example
Proſtrate to fall on the ground
Perplexity trouble
Placable eaſie to pleaſe
Progreſs going forward
Poſition a queſtion diſputed
Paradox a ſtrange ſpeech
Project a plot
Prefixed ſet before
Patronize to defend
Promiſcuous confuſed
Perfidious traiterous
Poliſh to make faire
Prohibit to forbid
Pretermit to paſs over
Permanent continuing
Precipitate to caſt down
Proſecute follow after
Prejudice hinder
Permiſſion ſufferance
Procraſtinate to delay
Perſpicuous clear
Perſcription limitation
Participate to partake
Perſonate to counterfeit a perſon
Probable proved true
Perpetuity continuance
Phantaſie imagination
Peculiar proper
Patheticall full of paſſions
Perfections gifts of nature
Perfumes ſweet ſmels
Paſſionate truly loving
Perpetual everlaſting.

R

Rigorous cruell
Repulſe to drive back
Ruſticall unmannerly
Reject to caſt away
Reduce to bring back
Revolve to determine in the mind
Reſemblance likeneſs
Ratifie to confirm
Reſigne to give to another
Repell to call back again
Repute to eſteem
Reſplendent ſhining bright
Ridiculous to be laught at
Reſerve to keep
Real ſubſtantial
Reiterate to repeat again

Re-

Reſpite to refer
Remit to forgive
Refractory obſtinate
Reaſſume to take again
Remunerate reward
Reliques the remainder
Reference pointing at
Regall Princely
Retributiona reward
Refulgent ſhining
Reflection calling back
Reputation, credit, good name
Reflect to look, caſt an eye
Remain to continue conſtant
Reproveable to be blamed
Rarities things hard to be found

S

Supreame higheſt
Splendent gliſtring
Succeed to follow
Structure building
Serenity calmneſs
Sympathy fellow-feeling
Suppoſition thinking
Solicite to move
Succinct ſhort
Suſpence a doubt
Sable black or mournful
Submiſs lowly
Superiority above another
Select choſen out
Subſequent following
Spacious large
Suſtain to ſuffer
Seduce to deceive
Sublimity height
Survive to out-live
Soveraign higheſt authority
Scruple a doubt
Superfluous needleſs
Symmetry due proportion of parts
Senſuall bruttiſh
Stupifie to aſtoniſh
Simplicity plainneſs
Subſiſt to abide
Society fellowſhip
Servile ſlavish
Suſpicious doubtfull
Suitable agreeable

T

TResſes locks of haire
Tranſcendent climbing over
Timorous fearfull
Triumphant rejoycing in victory
Tedious troubleſome
Transform to change
Terrene earthly
Tranquillity quietneſs
Tolerable may be ſuffered
Tragicall ſorrowfull
Temporize to ſerve the times
Tranſparent may be ſeen
Tenent opinion

U

UNiverſall generall
Unanimity of one mind
Vitall lively
Variable changeable
Value eſteem
Vulgar common
Undervalue diſcommend
Vigorous ſtrong and luſty

W

VVReath Garland or Crown

A ſhort Table of delightful Fictions of the Heathen Poets, with other uſeful Collections out of ancient and modern Hiſtories.

Of Gods.

Apollo, the god of Learning, and of the Muſes, *Diſſolving.*

Æolus, the bluſtring god of Winds, *Various.*

Bacchus, the god of Wine, and good Fellows. *To bowle.*

Cupid, the god of Love, the ſon of *Venus*, whom the Poets deſcribe blind, with a Bowe in his hand, and two Arrows of different effects; the one tip't with Gold, to cauſe Love; the other with Lead, to force Diſdain.

Demogorgon, and *Tellus*, gods of the Earth.

Faunes, gods of the Woods and Forreſts.

Glaucus, a fiſher-man turned into a Sea-god.

Harpocrates, the god of Silence.

Hercules, for his twelve Labours adored as a god, *Brightneſs of the air.*

Janus, an Italian King, for his extraordinary knowledge of times and ſeaſons, was pictured with two faces, and deified.

Hymen, the god of Marriage, *from a Membrane.*

Jupiter, the Planet, whom the Poets feigned to be the god of Heaven. *A helping Father.*

Mars, the god of War. *From Men.*

Momus, the Critical god.

Morpheus, the Sleepy god. *From counterfeiting the viſages and geſtures of Men.*

Mercury, the god of Eloquence, a meſſenger to the gods. *The care of Merchandize.*

Neptune, the Sea-god. *From covering.*

Nereus

Nereus, a god of the Sea, called *Grandævus*. *From swimming.*

Pan, the god of Shepherds, and the carer for their Flocks.

Penates, the houſhold gods.

Sapho, one that taught Birds to cry: *The great god Sapho*; for which he was deified.

Priapus, the god of Gardens. *Laſcivious.*

Saturn, and *Pluto*, gods of Hell. *Tilling Riches.*

Serapis, the Ægyptian god, worſhipped in the form of an Oxe.

Sylvanus, the god of the Woods.

Vertumnus, the Spring, deified.

Vulcan, the lame Blackſmith, husband to *Venus*, the god of Fire.

The Goddeſſes.

ÆGeria, the goddeſs from whom *Numa Pompilius* is reported to have received his Laws.

Astrea, and *Themis*, the goddeſſes of Juſtice. *Amongſt the gods lawful.*

Bellona, the goddeſs of War.

Cybele, called *Rhea*, *Berecinthia*, the mother of the gods.

Diana, the goddeſs of Chaſtity. *Jupiters daughter.*

Egeria, the pregnant goddeſs of the Womb. *From bearing.*

Flora, and *Chloris*, goddeſſes of Flowers.

Feronia, the goddeſſes of the Woods.

Phebe, and *Juventa*, the goddeſſes of Youth.

Juno, the goddeſs of Riches, *Jupiters* jealous Wife. *From helping.*

Laverna, the goddeſs of Thieves. *From making clean.*

Lucina, the goedeſs of Birth.

Mnemoſyne, the mother of the goddeſſes, called the Muſes. *Memory.*

Murcia, the goddeſs of Idleneſs. *Sluggiſhneſs.*

Minerva, or *Pallas*, the goddeſs of the Arts and War. *Threatning.*

Nemesis, the goddess of Revenge. *Distribute.*
Parca, the goddess of the Destinies. *Sparing.*
Pomona, the goddess of fruit. *Apples.*
Proserpina, and *Ops*, the goddess of Hell; sometimes the unconstant Moon is called *Proserpina.*
Pytho, the goddess of Eloquence.
Venus, the delightful goddess of Love and Beauty.
Voluptia, the goddess of Ryots or Pleasures.
Vesta, the goddess of Chastity; *The Earth. From cloathing.*

The Graces.

Aglaia, Thalia, Euphrosyne, the Daughters of *Jupiter*, and *Venus*: they were painted holding hands in a ring, to signifie the truth of friendship, and pleasantness of Conversation. *Cheerfulness, flourishing, joy.*

The Furies.

Alecto, Megæra, Tisyphone, three snaky-tressed sisters, that punished Offenders. 1. *Not idle.* 2. *Envy.* 3. *Revenge of murther.*

The Destinies, three Sisters.

Clotho, puts the Wooll on the distaff; *Lachesis* draws the Thread; *Atropos* cuts it off. 1 *To spin.* 2. *To allot.* 3. *Inexorable*; *not turned.*

The Judges of Hell.

Æacus, Minos, Rhadamanthus. To beat.

The Hesperides.

Egle Arethusa, Hesperethusa, the three Sisters, who had an Orchard of golden Apples, kept by a Dragon, which *Hercules* slew, and took away the Apples. 1. *Splendor.* 2. *Vertue.*

The Nine Muses.

Clio, Melpomene, Thalia, Euterpe, Terpsicore, Erato, Calliope, Urania, Polymnia. 1. Glory. 2. Singing. 3. Flourishing. 4. Delighting. 5. Delighting in dancing. 6. Loving. 7. A good voyce. 8. Beauty. 9. President of praise.

Nymphs

Nymphs of the Woods.

DRyades, and *Hamadryades.* From Oaks.

Nymphs of the Meadows.

LImonides. Meadows.

The Nymphs of the Sea.

NEris, the goddeſs of the Sea, with her Nymphs. *Cimothea, Amathea, Dixamine, Creſis, Cymodoce, Zantho.* With many others. *Neris, from ſwimming.*

The ſeven Stars.

AMbroſia, *Eudor, Paſithoe, Coronis, Plexauris, Pytho,* and *Tithis.*

Naiades, Fairies of the Water. *From flowing.*

Nappea, Fairies of the Woods. *From the groves.*

Of Beaſts.

THE *Beaver,* highly eſteemed for his skin.

Bucephalus, Alexanders great Horſe. *An Oxe-head.*

Bores of Pannonia, the cruelleſt of all others.

Chamelion, a ſmall Beaſt, lives by the Air: it is ſo tranſparent, that it changeth it ſelf into any colour it ſets on. *A little Lyon.*

The *Crocodile,* by the River *Nilus* in *Ægypt,* a Beaſt of 30 foot in length: A Woman for her feigned tears is compared to this Beaſt. *Affraid of ſaffron.*

Ermin, a ſmall Beaſt, whoſe rich Furr is worn of Princes.

Hiena, a Beaſt that hath the voyce of a man, which in the Night calls, and if he come to her, kills him. *From gaping.*

Libard, a ſpotted Beaſt, the male of a Panther.

Lynx, a ſpotted Beaſt like a Wolf, of ſo perfect a ſight, that it is ſaid to look thorow a Wall.

Panther, a cruel Beaſt, of a ſweet ſmell, and of a fair ſpotted skin, with which ſhe allureth other Beaſts to her; but leſt her head ſhould affright, ſhe hideth it, that ſhe may the more eaſily prey upon them. *Of all Beaſts moſt fair.*

Pegaſus

Pegaſus, the Horſe of the Muſes. *From a fountain.*

Rinoceros, a Beaſt as big as an Elephant. *A horn in his Noſe.*

Salamander, a ſhort venemous Beaſt, which lives in the fire, and at length, through its extream cold, puts it out.

The *Tyger*, a ſwift Beaſt: Thoſe of *Hyrcania* are the moſt cruel.

Of Birds.

Alcyon, by ſome called Kings-fiſher, a Bird that builds her Neſt in the Sea, when it is a ſign of fair weather. *Hatching her Eggs in the Sea.*

Griffin, a four-footed cruel Bird.

Harpies, monſtrous devouring Birds: *Virgil* ſings of four of them, *Aello*, *Ocypote*, *Celeno*, *Thiella*. Stealing.

Ibis, a ſtrong Bird that devoureth Serpents.

Oſtrich, a huge Bird that ſwalloweth and digeſteth Iron: her feathers are our beſt plumes.

Pelican, a melancholly Bird, that wanting food, feeds her young with her own blood.

Phœnix, a rare Bird of *Arabia*, which buildeth her Neſt in a Cynamon-tree, with the Twigs of Frankincenſe, and other Spices: She lives Six hundred years: with the labouring of her wings in the Sun, ſhe ſetteth her Neſt on fire, and there conſumeth in it; out of whoſe aſhes there grows a worm, and out of that worm another *Phœnix*.

Philomela, the raviſhed raviſhing Nightingale, that ſings her ſad ſtory ſo prettily. *Lover of Melody.*

Stork, a famous Bird for mutual love to its Parents; this Bird builds in Countries where there are no Kings.

Turtle Dove, a Bird famous for conſtancy: if the male or female dye, the other ever liveth ſingle.

Of Fiſhes.

Antharis, an admirable chaſte fiſh.

Cephalus, a fearful fiſh, which by hiding of his head thinks he is ſafe. *From a head.* *Dolphin*,

Dolphin, the ſwifteſt of fiſhes, and loving'ſt to man.

Polype, a fiſh that hath many feet, often changing. The inconſtant are reſembled to this fiſh.

Remora, a ſmall fiſh that ſtayes the ſhip. *From ſtaying.*

Sargus, an adulterous fiſh, that ingenders with the Goat.

Scolopendra, a fiſh which taken with the hook, vomits out his bowels, looſeneth the hook, and then ſwalloweth them again.

Sturgeon, a fiſh, whoſe ſcales are turned backwards; it ſwims againſt the ſtream.

Torpedo, a Crampfiſh, that benummeth the hands of thoſe that touch it.

Of Stones.

A *Damant*, vulgarly called the Diamond, the hardeſt and moſt precious of all ſtones; which is ſoftned by Goats blood, being warmed, and ſteeped in it.

Bezar ſtone, of great eſteem in Phyſick: *Not yielding.*

Chryſolis, a ſtone that ſhineth brighteſt in the morning. *Shining like gold.*

Jaſper, a tranſparent ſtone of divers colours; it ſhews faireſt in ſilver.

The *Loadſtone*, is coloured like unto ruſty Iron: it hath a ſecret vertue, not only to draw Iron to it ſelf, but alſo to make Iron, on which it is rubbed, to draw Iron too: it loſeth this vertue, if the Diamon be joined with it, or if it be rubbed with Garlick.

Obeliſk, it is a great ſtone, large beneath, and riſing ſtill higher, ſmaller and ſmaller, to the top, *Pyramidis*-like.

Saphire, a ſtone of clear-sky colour, by nature cold.

Topaz, a precious ſtone, which put into boyling water, it preſently cooleth.

Of Trees.

THe Coral Tree groweth in the bottom of the Sea: there are two ſorts, red and white, the red is the beſt, either

either of them taken into the Air, inſtantly grow hard.

Ebony, a black Tree, that bears neither Leaves nor Fruit.

Mandrake, a Tree that beareth Apples: the bark of it is cold in the fourth degree.

Myrtle, a Tree of *Venus*. 'Tis low, and groweth in hot Countries.

The *Pine-tree*: Of theſe, Ships are made; for that this Tree is not ſubject to Worms, or Rottenneſs, but is green all the year; the ſhadow of it ſuffers no plant to grow near it.

Sycamore, a ſhady Tree that bears fruit four times a year. *From fruit like a Fig, and leaves like a Mulberry.*

Of Rivers and Wells.

Acheron, one of the Rivers of Hell. *From flowing with troubleſom waters.*

Alpheus, the River where *Herculus* cleanſed *Augeus*, his ſtable.

Athamus, A River in *Theſſaly*, whoſe water ſets Wood on fire.

Cocytus, A River in Hell. *Mourning.*

Helicon and *Aganippe*, Wells conſecrated to the Muſes. *Made by a Horſe.*

Cylla and *Charibdis*, Two dangerous Sea gulphs, in reſpect of contrary Winds.

Styx, A River of Hell. *To make ſad.*

Tyber, A famous River of *Rome*.

Avernus, A Lake dedicated to *Pluto*, the ſuppoſed entrance into Hell. *Killing Birds.*

Phlegeton, A River of Hell. *Burning.*

Danubius, A famous River of *Europe*; it riſes out of the hill *Arnobe* in *Germany*. It receives 60. Rivers in it.

Ætna, a hill in *Italy*, whence ariſeth horrible ſmokes, and great flames of fire, and ſometimes burning ſtones in great numbers are caſt out of it.

Alps, the high mountains that divide *Italy* and *France*.

Of

Of Serpents.

Amphisbena, a two-headed Serpent.

Asp, a venemous Serpent, whose bite is deadly; famous for *Cleopatra* the Ægyptian Queen's death, who applied two of them to her breſt, to die more inſenſibly.

Baſilisk or *Coc{atrice*, the King of Serpents; it breaketh ſtones, and blaſteth all plants with its breathing, and frighteth away all other Serpents with its hiſſing: If it be touched with a long pole, or ſpies one afar off, it kills; they breed in the hot ſands of *Aſia*. The only ruine of this Serpent is the Weaſel.

Hydra, the monſtrous Serpent of the Lake of *Lerna*, that having one head chop't off by *Hercules*, immediatly two grew again. *From the water.*

Scorpion, a moſt venemous Serpent, that eats her own young.

Viper, a ſerpent that ingenders by putting his head into the females mouth, which ſhe bites off; her young eat their paſſage thorow her. *From bringing forth with the death of the female.*

Of Mermaids.

THE moſt famous were *Partheneop*, *Lygia*, *& Leuſia*: They are ſo called, becauſe their upper parts are like Maids, their lower like fiſhes. With their ſweet ſinging, they allure Mariners till they fall aſleep, and then they kill them.

Of Monſters.

Cerberus, the Dog of Hell, that had three heads. *A devourer of fleſh.*

Chimera, which with the Monſter *Solinus*, was ſlain by *Bellerophon*. *A Goat.*

Gorgon, a fearful Monſter with one eye.

Meduſa, a Monſter whoſe golden hairs *Minerva* turned into Adders, and cauſed thoſe that beheld her, to be turned into ſtones.

Minotaure, half a man, and half a bull. This Monſter was ſlain by *Theſeus*.

Centaures, Monſters ſuppoſed to be half-men, half-horſes.

Argus

Argus, the keeper of *Io*, that had a hundred eyes; he was slain by *Mercur*.

Satyrs, Monsters that had the bodies of men, but all hairy; their legs and feet were like Goats, they inhabited in Woods: The Poets describe them to be lustful and savage. *Libidinous.*

Sphinx, a Monster that slew all that could not dissolve her Riddle; the meaning thereof being unfolded by *Oedipus*, she threw her self from a high Rock, and brake her neck. *Men famous or infamous.*

Cyclops, the sons of *Vulcan*, that was faigned to make Weapons for *Jupiter*: *From having but one eye in the middle of their forehead.*

Achilles, a most valiant Captain amongst the *Greeks*, that slew *Hector* and *Troilus*, but was himself at last slain in the Temple, where he intended to marry *Polyxena*, by her brother *Paris*, who shot him in the heel, where he was only vulnerable. *From easing of grief.*

Æneas, the son of *Anchises* and *Venus*, a most famous *Trojan*. *Praise.*

Curtius, who for his Countries good, cast himself into a gaping Cave of the earth.

Cyrus, a Prince of so excellent a memory, that he could call his Souldiers particularly by their names.

Hector, one of the nine worthies, that so long preserved *Troy*, was slain by *Achilles*. *From preserving the City.*

Mutius Scævola, that saved his life by the patient toleration of the burning of his hand.

Perseus, that delivered *Andromeda* from the Sea-monster, and after married her.

Cæsar, the *Roman* Emperour that vanquish't *Pompey*, whose Motto was, *Veni, vidi, vici.* He was slain in the Senate house by *Brutus* and *Cassius.*

Scipio, that brave Commander, who subdued *Hannibal*, with many other Kingdoms.

Pompey, that chose rather to dye, than to crave of *Lucullus.*

Zorzello, saying that the gods had made him to give, not to crave.

Themistocles and *Aristides*, that were both angry with themselves, that in 20. years no man ever envi'd them.

Theseus, that Worthy, which slew the *Minotaure*.

Scylla, that famous Captain, that was past intreaty for trifles, but easie in weighty matters.

Hephestion, a Captain that *Alexander* dearly loved.

Fabius and *Marcellus*; the one was held to be the Sword, the other the Buckler of *Rome*.

Paris, that stole *Helena*. A Carpet-Captain.

Sopyrus, that by cutting and mangling himself, saved *Babylon* from the fury of the King *Darius*.

Augustus, a wise and merciful *Roman* Emperor. *Happy*.

Titus, the *Roman* Emperor, who having over-slip't one day in not gratifying some one or other, would bewail himself, saying, he had lost that day.

Tiberius, the *Roman* Emperor, that wore a Laurel, to protect him from thunder and lightning.

Vespasian, the mild and temperate *Roman* Emperor. A miracle of courtesie.

Octavian, a *Roman* Emperor, who, when he was angry, would read over the Greek Alphabet, before he would put any thing in execution.

Xerxes, a puissant Prince, that lost the greatest Army by a handful of men, that ever was raised.

Atlas, King of *Mauritania*, who for his skill in Astrology, was feigned to hold up Heaven.

Gyges, that had a Ring to go invisible with.

Jason, who in his youth bore away the golden Fleece.

Philip, King of *Macedon*, that had a skull ever on his Table, and a Boy every morning to put him in mind that he was but a man.

Priamus, King of *Troy*, that lost both his Kingdom and life.

Sardanapalus, a light Prince, that habited himself in womans

Womans Apparel, and carded and ſpun amongſt them. *A buffon.*

Zoroaſtes, the Baſtrian, a famous Magitian, the firſt inventer of that Art.

Ajax, the famous Grecian Captain, that ſlew himſelf, becauſe *Ulyſſes* got *Achilles* Armour from him.

Buſiris, a cruel tyrant, that ſacrific'd ſtrangers to *Jupiter*.

Dionyſius, a tyrant that was called the monſter of nature.

Lycaon, whom *Jupiter* for his cruelty to ſtrangers turned into a Wolf.

Nero, a cruel tyrant, that thought none chaſte; he rip't up his mother, to ſee where he lay, and ſpurned his own Wife *Poppea*, big with Child, into another World.

Phaleris, a bloody tyrant, that cauſed a Bull to be made to torment men in.

Polycrates, that for grief that he was never unfortunate, hanged himſelf. *Very ſtrong.*

Therſites, a moſt deformed perſon, of Cynical and moſt dogged conditions.

Neſtor, that lived 300. years, a moſt wiſe man.

Amphion, one that by his natural eloquence cauſed rude people to lead a civil life.

Roſcius, the Orator, famous for his geſture.

Tully, the Orator, famous for his eloquence.

Demoſthenes, an incomparable Greek Orator. *The ſtrength of the people.*

Simon, a perfidious fellow, that betrayed *Troy*.

Gnatho, a notorious flatterer.

Sophocles, a learned Athenian Tragical Poet.

Ixion, whom the Poets feign continually to run a wheel in Hell.

Siſiphus, the emblem of vain labour, whom the Poets feign continually to roll a ſtone to the top of a hill, which being almoſt up, doth tumble down again.

Tantalus, an emblem of a worldly Miſer, feigned to thirſt in Hell, yet ſtands up to the Chin in a River; and to

to die for hunger, yet hath Apples bobbing at his mouth.

Architas, who through his great skill, made an Iron Dove to flie in the Air.

Flamo, who first invented the Sea-mans Dyal.

Endymion, that found out the course of the Moon, and therefore it is feigned to be the man in the Moon.

Oedipus, that dissolved the Riddle of *Sphinx*. *Swelling feet.*

Staphylus, who first mingled Wine with water.

Tirius, the first inventer of Rhetorick.

Ulysses, the first inventer of shooting at Birds; a famous eloquent Grecian.

Milo, famous for his gluttony, that bred a Calf up to a Bull, and then eat it himself.

Orpheus, the excellent Harper, that with his Musick drew after him wild beasts, woods and mountains; and which is more, by it thought to have got his wife home.

Apelles, that famous Painter, who left the picture of *Venus* unperfect, which none durst undertake to finish after his death.

Xeuxis, that so cunningly painted a Boy carrying grapes, that Birds came and pick't at them, as if they had been very grapes; which *Xeuxis* beholding, in anger said, If he had made the Boy as lively as the grapes, the Birds durst not have come so near them.

Anaxagoras, the Philosopher that was never seen to laugh.

Copernicus, a Philosopher, that affirmed that the earth turns round, and the Heavens stand still.

Crates, the Philosopher, that to better his study, threw his wealth into the Sea.

Democritus, the laughing Athenian Philosopher, that gave away his wealth.

Damon and *Pythias*, two Philosophers, that offered to suffer death one for another.

Diogenes, the Cynical severe Philosopher.

Gymnosophists,

Gymn ſophiſts, Philoſophers that lived naked and ſolitary in the Indian Woods.

Heraclitus, the Philoſopher, that never had Tutor: he alwayes wept.

Menippus, the Philoſopher, that having loſt his goods, hanged himſelf.

Pythagoras, the Philoſopher, that held tranſmigrations.

Plato, and *Seneca*, the two Divine Philoſophers; the laſt took his name from chooſing his own death.

Socrates, the moſt wiſe Philoſopher, that had the Scold *Xantippe* to his Wife.

Stoicks, a Sect of Philoſophers; that held that wiſe men were free from all paſſions. *From the Gallery, where they uſed to diſpute.*

Paracelſus, a Chymical Phyſitian, that did admirable, but violent cures.

Galen, and *Hippocrates*, two moſt famous Phyſitians.

Homer, the chief of Greek Poets, that was blind.

Ariſtophanes, the Greek Poet, whoſe heart, when he was rip't up, was found to be hairy.

Lucan, a Spaniard, a moſt famous Poet.

Juvenal, a Satyrical Poet.

Pindarus, a Lyrical Poet.

Tyreſias, the Poet, who by killing two ſnakes, knew both ſexes.

Zoilus, the father of all envious Poets: he railed againſt *Homer*.

Cacus, a famous Thief, ſlain by *Hercules*.

Prometheus, who for ſtealing fire from Heaven, to put life into men, was tyed by *Jupiter* to *Caucaſus*, where the Poets feign a vulture gnaws his heart cõtinually. *Foreſ. en.*

Icarus, for whom his father *Dædalus* made waxen wings to flie with, was drowned in a part of the Sea near *Crete*, ſo called by his name.

Phaeton, the ſon of *Apollo*, whom he permitted to ride in his Chariot; he ſet the world on fire. *From light.*

Antemon,

Antemon, the abſolute Coward, that would never go out of doors, without a brazen Target before him.

Cataline, the famous *Roman* Conſpirator.

Charon, the Ferry-man of Hell.

Bellerephen, that brought letters to cut his own throat.

Ariſtarchus, one that wrote 200. Books.

Oreſtes, that for ſlaying his mother, was haunted with the furies to death.

Ovid, *Virgil*, *Horace*, three moſt excellent *Roman* Poets.

Marcus Craſſus, a private *Roman*, that dyed worth eight hundred two and fifty thouſand pounds.

Cato Uticenſis, who, becauſe he would not ſee the calamity the Common-wealth was like to fall into, ſlew himſelf.

Philoxenus, a Paraſite, that wiſhed that his neck were as long as a Cranes, that he might feel the more pleaſure in ſweet meats and drinks.

Joſeph Scaliger, skilled in thirty languages.

Linceus, that could ſee ſhips 130. miles off, and number them.

Acteon, the Hunter, that for ſeeing *Diana* bathing her ſelf, was turned into a Hart, and torn to pieces by his own dogs.

Valerius, that loved his Maſter ſo well, that he ſuffered himſelf to be ſlain in his bed for him.

Antipodes, a people that live under us, whoſe feet are againſt ours.

Cannibals, thoſe that eat mans fleſh.

Cimmerians, a people which for half a year together ſee not the Sun.

Lacedemonians, a people that firſt found out the uſe of Sword, Spear, and Helmet.

Scythians, people that firſt invented bows and arrows.

Thracians, that firſt found out the pleaſures of Hawkings and Hunting.

Myrmidons, a moſt warlike induſtrious Nation, that accompanied *Achilles* in the *Trojan* wars.

Pyg-

Pygmies, a little *Indian* people, of a Cubit in length, that war with the Cranes.

Adonis, the darling of *Venus*, slain by a Bore, turned into a flower.

Atis, a sweet boy, beloved of *Cybele*.

Ganymede, a *Trojan* boy, whom *Jupiter* loved and carried into heaven with him, and made him his cup-bearer.

Narcissus, a fair boy, who being in love with himself, was turned into a flower.

Spurina, a boy, that every one for his beauty made love to; which was so troublesom and distasteful to him, that he poysoned himself.

Maids and women, famous, or infamous.

Echo, a Virgin, rejected of her Love; she pin d into a voyce, which she reverberates upon every hollow.

Hero the fair, that drowned her self for *Leander*, who endured the same fate, in attempting to swim to her.

Sappho, that drowned her self for love of a fair boy.

Scylla, that stole her fathers purple hair from him, out of the love she bore to *Minos*, who by that means overcame him; but he, loathing her treachery, forsook her; which caused her to drown her self.

Thisbe, that slew her self for the love she bore to *Pyramus*; both she and her Sweetheart were turned into a Mulberry Tree.

Atalanta, the swift chaste Maiden Huntress, that *Hippomanes* so neatly won in his Arms embraces, by the slight of the three golden Apples.

Cleopatra, the famous *Ægyptian* Queen, that put Asps to her breast, that she might dye for her *Anthony*.

Cassandra, the daughter of *Priamus*, King of *Troy*, to whom *Apollo* upon the promise of her Maiden-head, gave the gift of Propheste; but she not keeping her word, he added to it this property, That she should never be believed, though she predicted Truth.

Iphis, a fair Virgin, who, by the prayers of her mother, was transformed into a man.

Sal-

Salmacis, a Nymph that loved *Hermaphroditus* so dearly, that upon request to the gods, she grew into one body with him.

Nyctimene, that for lying with her own father, was turned into an Owle. *From Night.*

Philomela, ravished by *Tereus*, turned into a Nightingale.

Andromeda, the Wife of *Perseus*, whom *Minerva* turned into a Bear.

Weeping *Niobe*, who for preferring her self before *Latona*, had fourteen of her beautiful Children slain, and was afterwards her self turned into a stone.

Lucretia, a chaste *Roman* dame, that slew her self, because proud *Tarquin* had ravished her.

Penelope, the chaste Wife of *Ulysses*, that had so many Wooers in his absence.

Helena, that was ravished at nine years of age by *Theseus*; yet afterward cornuted *Menelaus*, and run away with *Paris*; for whose Rape, the *Trojans* sustained a War of ten years.

Messalina, the insatiable wife of *Claudius* the Emperor.

Leda, with whom *Jupiter*, accompanied in the form of a Swan; she laid him two eggs, the one called *Castor*, the other *Pollux*; two brothers afterwards turned into stars.

Rodopis, a noted *Thracian* Whore.

Omphale, the *Lydian* Queen, whom *Hercules* served at the distaffe to obtain her love.

Tuccia, a vestal Virgin, who being accused for fornication, cleared her self, by carrying water in a Sieve.

Medæa, a Sorceress, by whose means, *Jason* got the golden Fleece.

Lamiæ, Witches so called.

Thymele, a Woman that first taught to dance.

Xantippe, the scolding Wife of *Socrates* the most wise Philosopher.

Cornelia, a chaste noble *Roman* Lady.

Amazons

Amazons, warlike women in *Scythia*, that in their infancy cut off one of their breſts, that it might not hinder them in martial exploits: *Penthiſilea* was their Queen. *Virago*, a ſtout Woman of moſt manly courage. *Semiramis*, the Wife of King *Ninus*; who, after his death, her ſon being young, took upon her the government, and performed many admirable things above her Sex; but at laſt falling into all manner of beaſtly and ſenſual luſt, ſhe endeavoured to lie with her ſon, for which unnatural attempt he ſlew her. *Eurydice*, the Wife of *Orpheus*, who running from the Raviſher *Ariſteus*, was ſtung in the heel by a Serpent, of which ſhe died.

Alceſte, that dyed to ſave her husbands life.

Pandora, to whom *Pallas* for her Chaſtity, gave the gift of Propheſie. *Æmilia*, who out of the love ſhe bore to her Husband, fancied his Paramor.

Artemeſia, famous for the Royal Sepulchre ſhe built for her Husband. *Evadne*, a vertuous Woman, that at the Solemnization of her Husbands Funeral, out of the love ſhe bore to him, burnt her ſelf, to mingle her aſhes with his. *Valeria*, a chaſte Matron, who being asked, Why ſhe married not another Husband? Anſwered, Her firſt was ſtill alive with her. *Pompæa Paulina*, the wife of *Seneca*, who, when ſhe heard of the Tyrant *Nero's* ſentence of death on her Husband, deſperately opened her own veins, determining not to ſurvive him, whom ſhe loved ſo dearly. *Paula Romana*, after her Husbands death, was ſo far from being perſwaded to a ſecond, that ſhe was never known from that time to eat or drink in company of any man. *Antonia*, a beautiful Woman, who, to avoid the temptation of Suitors, after death of her Husband, married her ſelf to the ſ[illegible]eſs of one Chamber, to which her younger ſiſter be[illegible] vowed Virgin, had confined her ſelf: Thus in the [illegible], the heat of her youth was extinct; and in the [illegible], the ſolitude of her Widowhood was waſted.

FINIS.